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A MODERN ST. GEORGE

THE GROWTH OF ORGANIZED CHARITY IN THE UNITED STATES

BY JACOB A. RIIS

"THERE are three ways of dealing with the poor," wrote the Secretary of State in 1824, in a report on poor relief to the legislature of New York, "one, to farm them out to contractors; another, to relieve them at their homes; the third, to sell them at auction," and he explained that he meant by the last a public bidding at which he who offered to support them at the lowest price became their keeper. As it often happened that the bidder himself was almost a pauper who chose that way to avoid becoming a burden to the town, the result was that two miserable beings barely subsisted on what would hardly support one—"a species of economy much boasted of by our town officers and purchasers of paupers." He, the secretary, saw no reason for pride in this; neither did he subscribe to the plea of "many men of great minds, that distress and poverty multiply in proportion to the efforts made to relieve them, wherefore the whole subject had better be let alone." His own thoughts on this oldest of human problems were embodied in a bill proposing a fourth way, a poor-house plan which he submitted with illustrations, as it were, this among others from the Society for the Prevention of Pauperism: "The stepping-mill is highly recommended for vagrants, street beggars, and criminals."

Last summer a thousand charity workers from all over the land gathered in the city of Boston to discuss the self-same problem, and they had yet a fifth way to offer, viz., to abolish the poor and the poor-house together. Not one but many bills had they in the making, and while none of them put it in just that way, there was no mistaking the dominant note of the convention: prevention set above cure, and distrust of institutional charity as the sovereign plaster for social failure.

How has this change been wrought in the span of a single long life? What trumpet blast has called this lusty St. George into the lists against the hoariest of the world's dragons which the "great minds" of the past would only too gladly give the right of its foul way? It was but yesterday that we were told how in our great cities the potter's field still claims a tenth of all their life, in utter and hopeless surrender; that the statistician checked off against our national prosperity and honor two-thirds of a million of unnecessary deaths every year, deaths caused by the failure of our social machinery to secure living conditions to our workers—victims of the dragon of poverty; that we were shown by facts and figures how in the greatest city of our Christian land millions of toilers lived in an environment that was all unrighteousness and darkness and death. Whence this doughty champion, and how does he come armed to wage so grim a war?

The knight is the spirit of our age, of the world grown young and strong in our sight, and sure of victory; and thrice armed is he twice over, for not only hath he his quarrel just in the cause of the people, but his sword is the sword of triumphant democracy that knows its swift way to the heart of the monster. Let the old day doubt and tremble; he is of the new; an' he slay not the dragon, to the dungeon he will drag it, bound and shackled, to harass mankind no more.

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Sea Breeze, Coney Island.

How now? Is our champion but a strutting braggart, or what warrant has he to make so brave a boast? Let us see what it is that has happened, is happening in our day, and perhaps through the story of charity organizing to deal with its problems we shall get an answer to our question. And at the outset let me say that when I speak of New York I have in mind as well every other city in the land. New York's problems are different from those of Chicago, of St. Louis, of Seattle and San Francisco only in their greater intensity because of the greater crowds. And the struggle to meet and conquer them is everywhere the same, however its phases vary; Chicago has set the world's pace in its provision for the people's play. San Francisco's example of resolute courage in the face of a great disaster will stand for all time. Pittsburg meets just censure with admirable spirit and sets about cleaning house. Seattle evolves from the wilderness a commercial metropolis and a city beautiful upon its hills. New York leads in the fight on the White Plague, the arch enemy of us all. So, since it is manifestly impossible in the brief space of a single article to cover so vast a ground, I take my own city as the type of them all, which in truth it is.

Leaving for the city after their holiday at Sea Breeze.

Not long after the Secretary of State made his report there came a winter to New York with want so bitter that it set at naught all efforts at meeting it, including the poor-house and the stepping-mill. All sorts of hasty, ill-advised relief agencies were set on foot and they all together failed. Its lessons were so dear that for many seasons the minds of thinking people were wrought up over it, and at length, five years after the winter of 1837–8, there was born out of the discussion the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, to deal with the problem of poverty in its economic and moral aspects. "Social" was to be added later; it is the contribution of our own day, and in the single word is the key to it all. But if not in the profession, it was there in the practice of those early philanthropists. Their purpose they set forth as to follow in the footsteps of the Master, who went about doing good; and the search for ways of doing it, without hindering where they wished to help, brought them instantly face to face with the wicked home conditions of

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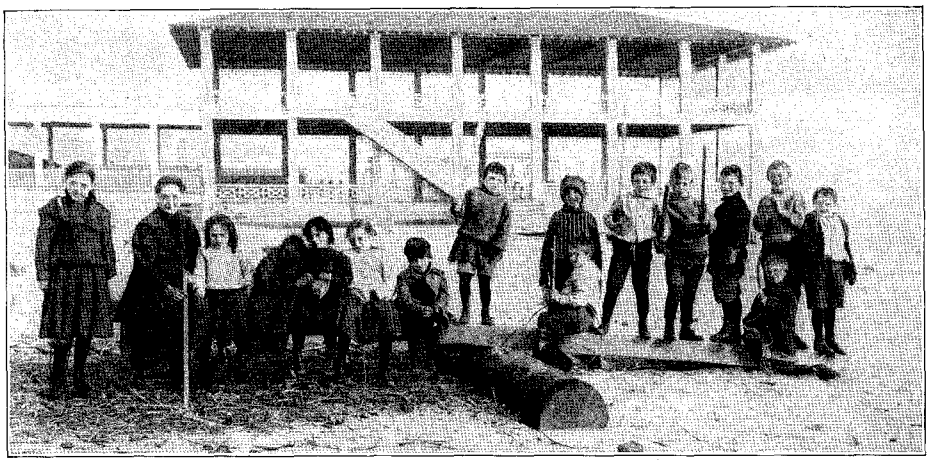

Little cripples on the beach at Sea Breeze, Coney Island.

the people. Housing reform became their first task. Year after year the association presented indictment upon indictment of our tenement-house system. As early as 1848 it drew plans of model tenements in its reports, and by successive steps, from its continued agitation, sprang the Improved Dwellings Association, which made the first real advance toward, one feels tempted to say, "human" housing in New York, and the City and Suburban Homes Company that is marching on in the van still of all such efforts.

The city grew and the society's problems grew with it. "Incredible numbers of vagrant children grew up in ignorance, profligacy, and crime." The Juvenile Asylum came; a school census was undertaken by the society that dealt the public-school management an awakening blow. It is curiously suggestive of the difference between then and now to find the President of the Board of Education even as late as twenty years ago, in a letter on school destitution, "taking into consideration," as outside the discussion, "the children under eight years whose parents do not wish them to attend the school, and the children legally at work." The association in reply "questions the propriety" of exempting "these children." The unschooled numbered, it turned out, more than a hundred thousand. The upshot of it all was a much-needed school census and a boom in school building that endures to this day.

Two or three vacation schools were started by the association and run by it until the city took them over. They were from the first a great success. By contrast it had to abandon its effort to furnish baths for the people, as being "too far in advance of their habits." Forty years later it repeated the attempt and its success shows how far we had come; that the "great unwashed" were no longer so by choice. Indeed, if there be any to-day who hold to the old fallacy, let them for their instruction go out to Sea Breeze, on Coney Island, where the association sends its thousands of mothers and children in summer, or let them go to Bath Beach, where the even greater crowds of the Children's Aid Society splash in the surf. Watching them at their sport, they will have no difficulty in believing that the "bathing-bell is even more popular than the dinner-bell" there, despite the fact that there is nothing the matter with the appetites of those bathers. The Children's Aid Society was itself, like so many others, an outgrowth of the public sentiment which the experiences of the older society had helped to create. It is easier to grasp the meaning of the incalculable waste of manhood and citizenship with which the old indifference was justly chargeable than to measure the harvest of this sowing in not yet sixty years, when one scans the records of the more than one hundred thousand children for whom the Children's Aid Society has found homes on Western farms, and counts among them, grown up, a hundred teachers, including high-school principals and college professors, a regiment of clergymen, doctors, lawyers, bankers,

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Out for an airing.

Little mothers.

Her only nurse.

Waiting for mother.

merchants, legislators, an army of honest farmers, and at least two governors, one territorial, the other a bare-legged lad from New York's slums who, transplanted to the West, went to the war a drummer boy and at forty was elected governor of North Dakota. And in this accounting are not included the vast numbers of boys and girls whom the society Charles Loring Brace founded has sheltered in its schools and lodging-houses, and who stayed in the city.

Go forward now twenty years from the time he put his hand to the plough, to the day when little Mary Ellen was carried into a New York court, beaten and bruised and wrapped in a horse blanket, to claim the rights of the vagrant cur in the street since there was no law to protect a human child from abuse; learn that the aid of the Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Children, of which Mary Ellen was in very truth the mother, has been invoked since for three hundred thousand little ones, and almost one needs the assurance of their work, those pioneers, that New York was a Christian city. And yet from beneath the very pity and the burden of it all the dawn breaks that inspires the new gospel of hope and courage. Mary Ellen did not suffer in vain. Monsters there are to-day as then, but law now for her, and for them too. And of the thousands to whom a better chance was given out in the open, the merest handful went astray. Enough "ran wild" to give the pessimist his handle; but scarce one in four hundred came into collision with the law, so say the records of the Children's

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On the beach.

SCENES AT SEA BREEZE

Aid Society. What would have been their story in the "environment that made all for unrighteousness"?

They are all at work yet, these societies, and have their labors made their tasks easier, or less? No, not yet. "There are two main causes of poverty," said Robert M. Hartley, after twenty-five years on the firing line as the leader of the parent society's forces—"improvidence and overwhelming misfortune." Against these their forces are thrown, early and late. One takes the young and transplants them to a fairer field; the other betters their chance at home and betters the environment as it can. Up at Hartsdale on the Hudson the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor conducts, through the wise and tender munificence of a good citizen, a "School for Mothers" that comes close to the heart of things. There, tired women have the one chance of rest and quiet which the tenement never gives, at the time when they most need it, and while they get well, are taught how to keep well and to keep the baby well too. Down on the sea-shore the same loving care gathers the little cripples in whose joints the tuberculosis germ has taken lodgment, and gives them their one and only chance for life in the salt breezes, summer and winter. These are real remedies for the adverse "causes." As mothers are taught to care for their babies, the infant mortality is lessened, and already the city is pledged to take over the care of the little cripples on a much larger scale. A volunteer society conducts a "preventorium" in

Sweeping back the ocean.

Gathering courage

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Convalescent mothers at Caroline Rest.

the country to "head off" the mischief they fight to cure. Yet, as we shall see, the modern day does not accept these "causes" as final. It is because the reasoning that projects them halts midway, it says, that the mischief continues and will not down. It aims at nothing less than an uprooting that shall get rid of the causes themselves, and this, it maintains, is the function of democracy. If it has not power to do that it is an idle dream.

Forty years of fighting for the poor brought the community face to face with the fact that the battle was slowly but surely going against it. For every head struck from the dragon of poverty, two grew in its stead. The stream of charity that had succeeded the old indifference was transforming poverty into pauperism. Begging was becoming an organized business. Charity organized in its own defence. In New York it was a wise woman who spoke the word. To the clear head and tender heart of Josephine Shaw Lowell her city will owe a debt of gratitude all its days. Upon her initiative the Charity Organization Society was founded in 1882, to prevent the overlapping of relief, and to "promote the general welfare of the poor by *social* and sanitary reforms." A single year's registration of 3,420 families that were tapping different relief sources discovered an able-bodied man hiding in three-fifths of them, hundreds living in plenty on the contributions of whole strings of societies, each of them believing the family its own particular charge. My back aches yet when I think of the Christmas eve trip I made to an old woman who lived alone in a hut at what is now the Ninth Street entrance to Prospect Park, and was reputed to be very poor. I toiled up the long slope with a sack of provisions, to encounter at her door an emissary of the St. Vincent de Paul Society, similarly burdened. Our comparing notes did not help ease our backs, for we carried the things back where they had come from, but it resulted in the discovery that the woman had $1,800 in bank and was a preposterous old fraud. And there were many such. Several winters after that I contracted a habit of contributing a nickel on my way home from the office to another old creature who sat in Chatham Square churning a wretched pocket edition of a hand-organ while she rocked a baby in her lap. It was always

A "school for mothers," Caroline Rest.

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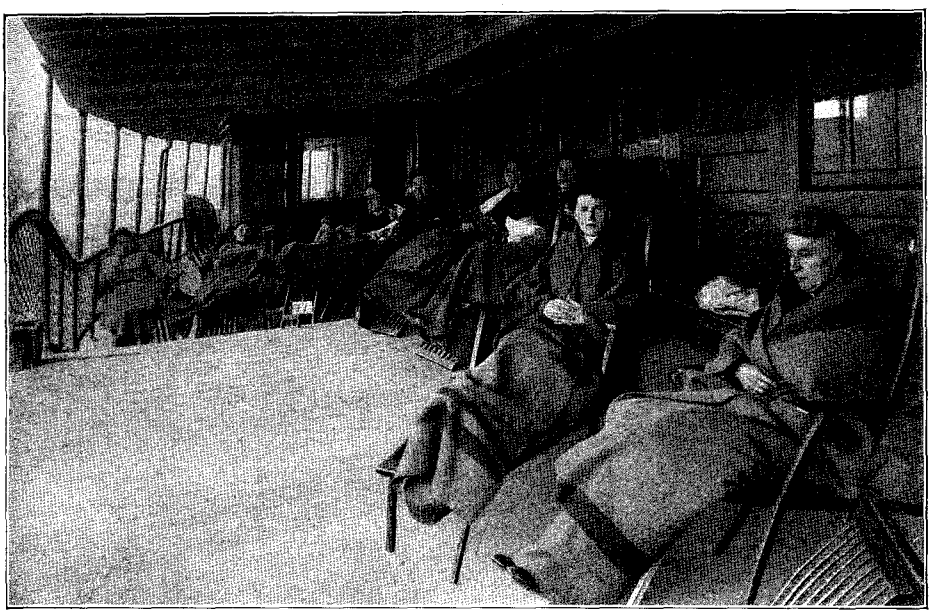
midnight when I came that way, and the baby appealed to me tremendously—especially when it snowed and the cold was bitter—until one night, as I dropped my nickel in her cup, the old woman lurched in the very act of mumbling her blessing upon me, and dropped the baby on the pavement. I picked it up, horrified, to find that it was a rag doll. The "mother" was drunk. In five years the society, after a series of such shocks to the nerves of New York, was able to report that the worst of that lot were "working for the city," no longer working the city. They were not, as I have shown in my own case, the only ones who had been doing that. In truth, we were all guilty, the selfishly ignorant with the selfishly cunning. Some of us still remember the sermon in which Charles S. Fairchild, afterward Cleveland's Secretary of the Treasury, held the mirror up to us all. His text was the finding of two little children in a Washington Street den with a lot of dissipated women who sent them out daily with baskets to levy tribute on the pitiful. On the food they brought back the symposium of hags lived high; the money they spent for drink. "Covered with vermin, their hair unkempt and matted, while their few garments, men's sizes, hung upon them, giving them the appearance of scarecrows," they were indeed an object-lesson as they stood before the police justice.

"Who was to blame?" thundered Mr. Fairchild, in one of the earliest leaflets of the Charity Organization Society. "The dissipated women, the crowd of drunken and lazy people, the wretched mother—yes, all of these! But who were their partners? Who else but the givers of those cold victuals? If you had refused to give to those children without finding out for yourself what was amiss, the dissipated women and the drunken and lazy crowd would have had no motive to hide them and they would have come at once under good influences. The city of New York stood ready to provide amply for them, to place them where they would have been given a chance in life, where they would have worn garments enough on those cold winter days, not of 'men's sizes' either; where their hair would not have been unkempt and matted; where they would have ceased to appear 'like miniature scarecrows'; where they would have been taught to read and write, would have learned religion, morals, humanity, and whence they would have gone forth to decent, comfortable homes. And



Day camp on an old ferry-boat.

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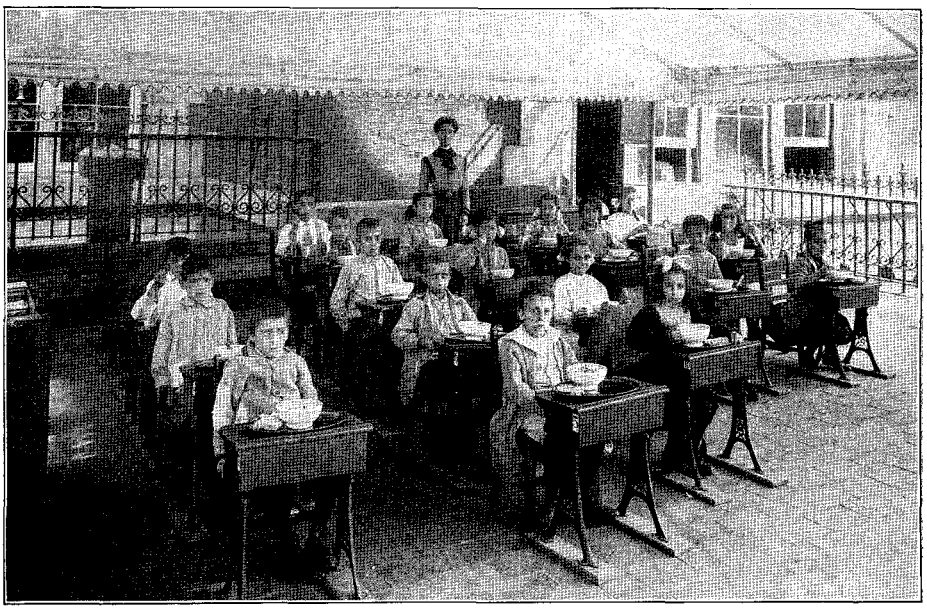

Fresh-air class of a New York public school at luncheon.

you, you givers of cold victuals, stood in the way of all this beneficence. You are to blame for the misery of these infants. You are guilty. You made their degradation too valuable to the disorderly crowd. You and your cold victuals!

"'Covered with vermin,' too. When your terrier is thus, you do something—something besides giving it more cold victuals."

There are people yet who give cold victuals at the door and believe their brotherhood arrears paid with that, just as there are dispensers of charity tea—the tea put up by a highly respectable dealer "in New York and Newport," who sent me his invitation to buy with the pregnant suggestion: "It is politely requested that this tea be used only for the purpose intended." There is even the woman who in a workless winter, with starvation abroad all about, gives a Christmas party to her lap-dog. We hear of such yet, but if the conviction has become deep and general among thinking men that there is need of doing something beside doling out back-door alms, the society of which Mr. Fairchild was one of the founders deserves full credit for helping it on.

At the outset it was not intended as a relief society, though that was and is a feature of its work which gives rise intermittently to the charge that it "spends more for salaries than for groceries," and sometimes even, because of its pernicious activity in the cause of the people—as seen from Albany—to a vengeful demand for an investigation of its accounts. But these things are happily rare now. The days of storm and stress lie a good way behind. The need of investigation, of registration, is understood and admitted. When the society reached its silver wedding with the day of good sense, it had its real work well in hand and declared boldly that, having begun with the purpose of ultimately diminishing poverty, it had come to the conviction that it might and must be abolished in so far as it meant the lack of the essential conditions of normal living. To which end it stated the office of organized charity to be: having a bird's-eye view of the community needs, to take up and carry out whatever reform, whatever task they point to that is not yet in hand. The principle thus enunciated stands; through the door it opened organized charity everywhere has gone out "to seek and destroy," in the words of Dr. Edward T. Devine, its spokesman at the Philadelphia National Conference, "those organized forces of evil, those particular causes of dependence and intolerable living conditions which are beyond the control of the individual" yet may be overcome by society acting as one. It

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remained only to make sure of the forces of evil. Were they, indeed, contained in the old formula, "improvidence and overwhelming misfortune," or had we further to seek?

Naturally, what lay nearest to hand came first. I came across the other day one of the old reports of the society that spoke of the "long and tedious fight" for a municipal lodging-house, toward which getting rid of the police-station lodgings was a necessary step. The words made me smile, for I had a hand in that fight myself. It was long, yes, but tedious never. I fed fat an ancient grudge all through it, for I knew from personal experience what those inhuman dens were like and that it was a Christian duty to destroy them. Besides, I worked side by side with Mrs. Lowell, and the day they were closed by Theodore Roosevelt, police commissioner, we triumphed in the fight half won. The other half awaited the dawn of common-sense at Albany until this summer, when the bill to establish a farm colony for young vagrants, to wean them from the tramp's life, passed the legislature at last. It was the legacy of the past, the halting midway, of which now there is to be an end.

A small girl shucking oysters in a southern oyster cannery.

For the day of construction has followed the breaking of ground. The opening of New York's first playground in Poverty Gap itself, though it did not endure then, was earnest of what was coming, has come, as every one knows. School boards no longer ask, as did New York's in those days, for proof that play is "educational"; they know it is, as much as their books. The grass in the people's parks is not sacred nowadays; the boy is coming to be that instead, and the country is safe. School-houses and settlements invite the children in, where in the old days the corner-saloon was the only bidder with its back-room, sole recreation hall for the young, and this was its shameless bid: "Bring the girls, and pay for their drinks." It is fifteen years and more since a policeman shot down a boy in the street for playing ball, and the bullet is not made that will ever seek such a target again. So, there we are safe.

Into the homes of the poor have come sunshine and air. The demon of darkness is not slain; there are more than a hundred thousand bedrooms yet in New York's tenements that are not fit for pigs to be in, let alone human beings. Whenever we settle back with the contented sigh that the battle is won, it is going against us. In Brooklyn, last winter, they got themselves into a state of righteous indignation because they were told by those who should know that the city of homes and churches let its poor dwell in darkness too. No such thing, they said; couldn't be. But it turned out that there were as many sunless rooms as in Manhattan, and that they bore a direct relation to the number of baby funerals, once charged to the inscrutable decrees of an all-wise Providence. Letting in the light was just a question of ten or twelve dollars from the landlord's pocket. Putting it plainly: "dollars or death?" is a great help. But though years may pass before we hear the last of the "infant slaughter-houses," as Mr. Gilder called the baby-murdering tenements, a million souls have been rehoused decently since the Charity Organization Society formed its tenement-house committee, and the housing problem is no longer hopeless. We have a tenement-house law and a Tenement-House Department to enforce it, more or less faithfully as we let politics strengthen

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its grip, or compel it to relax it—that is a question for us to settle as citizens. They were both part of the Charity Organization Society's social programme and grew out of its labors. And year by year its tenement-house committee stands guard in the legislature, watchful of landlord attacks on the one hand and of any fresh symptom of public indifference on the other, well knowing that underlying more social mischief than all other causes together is bad housing. "To prevent drunkenness," said the earliest legislative report on what ailed New York, way back in the middle of the last century, "give to every man a clean and comfortable home," and though it was laughed at then, it came much nearer the truth, in its simple philosophy, than the "great minds" whose remedy was to let things alone. Last spring there came to the meeting of the National Housing Association from half the States in the Union men and women to carry its message of work and victory back with them to the farthest hamlets, for no longer are these fighters content to seek the foe in the slums of cities. Ignorance and apathy thrive in country lanes, as in city streets, and they make the slum in all days. The National Housing Association is the youngest child of the Charity Organization Society.

The legacy of death and despair with which the dark-room tenements have cursed New York no man can measure. There are 10,000 deaths in the city every year from tuberculosis alone, and 40,000 dying slowly from the plague and spreading it among the rest of us. Five thousand little sufferers with misshapen, tortured limbs have it grafted upon their bones, for this is the one great cause that makes cripples of the children of the poor. The doctors tell us that a hundred thousand underfed, anæmic children are waiting their turn that is not slow in coming, and for them all there is but one help, light and air, which the dark tenement denies them. Yet even this record of slaughter does not measure the depths of the misery; when the father or the mother can no longer work, helpless poverty moves in and the tasks of the charity workers are hopelessly multiplied—

Reproduced by courtesy of National Consumers' League.

Mother and children making artificial flowers at twenty cents a gross.

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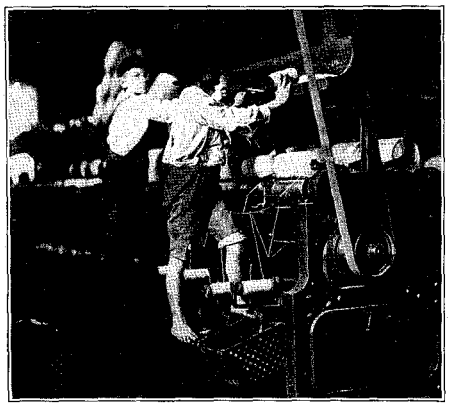
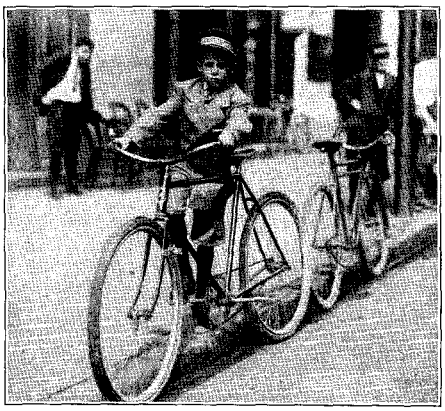
The spinning-room overseer and his flock in a Mississippi cotton mill.

hopelessly till it was discovered that consumption is not transmitted by heredity, but bred by an environment steeped in dirt and ignorance. We were long finding it out. More than a hundred years ago they jumped at the truth in the kingdom of Naples and stamped the disease out with fire and stringent laws. They burned the bedding and the houses of consumptives, and banished those who would not submit. The whole kingdom had become a hot-bed of tuberculosis to which the stricken came from all parts of Europe as they flock to Colorado and New Mexico in our country and our day, until *vedi Napoli e poi mori*—"See Naples and die"—had become a proverb. People think nowadays that the saying refers to the beauty of the bay of Naples which makes a man content to die once he has seen it. So utterly was the plague stamped out that the world forgot the sinister sense of it.



Cotton-mill operatives so small that in order to reach their work they have to stand upon the machinery.



A young messenger who works until after 1 A. M. in a city in Virginia.

Those despots knew nothing of germs and all the rest of the scientific lore; they just guessed and backed up their guess with force. Democracies walk with more wary feet. Nearly a century passed before we knew what they had so successfully imagined, and were ready for the fight. The tubercle bacillus and the Charity Organization Society were born in the same year, born to a fight that was

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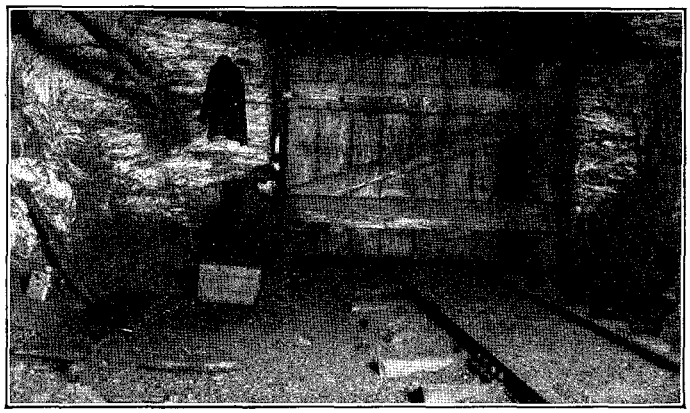

A nipper waiting for a "trip" a quarter of a mile underground in a Pennsylvania mine.

no longer hopeless. For it is with disease as with poverty: once you have made sure of the cause you have backing. Twenty years they have wrestled now, and an entire people has been aroused to take a hand in the fight, in which at last we are getting the upper grip.

Multiply the mortality in New York by twenty and you have the record of the nation: 200,000 each year slain by this one foe, a million consumptives always with their faces set toward death; half of them easily saved, if taken in time. When once the disease has a firm hold they can be saved only from destroying others. Doctors alone were powerless; it was a campaign of education that was needed. The tuberculosis committee enlisted the printing-press, the newspapers, the post-office. The Christmas stamps of Denmark became bullets in the fight. Each one on the back of a letter asked questions, and the committee, and the Red Cross, were ready with the answers. "Don't spit, don't neglect a cold, don't sleep in stuffy rooms"—the "don't cards" went everywhere, printed in every tongue. In Little Italy they took the shape of pretty posters of Venetian canals with simple instructions printed on the border, and were hung in the rooms as pictures. Illustrated lectures were given in the schools; travelling exhibitions of the horrors of "lung blocks," of the simple ways of fighting the enemy with care and cleanliness, were started on their journeys through the land. Thousands flocked to them. "Tuberculosis revival meetings" were held in crowded halls. "Tuberculosis Sundays" enlisted the aid of the pulpits. In New York on a single Sunday more than two hundred sermons were preached by prearrangement on this topic. The committee fitted out an old ferry-boat as a day camp and showed that the sick had other choice than to go far away to mountain or forest, or stay at home and die. They could stay, even in the tenements of New York, and live, given fresh air and wholesome food.

It was not only the citizen who needed education; half the time it was the city. In New York the Health Department was crippled by politics. It had led a valiant charge, but ran short of ammunition. The men who held the city's purse-strings were niggardly. Organized charity swung its

Young breaker boys at work in a Pennsylvania mine.

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forces toward its support. An investigation showed that of the more than 40,000 consumptives in the city whom the department had registered, half had got away and were drifting about, scattering the contagion unhindered. The infected houses they left had other tenants who did not know of their peril and took no precautions. Hospitals were discharging patients daily without inquiry into where they went, and without following them up. With only three thousand beds for consumptives in the city, thirteen thousand went in and out through the year. The endless chain of mischief and misery was in full operation again.

With the facts in hand the tenement-house committee started a "budget campaign" and carried it through with resistless energy. The city appropriated $263,500 for the Health Department's tuberculosis work. Instead of eight inspectors the department sent out a hundred and fifty. It borrowed a leaf from Tammany politics by organizing the city into districts, each with a "captain" in the person of a nurse directing the fight in that quarter. In the schools fresh-air classes were opened for the pale and "unresponsive" pupils. They were fed with hot meals at noon and with milk and bread in between, and the teacher found listlessness and stupidity giving way to life and interest. Tuberculosis clinics were opened in the crowded parts of the city and the country caught up the idea. In seventeen months one hundred and seventeen such special dispensaries were started in the United States, and more are added constantly. We are not out of the woods yet. Sanatoria are needed—many of them—for those who can be cured, the while charity cares for their loved ones at home and frees the patient's mind from worry; hospitals with forcible detention for the homeless wanderers who spread contagion abroad; more than a single preventorium for the hundred thousand pale and ill-fed ones who are listed as the consumptives of the next generation. But already the impact upon the death-rate in the urban population of New York State is discernible. In five years it should show plainly. Legislatures are aroused, prevention has become the national slogan in the struggle with the White Plague. The number of hospitals and sanatoria for tuberculosis has increased from 111 with 10,000 beds in 1895 to 422 with 26,000 beds in 1911. The State Charities Aid Association which is in the field to "make each local community look its own social work squarely in the face and get it to do what is needed," and has done it with such success that twenty-three out of fifty-seven counties in New York have taken steps to provide tuberculosis hospitals in the last two years, has raised the banner, "No uncared-for tuberculosis in 1915." All through the land, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, resounds the crash and clamor of this battle. Organized charity is winning the biggest fight it has started yet.

A few of the boys who work on a night shift in a Virginia glass factory.

Fight, yes! But the *war* is wider than that. Consumption kills the man. There is that which would kill the state. It is not only underfeeding that makes the pale, anæmic children who fall an easy victim to tuberculosis and who cannot learn in school. It is well to cut windows in the dark rooms and to make playgrounds where the children can romp and grow into whole men and women. But if their hours out of

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school are spent at home, toiling till late at night at tasks far beyond their years, making the violets that blossom in my lady's hat at three cents a gross; cutting out embroidery edging at one cent an hour; making baby dresses at forty-two cents for a day of fourteen hours of unremitting labor —oh! I am not imagining these things. I am telling the story we all read, those of us who cared, in the photographs at the Child Welfare Show in my city—when they do this, where then is their play? And where will be, by and by, the citizenship we look for in free men of a free country? Free country! When the census tells us that the volume of child labor is increasing far more rapidly than the population; that as exploiters of tender childhood for our gain we are rushing headlong in the steps of Old-World nations who long since saw whither that course led and abandoned it for their own safety; when in Southern cotton mills children under ten are at work, "some of them so small that they can reach their work only by climbing up"; when Pennsylvania reports that in the coal-breakers the accidents to children exceed those to grown workers by 300 per cent; Indiana that in her factories the ratio is 250 per cent; and Michigan owns to 450 per cent excess of injury and fatality against the child—with such things existing, was he far off the track who in anger exclaimed: "This may be child labor from one point of view; from another it is child murder!" And what other remedy is there than war to the death on such abuses?

Hence it is that organized charity, which sees in the exploitation of the child the ruin of the man and the endless perpetuation of its tasks, has thrown down the gauntlet to this foe and has roused the whole country to demand that "there shall be no child labor." The boy or girl who toils with a needle through the evening hours by the dim light of a smoky kerosene lamp, and in school falls behind his class because he cannot see what is written on the blackboard, does not need spectacles to be given him by private or public charity. That is the wrong prescription. He needs to be taken out of the tread-mill that is killing his sight with his spirit. You see how inquiry into the "causes" leads deeper and ever deeper down, and demands ever more searching remedies. Against the cruelty of a drunken father the protection of a strong society may avail; against such inhumanity as this the power of the whole community must be invoked. Nothing less will do it.

Seven years has the war against child labor raged in the nation. Its irreducible demand is that no child shall be permitted to work under fourteen; none at night, or at dangerous trades, nor more than eight hours in the daytime, under sixteen. The call of bugles is in the air as I write this, and the tramp of many feet, little and big. They are marching to the celebration of the "sane and safe Fourth of July," that obtains at last in my city. But not until this fight has been won are we either sane in celebrating our freedom, or safe in fact; not until then are we on the road to real independence of the thraldom of toil that was meant to be the honorable badge of manhood, not the hideous destroyer of childhood. And while we are about it we mean to safeguard, too, the mothers of the race. There are few States in the Union to-day that have not given their assent to the principle, at least, of child-labor legislation; the practice will follow in them all, as the community conscience is aroused. New York has made a law that no person under twenty-one shall be employed in the night messenger service, since an investigation in twenty-seven cities disclosed the moral slough in which it steeped young boys. The bawdy-house, the gambling den, the disreputable hotel are among its best customers after the lights go out in quiet homes. The Supreme Court has intervened for the protection of woman. "Ten hours the maximum legal working day for women in every State of the Union within ten years" is the confident claim of the National Consumers' League. Before that day we shall, I believe, be ready to demand that all home work in tenements shall cease, at whatever cost of readjustment to the industries that now thrive upon this form of economic slavery.

Toward these ends organized charity is working, but it no longer soothes itself with the belief that they are in fact ends; rather they are stages on the way. A human working day does not fill the measure of industrial justice. When we are told that in Allegheny County—that is, Pittsburg—526 workers were killed by industrial acci-

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Photographs by Underwood & Underwood.

Boys sent to farms from New York City by the Children's Aid Society.

dents in a single year, 258 of them married men with families, it no longer sounds like a threat to ask that the burden of such wholesale slaughter shall fall upon the business, not on the worker. Rather it seems like the counsel of common-sense that it is both wiser and cheaper to do industrial justice than to foot the bill for the machinery of court and jails, and public and private relief that may soothe but cannot cure anything. When the death-rate among the foundlings in the Randall's Island Hospital was, year after year, 100 per cent—they practically all died, in spite of Jersey cows and every care which medical knowledge could suggest—and the joint committee of the State Charities Aid Association and the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor took them over and, by putting them out in families, reduced the mortality in the first year to one-half, in the second to less than a third, and at the end of eight years to eleven in a hundred, then they had found a perfect remedy for that misery, viz., to give the baby a mother instead of a nurse. So, when the nurses of the last-named society, working among tenement mothers with newborn children, found that they lost 17 per cent of the babies to whom they were called after they were born, while they saved all but 5 per cent when they took the mother in hand before her confinement, and that this held true right along, they had met and conquered a condition of fatality consequent upon ignorance with its logical corrective: proper instruction and care. But when the statisticians show us two-thirds of a million unnecessary deaths in the nation, and find the causes in a poverty consequent upon intermittent employment, too long a working day and too low wages to keep the workers alive, then we are facing something which charity, in its simple sense of trying to relieve, cannot deal with. We are facing an industrial malad-

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On the farm. Boys sent by the Children's Aid Society.

justment which society itself must take in hand, if it will be not only just but safe.

To this conviction their work has led the social workers of to-day; for, observe that organized charity has changed front entirely from the day when it considered poverty only in its economic and moral bearings on the man or the family. And here we meet again the "causes" of poverty for which men have sought in all days. They found them, as they thought, only to discover that there were yet others beyond their reach. "Improvidence and overwhelming misfortune" satisfied them in the long ago. Later on, the scientific tabulators counted up twenty-five or twenty-seven, I forget which, all real sources of misery as they knew only too well. It did seem as though, with such an array, we should be getting somewhere, but we were not. The bread-line was still there, in itself an ugly arraignment of something desperately wrong somewhere; for the midnight bread-line is made up of *hungry* men. The homelessness was still there. Improvidence explained some of it, intemperance some of it; all the rest of the "causes" each accounted for its share; none, nor all of them together, for it all. What if they were, in fact, symptoms—the very lack of character, of capacity, of efficiency, in the front rank?

That is the vision which social workers saw when six years ago they proposed a new definition of the problem of poverty. Stripped of all verbiage, they found the causes of the poverty in our cities to be four: ignorance, industrial inefficiency, exploitation of labor, and failure of government to attain the ends for which it existed, the welfare of the citizen. Poverty in their view was but evidence of a maladjustment

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of society itself, against which we strive in vain unless we enlist the very forces of the society which created it. The remedies then present themselves. Ignorance and industrial inefficiency demand changed methods of education. Manual and vocational training crowd forward at once. We are adopting them already, on the very showing that the great mass of our young who leave the school at fourteen to go to work get nowhere with the training they have received. They join the army of unskilled workers, and middle-age finds them fatally handicapped, "industrially inefficient." Look at the map and see what a host they are. A clear-sighted school-man marshalled them in line thus: Standing shoulder to shoulder, the high-school graduates of the country made a line across the State of California; the college men reached barely across the peninsula of the Golden State. But the public-school children who quit early from force of economic stress reached across the country from California to Maine, back again, and once more across mountain and plain as far east as Chicago. To half of the mischief the school holds the key.

Exploitation of labor! What is there that has not been exploited in our money-mad day? But first and last the worker is the sufferer. When we read of the swindling with false weights and measures, it is upon him the burden falls heaviest. When the packer puts a cent on the meat, the retailer sticks on five and an extra cent or two for selling in the small quantities where his biggest profits lie. While you who read this pay five dollars a ton for coal, he pays twelve or fourteen, buying it by the pail. Wherever he turns, the sea is full of sharks. He pays more rent in proportion than the man on Fifth Avenue. The pawnbroker with whom he establishes a credit, in the ineffectual struggle to make ends meet, charges him fifteen or eighteen dollars a year for the use of ten. That is what it comes to, with "hanging-up" charges, if he resorts to the pawn-shop weekly, as too many do. It was "to divorce the three golden balls from the three Furies" that the charity organizers established the Provident Loan Society which in seventeen years has increased its capital from a hundred thousand dollars to seven millions and a half, has loaned out seventy millions, and brought down the usurious rates of the pawnbroker. Waste and improvidence, yes! but the destruction of the poor is still their poverty. The saloon lies in wait for the man who lives from hand to mouth, the policy game robs him, corrupt politics exploit him in a dozen ways he counts as kindness. When we deny him a transfer on his way home from his work, we impose a tax of thirty dollars a year on a family whose entire income may not be much over six hundred and whose total expenditure for clothing in the year is less than three times thirty. Some one said that ours is yet "a half-savage society infused and fitfully illuminated with visions of social duty."

"But these things are inevitable." No, says the social worker: the whole environment in which the poor man is set in our cities is unfavorable to him; it favors, on the other hand, the accumulation of great wealth. He does not arraign the one against the other; he says simply that the heaping up of great fortunes carries with it the responsibility of not exploiting the poor.

Time was when we sat and grieved over the bad heredity that held men fast, forgetting that their real heredity as children of God flatly refutes such a doctrine. Then when we saw that the thief's child, growing up in a decent home, grew decent with it, we concluded that this dreaded heredity was, after all, the sum of all past environments and that, since we could fashion that of to-day, we could make heredity for the days to come, and we took heart. But the environment proved too much for us. Now comes the charity worker, the social worker, and says to us: "We will change the environment through the very forces that made it. Society has worked out crooked results. It was not its purpose; therefore, let us find the wrongs in government and correct the mischief at its source, so giving the real man his chance. The very defects in character, which now hopelessly oppose us, we shall be able to repair by strengthening the man, by lightening his burdens and brightening his outlook." We may not abolish all poverty, for we cannot prevent unforeseen disaster; but undeserved poverty, the misfortune we can help, we shall really help that way and only that way. The individual we shall always have to relieve as best we can; and the better we understand, the better shall we be able to set him on

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his feet. The social end we shall all have to get under, to lift the environment that crushes the worker. For it is the only way we can do it.

Let the worst of society's vices, the social evil itself, serve as an illustration. When, says Dr. Edward T. Devine, with whom I unreservedly agree—when employers pay their girls living wages, when their homes are made attractive enough, when prostitution is kept out of the tenements as the law says it shall be, when rational amusement is provided for the children of the poor, when men cease to tempt them with vile resorts for their own gain, and when we speak the truth plainly of this matter, deluding ourselves no longer with the vain hope that segregation and such measures will banish this evil—then prostitution will be reduced to so small a thing that we shall need to concern ourselves little about it.

This, then, is the case of organized charity in briefest outline, as it stands to me. It is easy now to see the place and significance of such signs of our times as City Planning, as Municipal Research, as Surveys of the Cities to seek and find the standard of living to the maintenance of which all social efforts must tend, if they are to work out enduring results; as the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research that hunts the hook-worm and its fellows, and with them hunts much of poverty to its lair; the Sage Foundation, that great benefaction which gathers into its benevolent purpose all educational efforts seeking to harness the world's forces "for the improvement of social and living conditions"; schools of philanthropy and social settlements. The war on the housefly seems no more incongruous than the demand for a living wage. They are all parts of a whole that pursues the same unselfish end: lightening the intolerable burdens of humanity which selfishness has imposed.

I suppose I shall be asked now if this is not all socialism. No, I should not even term it altruism. I should call it religion. And before you scoff at that definition, read the programme of social service which was "enthusiastically adopted" by the Baptist Church in convention at Philadelphia only the other day. Beginning with justice for all men and ending with "the abatement of poverty," it embraces under seventeen heads that include the abolition of child labor, the sweating system, and the overlong working day, the whole programme of human emancipation, point by point. These people were not crank socialists, it seems; they were practical Christians. Does the emphasis that is laid by the whole Christian Church upon social service nowadays, and the recognition by government after government of the principle of employer's liability, of the old-age pension, and the rest of the claims once held as Utopian tell us nothing? Massachusetts is preparing to fix a minimum wage for women and minors, and I took note recently of the editorial confession of a critic who wondered where all this would end: "The final argument in this controversy is, of course, that when less than living wages are paid, the number of paupers and criminals, with incidental burdens on the taxpayer, inevitably increases." Yes, that is the position of organized charity, exactly.

There are two kinds of socialism, it has been truly said, one of which we shall have to let in unless we want the other to break in. The one kind says, "What is mine is thine!"—that is service. The other meets us with the threat, "What is thine is mine!"—that is vengeance. We shall have to chose one of the two, and I think that is what we are doing. It has often seemed to me that the function of present-day organized charity—and I mean the term to embrace all that we now call betterment work—is twofold: on the one hand it is, with its army of irresistible facts, helping turn the church from the barren discussion of dogmatic differences to face the real needs of the brother; on the other it is guiding the old threat into the safe and helpful ways of service, and giving us for a socialistic, a social programme. Nor is there need of fear that in the change the personal touch that counts for so much will be lost. The "scientific" charity is not cold; it is warm and human. If it were not so it would have no power to appeal to the religious impulse. It is "organized love," and it is effective: it does not by mischance hinder where it sought to help.

Has organized charity really accomplished all this; or is it itself part of a great world change to which coming generations will point as the most pregnant in all human history, the coming of democracy into its birthright? Even so, is this modern St. George not in truth a slayer of dragons? And if we reject him as our champion, where shall we find another to enter the lists?

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THE TURNSTILE

BY A. E. W. MASON

I

THE SWINGING OF A CHANDELIER

AT the first glance it looked as if the midnight chimes of a clock in an old city of the Midlands might most fitly ring in this history. But we live in a very small island, and its inhabitants have for so long been wanderers upon the face of the earth that one can hardly search amongst them for the beginnings of either people or events without slipping unexpectedly over the edge of England. So it is in this instance. For, although it was in England that Captain Rames, Mr. Benoliel, Cynthia, the little naturalized Frenchmen, and the rest of them met and struggled more or less inefficiently to express themselves; although, too, Ludsey, the old city, was for a good deal in their lives; for the beginnings of their relationship, one with another, it is necessary to go further afield, and back by some few years. One must turn toward a lonely estancia in the south-west of Argentina, where, on a hot, still night of summer, a heavy chandelier touched by no human hand swung gently to and fro.

It happened in the dining-room of the house, and between half-past ten and eleven o'clock. It was half-way through January, and Mr. and Mrs. Daventry were still seated at the table over a late supper. For Robert Daventry had on that day begun the harvesting of his eight leagues of wheat, and there had been little rest for any one upon the estancia since daybreak. He sat now taking his ease opposite his wife, with a cup of black coffee in front of him, and a cigar between his lips, a big, broad, sunburnt man with a beard growing gray and a thick crop of brown hair upon his head; loose-limbed still, and still getting, when he stood up, the value of every inch of his six feet two. And as he lounged at the table he debated with his wife in a curiously gentle voice a question which, played with once, had begun of late years to insist upon an answer.

"We are both over fifty, Joan," he said "And we have made our money."

"We have also made our friends, Robert," replied his wife. She was a short, stoutish woman, quick with her hands, practical in her speech. Capacity was written broad upon her like a label, and, for all her husband's bulk, she was the better man of the two even at the first casual glance. There was a noticeable suggestion of softness and amiability in Robert Daventry. It was hardly, perhaps, to be localized in any feature. Rather he diffused it about him like an atmosphere. One would have wondered how it came about that in a country so stern as Argentina he had prospered so exceedingly had his wife not been present to explain his prosperity. It was so evident that she drove the cart and that he ran between the shafts—evident, that is, to others than Robert Daventry. She had been clever enough and fond enough to conceal from him their exact relationship. So now it was with an air of pleading that she replied to him:

"We have not only made our friends, Robert. We have made them here. If we go, we lose them."

"Yes," he answered. "But it wouldn't be as if we had to start quite fresh again. I have old ties with Warwickshire. Thirty years won't have broken them all."

Joan Daventry answered slowly:

"Thirty years. That's a long time, Robert."

"And yet," said Robert Daventry with a wistfulness in his voice which almost weakened her into a consent against which her judgment no less than her inclinations fought. "And yet there's a house on the London road which I might have passed yesterday—it's so vivid to me now. A white house set back from the highway behind a great wall of old red brick. Above the coping of the wall you can see the rows of level windows and the roof of a wing a story lower than the rest of the house. And if the gates are open you catch a glimpse of great cedar trees on a wide lawn —a lawn of fine grass like an emerald."

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His eyes were turned back upon his boyhood, and the thought of his county set his heart aching. Long white roads, rising and dipping between high elms, with a yard or two of turf on either side for a horse to canter on; cottages, real cottages, not shapeless buildings of iron standing gauntly up against the sky-line at the edge of a round of burnt bare plain, but cottages rich with phlox and deep in trees—the pictures were flung before his eyes by the lantern of his memories as if upon a white sheet. But, above all, it was the thought of the greenery of Warwickshire which caught at his throat; the woods flecked with sunlight, the lawns like an emerald.

He glanced at a thermometer which hung against the wall. Here, even at eleven o'clock of the night, it marked this January ninety-seven degrees of heat. The mosquitoes trumpeted and drummed against the gauze curtains which covered the open windows; and outside the windows the night was black and hot like velvet.

Robert Daventry drew his handkerchief across his forehead and with his elbow on the table leaned his face upon his hand. His wife looked at him quickly and with solicitude.

"You are tired to-night, Robert," she said gently. "That's why you want to give the estancia up."

Robert Daventry shook his head and corrected her.

"No, Joan. But I am more tired to-night and very likely that's the explanation." Then he laughed at a recollection. "Do you remember when the squadron came to Montevideo two years ago? There was a dinner at the legation at Buenos Ayres. I sat next to the commodore, and he asked me how old I was. When I told him that I was just fifty, he replied: "Ah, now you will begin to find life very interesting. For you will notice every year that you are able to do a little less than you did the year before." Well, I am beginning, my dear, to find life interesting from the commodore's point of view."

Joan did not answer him at once, and the couple sat for awhile in silence, with their thoughts estranged.

For Joan Daventry shrank, with all her soul, from that coveted white house on the London road. Old ties could be resumed, was Robert's thought. He was forgetful that the ties were his, and his alone. She had no share in them and she had come to a time of life when the making of new friends is a weariness and a labor. With infinite toil and self-denial they had carved out their niche here in the Argentine Republic. They spent the winter in their house in Buenos Ayres, the summer upon the Daventry estancia. Their life was an ordered, comfortable progression of the months. For both of them, to her thinking, the time for new adventures had long gone by. They had had their full proportion of them in their youth. And so while Robert Daventry dreamed of a green future Joan was busily remembering.

"When we first came here to settle," she said slowly, as she counted up all that had been done in these twenty-seven years, "we drove for two days. If the house on the London road is vivid to you, that drive is as clear to me. Our heaviest luggage was our hopes"; and Robert Daventry smiled across the table.

"I have not forgotten that either," he said; and there was a whole world of love in his voice.

"When we reached here we found a tin house with three rooms and nothing else, not a tree, hardly a track. Now there's an avenue half a mile long, there are plantations, there's a real brick house for the plantations to shelter. There are wells, there's a garden, there's a village at the end of the avenue, there's even a railway station to-day. These things are our doing, Robert"; and her voice was lifted up with pride.

"I know," replied her husband. "But I ask myself whether the time has not come to hand them on."

Once more the look of solicitude shone in his wife's eyes.

"I could leave the estancia," she said doubtfully, "though it would almost break my heart to do it. But suppose we did. What would become of you in England? I have a fear," and she leaned forward across the table.

"Why a fear?" he asked.

"Because I think that people who have lived hard, like you and me, run a great risk if they retire just when they feel that they are beginning to grow old. A real risk of life, I mean. I think such as you and I would be killed off by inactivity rather than by any disease."

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She did not deny that something was wrong in their present situation. But she had a different conception of what that something was; and she had a different remedy.

"We should find life too dull!" he exclaimed. "Too lonely, Joan!" and he struck the table with his hand, "I find it lonely here"; and at that she uttered a low cry:

"Oh, my dear, and what of me?" and the wistfulness of her voice struck him to silence, a remorseful silence. After all, his days were full.

"There's our other plan," she suggested gently.

"Yes. To be sure! There's our other plan," he said. He leaned back in his chair, his face upturned toward the ceiling, and a thoughtful look in his eyes.

"We have talked it over, haven't we? But we have played with it all the time. It would be so big an experiment."

He ended the sentence abruptly. The look of thought passed from his face. It became curious, perplexed. Then he cried with a start of dismay:

"You see, Joan, even my eyes are beginning to play tricks with me. I could swear that the chandelier is swinging to and fro above our heads."

Joan looked anxiously at her husband, and then up toward the ceiling. At once surprise drove the anxiety from her face and thoughts.

"But it *is* swinging," she exclaimed.

Both of them stared at the chandelier. There was not a doubt about the phenomenon possible. Not a breath of wind stirred in the garden, not a sound was audible overhead. Yet very gently the chandelier, with its lighted globes, oscillated above their heads. Robert Daventry rose to his feet and touched it.

"Yes, it is swinging," he said. He stopped it, and held it quite still. Then he resumed his seat.

"Very well, Joan," he said with a new briskness in his voice, "we will make the experiment. Come! When we go to Buenos Ayres in the winter! We will try the other plan. Even if it fails it will be worth making."

Joan's face lighted up.

"If it fails, then we'll go home," she said.

No doubt the relief which Robert Daventry felt in the proof that his eyes were not failing him led him thus briskly to fall in with a scheme which both approached with timidity; and so the swinging of the chandelier had its share in bringing them to their decision. But the chandelier had not done with them. For hardly had Robert Daventry ceased to speak when it began again to swing backward and forward before their eyes. So it swung for exactly five minutes and then of its own accord it stopped.

"That's very strange," said Robert Daventry. He looked at the clock upon the mantle shelf. It was five minutes past eleven.

"It's unaccountable," he continued. But he was able to account for it the next day. For a local paper brought to them the news that at ten minutes to eleven o'clock on the evening before, seven hundred miles away on the other side of the great barrier of the Andes, an earthquake had set the shores of the Pacific heaving like a sea, and Valparaiso, that city of earthquakes, had tumbled into ruins.

II

OF AN EARTHQUAKE AND JAMES CHALLONER

THE experiences of James Challoner on that day of ruin at Valparaiso were various, but none of them were pleasant. It was his twenty-eighth birthday and up to two o'clock in the afternoon he was, as for the last six weeks he had been, a clerk in the great house of R. C. Royle & Sons. There was no sort of business in Chile which R. C. Royle & Sons were not prepared to undertake and carry through with efficiency, from a colossal deal in nitrates to the forwarding home of your portmanteau. It was, to be sure, upon the latter class of work that James Challoner was asked to concentrate his abilities. But advancement was a principle of the house, and in the vast ramifications of its business, opportunities of advancement came quickly. James Challoner, who for five years had been drifting unsuccessfully up and down the Pacific Coast, between Callao and Concepcion, was consequently accounted a lucky man to have secured employment in that house at all.

"If he can only keep it!" said his friends, shrugging their shoulders, and his young

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wife, in the little house up the hill, bent over her child and whispered the same words. But in her mouth they were a prayer.

At two o'clock James Challoner returned from his luncheon to the office, but as he took his seat he was summoned to the manager's room. He walked down the long room between the tables on which samples of produce were exhibited, then past the cashier's brass-fenced desks where the banking business was done, to a little compartment partitioned off in a corner. There Wallace Bourdon, a young partner in control of this branch of the firm, sat in a tilted chair, with his knees against a table, awaiting him.

"Mr. Challoner, it is within your knowledge, I suppose, that we are negotiating with the Government at Santiago for the construction of a new railway in the north."

Challoner shook his head.

"That's not in my department, sir," he said.

"Quite true," said Wallace Bourdon. He opened a drawer of the table and threw half a dozen letters down on the top of it under Challoner's eyes. "These letters are copies of our proposals. There are two firms competing with us to which these copies would be valuable. They were found in your desk while you were out at luncheon. What were they doing there?"

James Challoner stared at the letters and pulled at his mustache.

"I can't think, sir. They must have been put there," he said, and then with a cry of indignation: "I must have an enemy in the office."

"Well, that's hard," said Wallace Bourdon sympathetically. "For he seems to have got back on you good and strong. You can draw your money from the cashier, Mr. Challoner, and clear out of this house just as soon as you can find it convenient"; and Wallace Bourdon dropped the legs of his chair onto the floor.

James Challoner took his money and went out into the town. He sat moodily on a high stool at a bar for an hour or so. Then some men of his acquaintance joined him, and from moody he became blusterful and boisterous. But both the moodiness and the bluster were phases of the one deep-seated feeling—a reluctance to go up the hill and meet his wife. It was seven o'clock before he had gained the necessary courage and when he did face his wife he followed the usual practice of his kind and blurted out aggressively the news of his dismissal.

"I was lowering myself by going into the office at all as a clerk," he cried. "I told you so when you urged me to do it. Upon my word it almost serves me right, Doris. I have never known any good come from a man's lowering himself. He is bound to make enemies amongst his new associates. Jealousy is a despicable thing, but there's a deal of it floating about in the world, and one's a fool to shut one's eyes to it. However, we can't let the business rest there. My honor's impugned. That's the truth of it, Doris. I lie under a dishonorable charge. There's a stigma on our child's name, and it must be removed."

He drew a chair briskly up to the table, pulled a piece of note-paper toward him, and dipped his pen in the ink.

"Let me see, now! Who can my enemy be? Who is it that hates me? Can't you think of some one?" and in an instant he pushed the blotting pad pettishly from him. "You might say something, Doris. You just stand and look and never open your mouth."

That was James Challoner's trouble, and the cause of his uneasiness. His wife neither buoyed him up with high-sounding phrases, nor afforded him the opportunity by any reproach to work himself into a fine heat of indignation. She had given him one dreadful look, her whole countenance a quivering cry of dismay made visible, and thereafter she had just stood with no word on her lips, her great eyes disconcertingly fixed upon his face and her mind quite hidden. She went out from the room and left him sitting in great discomfort. He detested her habit of silence, but he feared still more the thought of him which it might conceal, and he dared not break it with acrimonies. When she returned again into the room it was to say:

"Dinner is ready."

The Challoners had no servant, and now they would have none, though a servant had been almost hired that day. James Challoner gave no thought to that. Fear lest his wife should "lower herself" did not trouble him at all. During dinner he talked in self-defence, flurriedly, about his enemy, pointing vaguely to this man or to

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that, and watching keenly for some droop of disdain about Doris's lips. But she gave no sign, and at the back of all his thought was the wounding question:

"What does she think of me?"

He smoked his pipe outside the door after dinner, with the lighted streets of the town spread out below him. The house stood apart, high up on the great amphitheatre of hills above Valparaiso; and on the opposite side of the road the ground fell steeply. The great bay lay open beneath his eyes to the distant top of its northern horn; no inland pool could have slept more quietly than did the Pacific on that summer night; still water and mirrored stars, it widened out in the warm dusk to the sky's rim. A huge black steamer lay out beyond the edge of the jetty, with the light blazing from its saloon windows and the little lights steady on its masts. From the close-built streets at the water's edge there rose a pleasant murmur of many voices. No warnings were being given. Valparaiso, like any other tropical city, was taking its ease in the cool of the evening.

At ten o'clock James Challoner, having nothing better to do and no money to spend, went to bed. He locked the front door and with a definite relief found that his wife had already gone. He stood in the empty, barely furnished sitting-room, and his thoughts were swept back to the morning at Southampton, five years ago, when Doris had crept on board the steamer which was to take them to South America. He remembered bitterly the buoyant hopes with which that runaway marriage had begun and Doris's fears that her flight had been already discovered and that an attempt at the last moment might be made to stop her.

"It has been a bad mistake for me," he said, as all the wonderful things which he might have done, had he not been hampered with a wife, glittered in his mind. The truth, however, was not to be grasped by him unless he would face truthfully the history of his marriage, and that he was not constituted to do. It was a story common enough: A young man with no will and caressing manners, who was hastily packed off to South America, with a few hundred pounds in his pocket, to avoid exposure in his own country, and a young girl too staunch to her beliefs—these were the characters, and, given them, the story tells itself.

"Yes, it has all been a very bad mistake for me," thought James Challoner, and switching off the lights he betook himself to bed. A door in the inner wall of his bedroom opened into the room where his wife and child slept. He listened for a moment with his ear against the panel. All was silent in that room.

"She can sleep," he grumbled, finding even a grievance there, and within five minutes he slept himself. But he did not sleep for long. For, just at the moment when the chandelier began to swing in Mr. Daventry's dining-room, he was shaken out of his slumber. He lay for a few seconds in the vague and pleasant space between wakefulness and dreams, playing with the fancy that he was in a cabin on a ship at sea. But the fancy passed, and he was beset by a stranger illusion. He happened to be lying upon his side, with his face turned toward the outer wall of his bedroom; and as he lay he saw quite distinctly the wall gently and noiselessly split open. It split open high up and near to the ceiling, and it let through the stars and a strip of sky. Then the wall closed neatly together again, brick fitting with brick, so that not a chink was left. The room once more was black, the stars shut out.

Challoner was still pondering upon this remarkable phenomenon when a third sensation shook him altogether out of his lethargy. He was violently jolted. This could be no illusion. It was as if some one, crouching beneath the bed, had suddenly risen on hands and knees and struck the mattress with his shoulders. Challoner sprang out of bed, tottered, and clung to the bed-post for support. The room was rocking like a tree in a gale and underneath his feet the boards strained and heaved. It was his first experience of an earthquake, but he had no doubt that he was undergoing it, and fear made his hands grip the iron post of the bed so that his palms were bruised. His chief terror was the floor. The feel of it moving unstably beneath his feet, the sound of its boards cracking loosened his knees. At any moment it might burst upward and explode. At some moment and very soon it must. He had no fear that it would collapse and gape open; it would surely burst like a shell; and in his fear of that explosion the rocking of the walls was of no account.

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He tried to think, and instinct reminded him of civilized man's chief necessities.

"My shoes, my money."

He groped along the bed for the switch of the light, but light did not answer to the summons. In the darkness he stooped, found his shoes, and slipped them on. His few dollars, drawn that afternoon from the cashier of R. C. Royle & Sons, were in the drawer of a night-table by his bed. He found them. There was a cupboard in the inner wall. He lurched across to it, and, tearing a long overcoat from a hook, slipped it on and dropped the money in his pocket. Close by the cupboard was the door of his wife's bedroom. He remembered her now, and flung the door open.

"Doris," he cried, and no answer was returned to him.

"Doris," he cried again, and this time the wail of his child answered him from her cot.

He crossed to the bed. He leaned over it and put out his hand to shake his wife by the shoulder out of her deep sleep. And with a shock he became aware that she was leaning upon her elbow in the darkness. She was wide-awake all the time.

"Quick!" he cried, in a sudden exasperation. "There is an earthquake. The house is falling."

She replied, in a strange quiet voice:

"I know."

She made no beginning of a movement. She was awake, had been, perhaps, longer awake than he himself; she knew the swift peril which had befallen them, and the need of hurry; yet she remained propped on her elbow in the darkness, passively expectant. Or was she dazed? Even at that moment the question flashed through Challoner's mind and brought him a queer relief. But it was answered in a moment.

"I called to you twice," he said; and his wife answered:

"I heard"; and there was again no hint of bewilderment in her voice. It was the voice of a woman who had all her wits about her; not of one who was stunned.

Meanwhile the earth rumbled beneath them and the room shook. Challoner felt for a candle by the bedside, struck a match and lighted it. His wife watched him quietly. Her dark eyes shone in the candle-light, inscrutably veiling her thoughts.

"Quick!" he cried. "Get up. There's no time to lose." He lifted the child out of the cot, still wrapped in her bedclothes.

"Come."

His wife rose, as it seemed to him, with incredible slowness. He could have screamed in his terror. As he stumbled across the floor to the door, she opened a wardrobe and, taking out a cloak, drew it about her shoulders. In the doorway he turned and saw her.

'Good God!" he cried, and the question in his mind leaped to his lips and was uttered. "Do you want to kill us all?"

"I had to find a cloak."

"A cloak!" he cried contemptuously. He himself had tarried to slip on his overcoat, but, no doubt, that was different. Certainly his wife made no rejoinder. "To be buried under this house for the sake of a cloak," he cried, his lips so chattering with terror that he could hardly pronounce the words.

"Go first," she said; and he ran out of the doorway. She followed him, leaving the door open behind her, and the candle burning in the room. They were still in the passage when an appalling roar deafened their ears. The lighted candle shot up into the air and was extinguished, and in the darkness the splitting of timber, the overthrow and the wreckage of furniture, rent the air and ceased. Of a sudden the throats of the fugitives were choked with dust. The fear which had so terrified him was justified. The floor had exploded, like artillery, in the room he had this moment quitted. His terror became a panic. He would have killed his wife had she stood in his way. He rushed downstairs, inarticulately crying. He fumbled in the darkness for the bolt of the front door, sobbing and cursing. He found it, flung the door open, and leaped out into the open air. He ran across the road, and as he ran a great stone fell with a crash from the archway of the door, and the walls of the passage clashed together behind him. With a loud clatter of thunder the whole house crumbled down into a smoking heap of bricks. Challoner turned. He was quite alone with the child in his arms. And for a little while he stood very still.

But he was no longer in darkness. About many of the villas on the hillside the flames were creeping, and their inhabitants were racing upward to the open heights, or searching desperately among the ruins for

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those whom the earthquake had entrapped. While lower down by the water's edge the city was ablaze and over all the bay the sky was red. The ground still shook beneath Challoner's feet, and the child in his arms began to cry. He laid it down against the low wall of the path and crept cautiously back to the ruins of his house.

"Doris," he called, and again, "Doris."

His voice was low, but there was more of awe than grief audible in the cry. "Doris," he called a third time, but in a louder and more urgent tone. A few bricks, hanging to a fragment of wall, dislodged themselves and clattered down upon the heap of ruin. But no other answer came. He stooped suddenly where the archway of the entrance door had been. The great stone had fallen with so much force that one end had sunk into the ground; the other, however, rested upon a fragment of the stone pillar of the door; and so the stone lay under a pile of bricks tilted at an angle. Through the space left by the angle a woman's hand and arm protruded. It was not pinned down by the stone. It pointed with limp fingers toward Challoner, and beside it a trickle of blood ran out. Challoner knelt and touched the hand.

"Doris," he said.

Her voice had not answered to his, and now there was no response in her fingers to his touch. The arm moved quite easily. The walls of the passage had borne her down and crushed her. Challoner remembered with a shiver the crash and clatter of them as they had knocked together just behind his heels. His wife had been killed in that downfall. She could not have survived.

Challoner rose again to his feet.

"She was awake," he said, and he talked aloud to himself. "She should have hurried. She could have escaped had she hurried"; and the picture of her leaning upon her elbow in her bed in the dark troubled his soul. There is no terror like the terror which comes from the shaking of the earth and the overthrow of its houses. Yet she, a woman—so ran his thoughts—had endured it. Her hand pointing, from beneath the stones, accused him for all the limpness of its fingers. She had welcomed it.

The child wailed from the other side of the road. Challoner crossed to it. He stood and looked at it doubtfully. Still in doubt, he looked away. From the blazing town rose a babel of cries, a roar of flames, a crash of buildings falling in, and every now and then, quite distinct from the confusion, a shrill, clear scream would leap into the air like a thin fountain of water. But the sea was calm; the great ship, with every cord of its rigging strung black against the glowing sky, lay without a movement. Boats were plying between it and the shore. Challoner could see the tiny specks of them on the red water.

"There's no tidal wave," he said in a dull voice. "That's extraordinary"; and then he picked up his daughter in his arms, and climbed higher up the hill to await the dawn.

III

CHALLONER'S PILGRIMAGE

THERE were two more shocks that night, the first at five minutes past one, the second half an hour before sunrise. James Challoner sat in the centre of the most open space he could find, his overcoat drawn close about him and his daughter clasped tightly to his breast. But it was almost unconsciously that he held her so. His brain was dazed, and the only image at all clear in his mind was that of his dead wife's hand protruding beneath the great stone and directing against him its mute accusations. But, even so, it was the limp look of the fingers which chiefly troubled him, and it only troubled him from time to time. For the greater part of the interval before daybreak he sat watching the roofs of the buildings below him burst in tongues of fire and topple down with a clatter of slates in bright showers of sparks, much as a child sits open-mouthed at the fireworks. Now he huddled his coat close about him, now some spire of flame towering skyward more terribly beautiful than the rest, drew a cry from his lips; and now again, looking out over the quiet pond of the bay, he asked dully, "Why is there no tidal wave?"

Morning came at last over the hill behind, gray and extraordinarily cold. All about him he saw people, huddled like himself upon the slopes, men, women and children, shivering in their night-attire and their bare feet bloody from the stones. All at once Challoner was aware that he was hun-

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gry. His little daughter reached out her arms and wailed. Hunger, too, as the sun rose, mastered the fears of the refugees upon the hill-side. One by one, group by group, they rose stiffly and straggled down to the ruined ways by the water-side. Challoner went with the rest; and half-way down they all began to hurry, beset by the same fear. There would not be food enough for all. The thought seemed to sweep like a wind across the face of the hill, and the hurry became savage.

Along the open esplanade families were squatting side by side. A few of the more fortunate had somehow secured and erected tents; and others were crowded into storage sheds. But the most of them were sitting in the open waiting desolately for they knew not what. And already in that town, though the earthquake was barely six hours old, catastrophe had made its sharp division between the sheep and the goats. For whereas upon the esplanade men and women, and amongst them many unexpected figures, were already organizing succor for the outcasts, amongst the smoking ruins the marauders were already at work, robbing, murdering. There was no longer any law in Valparaiso.

Challoner made his way to the esplanade. A man whom he knew, the agent of a steamship company, hurried past him. Challoner stopped him.

"Where can I get food?" he asked.

Challoner was a strongly built, tall man, and the agent answered roughly.

"You? You will have to wait. You are able to"; and then he caught sight of the child in Challoner's arms, still wrapped about with her bedclothes. His voice changed to friendliness.

"Yours?" he asked.

Challoner nodded.

"Where's its mother?"

Challoner answered simply:

"Dead."

The agent took out a piece of paper and a pencil from his pocket. "Sorry," he said. "Of course, that alters the case." He wrote a line upon the paper and gave it to Challoner. Then he pointed to a tin-shed, around which a crowd was already collecting.

"We are distributing a little food there. You'll be given your share, for you have a child to look after. But I should advise you to look slippy"; and the agent hurried off.

Challoner did look slippy. Because of his child he got food for himself as well as for his child; and as he sat on the ground, in the shadow of a low wall, after his meal, that fact set him thinking. There is much loving kindness for children in South America. From east to west it runs across the continent, just as from east to west human life is cheap, provided that it is grown up. You might, anywhere in those days, and, in some places you may still, slay your neighbor and avoid anything like excessive inconvenience as a result of your slaying. But if you kick a boy into the gutter because he refuses to desist from whistling, to your distraction, outside your office window, you are liable to be fined heavily, and you may be sent to prison. For you have hurt the *dignitad d'ombre*. Challoner was aware generally of the consideration for children which prevailed. But now it was brought very practically home to him in the particular. His little daughter Doris was a definite asset to him. He looked down upon her with new eyes as she slept on the ground at his side, with a chubby hand thrown across his knee. She was no longer a nuisance. She was as good as money—better, indeed, since money could not buy food to-day in Valparaiso. And there had been a moment when he had stood doubting, up there before the ruins of his house. James Challoner was quite chilled by the thought of the mistake he had almost made, and the fool he had almost been.

Doris moved her head in her sleep.

"Precious one," he said affectionately; and he proceeded in his turn to sleep.

He woke up in time to see the two great Chilian cruisers sweep round the point into the bay, and a stoutly built, square captain, whom he could have mistaken for an Englishman, come ashore with his sailors, to take command of the town. He obtained shelter in a hut for that night, and during the hours of darkness he thought out his own immediate problem.

Valparaiso was not and for some months would not be. Even when it should be rebuilt there would be no work for him, since—in his thoughts he clung to euphemisms—his enemies had ruined his good name. Therefore he must get away and he had his daughter at his hand to assist him.

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He obtained, through his good samaritan, the agent, a rough suit for himself and some clothing for his child and a parcel of food. He slung the parcel over his shoulders, lifted his child in his arms, and walked out that afternoon from Valparaiso up the great post-road toward the Andes. He was strong and his girl inherited of his strength. It was summer, a summer of no rain. He tramped along the valleys of Chile, and his daughter was his passport and franked his way. He secured a night's shelter at a farmhouse here, food and a trifle of money there, a ride for Doris upon a mule one day, a lift for both of them in a cart the next. The valley narrowed, the green floor of it became stones, the trees thinned, the great barrier of the cordilleras closed in about James Challoner and towered higher and higher above his head. The road wound sharply upward, now backward, and forward in a desolate, wild country of gray rock splashed with orange and yellow and deep red. He had started early that day and stood on the top of the Cumbre Pass, thirteen thousand feet above the sea, by mid-day. On the very summit he was overtaken by the post and driven down at a gallop to Las Cuevas. From Las Cuevas he walked to Punta del Inca. And at Punta del Inca he took his ease for a week, with the great snow-mass of Aconcagua showing in a gap of the hills across the valley.

It was the season of the baths at Punta del Inca. The hotel was full and James Challoner prospered, as from the beginning he had thought that he would. He had reckoned upon Punta del Inca on that night in Valparaiso when he had determined upon his journey. He sat by the natural bridge, with his little daughter in his arms, a travel-stained and patient figure, and amongst those gigantic hills he told his moving story to such as passed and would listen. He went up to the hotel at night, and under the lights of the veranda he told it again. Amongst his many qualities which he misused was a vivid gift of narrative, and he possessed, at this time at all events, a gentle voice with an admirable note of emotion. Thus all was in his favor. The beauty and peace of the scenery, his manner, the prettiness of his child—even the story which he had to tell. But it was not quite the story which would have been told at Valparaiso where, to be sure, he had, as we know, enemies.

"Why did you come to South America?" some curious soul would ask.

"I was a younger son," he would answer; and then, with a charming modesty for the benefit of any English who might be present, "I am of the Dorsetshire Challoners. These old properties. . . . Land isn't what it was . . . An estate mortgaged to the hilt. How could any one take an allowance that must be wrung from it at the cost of the very laborers? No, I thought I would make my own way in the new lands."

He spoke without any arrogance of virtue, any contempt for other younger sons who had not his own compunction, any consciousness of heroism. He went on to tell the romantic story of his marriage and elopement.

"I made my way," he continued, "at least I was making it. My wife, of course, helped me—" and perhaps here his voice would falter ever so slightly, he would turn his face aside and whisper to the stars, yet so that the whisper was audible to people nearer than the stars—"My God, how she helped me! We had dug out our little corner in Valparaiso. There was just room in it for a wife and a child and myself. And then the earthquake came and ruined all."

He made no complaint; he stated the simple facts; he was reticent concerning his wife's death. But by his reticence he managed to wring from it the last ounce of profit; he did not, for instance, describe how he had found her leaning upon her elbow in the darkness, with the walls of her room tottering about her. James Challoner had not forgiven her for that. She had made it so plain that she preferred for her child and herself an appalling death beneath the bricks than the slower decline into misery which awaited them. He tried to omit that remembrance from his mind, as he certainly did from his story.

A collection was made for him to send him on his way. He accepted it with dignity.

"I do not ask for your names," he said. "It would be the merest pretence. I cannot promise to pay you back. I take it as from one man to another." And so with his pocket full he journeyed downward to the vineyards of Mendoza.

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At Mendoza he took the train and in a night and a day came to Buenos Ayres. It was in the cool of the evening that he stepped out upon the platform. He was in no doubt what he should do. He had stopped in Buenos Ayres for a month on his way out from England; and he had thought out his plan very carefully during his last night in Valparaiso. He took a train for Barracas, and in the train he tied an old bootlace about his daughter's arm. He left the train before it crossed the bridge, and walked up a hill where great houses stand back behind walls and gardens much as one may see them in Clapham. Some way up the hill he stopped in front of one of these houses.

It was noticeable amongst the houses, because a curious turnstile was let into the garden wall. The turnstile supported a small circular platform partitioned off with screens. James Challoner placed his child upon the platform, rang the bell, and turned the stile. The platform revolved, the child disappeared from view within the garden, and the screens were so arranged that those who received the child within could not see James Challoner outside.

James Challoner went back into the middle of the road, yawned, and stretched his arms above his head. To-day you may cross the Andes from Valparaiso to Buenos Ayres in forty-eight hours. James Challoner had taken four months. He thought of his journey with a chuckle. His daughter had made his way easy.

"Nine hundred miles and I've done 'em on eider-down," he said. "That's the only bit of comfort I've ever got out of my marriage."

He had left his child in a foundling hospital kept by some wealthy old ladies. He had tied a bootlace round her arm, rather because it was the conventional thing to do, than with any intention of reclaiming her. He was now a free man. He lit his pipe and stuck his hands in his pockets. With a pleasant sense of lightness, he strolled down to exploit his freedom in the bright streets of Buenos Ayres.

IV

CYNTHIA'S BIRTHDAY

CYNTHIA woke on the eighth of January to the knowledge that a thrilling day for her had just begun. She looked out beneath the sun blinds across the Daventry estancia. Not a hand-breadth of cloud was visible. The brown earth baked under a blinding sun and the sky fitted down upon it like a cap of brass. Inside the room, however, there was neither glare nor heat; and Cynthia stood with her expectations of the day fluttering about her like a shower of rose leaves. She was seventeen this morning, and the pride of it set her heart dancing. There would be letters downstairs from her friends, she hoped. There was a string of pearls, she knew. It had been bought that winter in Buenos Ayres with so elaborate a secrecy, and after so much furtive discussion as to whether it was good enough, that she could not but know of it. Moreover, there was a most important telegram to be despatched immediately after breakfast; a telegram of so much consequence that no hand but hers must write it out and send it off. So Cynthia was quick this morning. She dressed herself in a cool white frock, her white shoes and stockings, and ran lightly down the stairs into that room where years before a chandelier had of its own accord swung to and fro.

Valparaiso had long since been rebuilt, but Robert and Joan Daventry still kept house in Buenos Ayres through the winter, and made the estancia their summer home. The years, however, had brought their changes. Robert and Joan were frankly an old couple nowadays; a young Englishman was sitting at the breakfast table; he undertook the whole burden of management; and, finally, there was Cynthia. The "other plan," so often debated and so often shelved, had been adopted, after all; the experiment from which Robert Daventry had so shrunk had been risked; and Cynthia was the triumphant flower of it.

She greeted the old couple tenderly, shook hands with Richard Walton, the young manager, and received his good wishes with a pretty assumption of great dignity. But her eyes strayed to the table, where her place was piled high with parcels and letters, and her dignity vanished in her delight.

"I have many friends," she cried, with a sort of wonder in her voice very taking to those who looked on her while she spoke. For she could not but have friends, it seemed. So frank a wish to please and so sweet a modesty were linked to so much

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beauty. It was not the beauty of Argentina, though a rhapsodist might have maintained that some of its sunlight was held prisoner in the heavy ripples of her hair. But the hair was light brown in color, where the gold did not shine, and the rose was in her cheeks. A broad forehead, eyebrows thick and brown, curving across a fair skin above great eyes of a deep blue set rather wide apart, gave to her face a curious distinction. And her eyes looked out from so dark a wealth of lashes that they seemed unfathomable with mysteries—until she spoke. Then kindliness and a fresh joy in life lit them with soft fires. For the rest, she was neither short nor remarkable for height, the nose and the nostrils delicate, the chin small, but a definite chin. As for her mouth, it was not a rosebud, nor again was it a letter-box. It suited her and she could afford to smile. One granted her, at a glance, health and a look of race.

She began to open her letters and her presents. "Yes, I have many friends," she repeated.

"It may be surprising," said Robert Daventry. "But it seems to be true. In fact, I am not quite sure that I have not some small token about me that Joan and I don't dislike you altogether."

He fumbled first in one pocket, then in another.

"Really!" cried Cynthia. She leaned toward him, all eagerness and curiosity. Her lips were parted in a smile. She followed the movements of his hands with an air of suspense. She knew very well that half the pleasure of the givers would be spoilt if she betrayed any acquaintance with the gift.

"What can it be?" Her whole attitude asked, while Robert Daventry slapped himself and looked under the table in a great fluster lest he should have mislaid the present. His concern was sheer farce; she, with a subtle skill of comedy, played her little part of happy impatience.

"Ah!" cried Robert Daventry at last. "It is not lost"; and he took out from his breast pocket a narrow case of green leather and from the white satin lining of the case the expected string of pearls. She stood up while Robert Daventry clasped it about her throat, and, as she took her seat again, she said in a low voice:

"You are both extraordinarily kind to me. I often wonder what would have become of me but for you—where I should be now."

For a moment both of the old people looked startled. Then Robert Daventry hastened to protest:

"My dear," he cried in a flurry, "you are, after all, of my flesh and blood. And flesh and blood has its claims." Joan's quiet voice came to his help:

"Besides, the debt is not all on one side, Cynthia. We were not very contented until you came to us, were we, Robert?"

"No, we weren't," he replied with relief, like a man floundering who finds solid ground under his feet. "We had lived hard and had done a great deal of work, and we were beginning to ask ourselves why. The heat and the ardor were over, you see. Our lives were cooling down. We had come to a time when one is apt to sit at night over the fire and wonder regretfully, now that no change is possible, whether we hadn't aimed at the wrong things and got less than we might have got out of our lives. We had piled up, and were still piling up a great deal more money than we had any use for. We had made Daventry out of a plain as bare as the palm of my hand, and we had no one very dear to us to whom we could leave it. There didn't seem to be much use in things. Next week was going to be like this week, and the week after like next week, and life altogether nothing more than a succession of dull things. We were very nearly abandoning the estancia and retiring to England when my brother died."

"And left me to you," said Cynthia.

Robert Daventry nodded.

"And then our discontent vanished," said he.

Cynthia shook her head.

"I don't remember very much of those days, but I remember enough to be sure that I gave you a good deal of trouble." She spoke lightly to hide the emotion which the kindness of these friends had stirred in her.

Joan Daventry smiled.

"Yes, you gave us trouble, Cynthia," she said. "We are frightened by it still, at times. We are growing old and there is no other young spirit in the house, and it is possible that you might find your life rather dull, just as we did before you came to us."

"Dull?" cried Cynthia. "With you two dear people?" She held a hand lovingly to each, and now was hiding nothing

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of what she felt. "Besides, I have my friends. I meet them in Buenos Ayres. They come here to visit me. You gave them to me, as you have given me everything. Look at the number of them!" and she proudly pointed to her letters. She read them through and she breakfasted, and at the end of the meal gathered them in her hands.

"I must send some telegrams," she said. "I will drive to the railway station."

"Now?" Joan Daventry asked anxiously. "Can't they be sent later, in the afternoon, Cynthia?"

"No, mother," Cynthia replied. "Some might wait, but there's one which must go off now."

Joan Daventry looked at Richard Walton. The blinds were down and the window closed; so that the room was dark and cool. But a glance at her manager's face told her sufficiently what the heat was like outside. He had been abroad since daybreak and he was the color of a ripe mulberry. Joan Daventry looked to him for assistance. But, though his eyes were fixed with a momentary intentness upon Cynthia, he did not give it. He spoke on another subject.

"If you go, Miss Cynthia, I hope you will leave at home the pearls you are wearing round your throat. We are cutting the corn to-day and there are a good many men about of whom I know nothing at all. More hands came in last night than we had use for. It's all right, of course, but I shouldn't wear those pearls."

"Of course not," said Cynthia. "I will put them away."

"And you will take a man with you," said Robert Daventry. Neither he nor Joan had been brought up in cotton-wool; nor did they ever think to cloister Cynthia. She was left her liberty; and so half an hour afterward, with a big straw hat shading her face from the sun, she drove in her cart along the avenue to the railway station. She sent off the messages of thanks and then wrote out the important telegram which was to mark the day for her. She wrote it out without an alteration. For her thoughts had run fastidiously on the wording of it all through breakfast-time. She addressed it to:

CAPTAIN RAMES, R N.,
S.S. *Perhaps*,
Tilbury Docks,
London.

And she handed it to the operator with a certain trepidation like one who does some daring and irrevocable deed. The operator, however, was quite unmoved. The important message to which so much consideration had been given, wore to him quite a commonplace look. It amounted, indeed, to no more than this:

"Every heart-felt wish for a triumphant journey, from an unknown friend in South America."

Thus, the very words were conventional and the sentiment no great matter to make a fuss about. But this was not Cynthia's point of view.

She had spoken the truth at the breakfast table when she had told Joan and Robert Daventry that she did not find her life dull. But they were old people, and, in spite of her many friends, she was, to be sure, much alone with them. She was reticent of her feelings in their presence, not through any habit of concealment, but from modesty and the disparity of years. On the other side it was Joan's theory that youth should be trusted rather than pried upon. Cynthia was thus thrown back a good deal upon herself, and if she did not find life dull, it was, perhaps, because with life she had very little to do. She was seventeen, a girl of clear eyes and health and silver thoughts; and romance had its way with her. All that loving care could imagine for the clean and delicate training of mind and body had been lavished on her; and little by little she had fashioned for herself a wonderland of dreams and beautiful things. The only ugly thing about it was the iron turnstile in the wall by which you gained admittance. But that could not be helped. Its ugliness was recognized. The turnstile had been there from the beginning —why, Cynthia could not have told you. It was indeed itself the beginning. It was there in her dreams and her fancies, offering admission to somewhere, before the somewhere was explored, and found to be the wonderland.

In this world, then, she moved amidst a very goodly company. She was careful about her company, choosing it from the world at large. She claimed the best of all the nations for her friends, yet with a pretty shyness which often enough set her blushing and laughing at her own pretension. She had a test. Unless you answered to it,

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there was no admission, the turnstile did not revolve. Coronets went for nothing, even brave deeds did not suffice. He who entered—and, by the way, it must regretfully be admitted that "he" does accurately represent the sex of those who were allowed to enter. For it had never occurred to Cynthia at all to let another woman into her world. She was modest, but her modesty had its limits. He who entered, then, must have given proof that he was possessed with a definite idea, that his life moved to the tune of it.

The population of Cynthia's private enclosure was consequently strictly limited; and, since she only knew her heroes through the newspaper and books, some even of those who were admitted came in under false pretences, and had summarily to be ejected. She was thus on the look-out for recruits. Captain Rames was the latest of them, and Cynthia knew less of him even than of the others. She had seen a blurred portrait of him in a daily paper; she knew that he was an officer in the navy, aged thirty-four, and it seemed to her that he had passed her test. For, this very afternoon, in command of a Dundee whaler, he was off southward into seas where no ship yet had sailed.

The clerk stamped her telegram and took it behind the partition into his office. Cynthia climbed back into her cart.

"I will drive back across the farm," she said. "I want to see the reaping."

At the end of the short, wide street of one-storied huts and houses she turned through a gate in a wire fence onto a wide plain of brown grass. A mile across the plain, separated by no fence or hedge, the glistening acres of wheat began, and at the edge Cynthia could see little men seated on reaping-machines drawn by little horses like toys. She drove toward them thinking of the telegram, and, with a blush under her straw hat, of its reception. As a matter of fact, Captain Rames was rather busy that day, and anonymous telegrams did not receive from him the attention which was no doubt their due. In three hours' time, she thought, Captain Rames might be wondering what his unknown friend was like, with a heart full of gratitude for her unknown friendship. Meanwhile, she was driving nearer and nearer to the little toys at the edge of the wheat-field. The little toys were growing larger and larger. Cynthia came out of her rose-mist.

"There are some new machines," she said, with interest, to the man who was with her. He was an old half-breed who had been long on the estate.

"Yes, Senorita," he answered. He pointed to one longer than the rest and drawn by six horses. "It does everything. It cuts, it ties in sheaves."

The whirring of the machinery came louder and louder to their ears. The young horse which she was driving cocked its ears and became restive. She gave the reins to the servant.

"I will walk forward," she said. "You can wait here." She descended to the ground. She walked forward toward the edge of the wheat. There realities awaited her.

(To be continued.)

A CHARACTER

By Brian Hooker

THE heart of life is hid from him;
He has no ear for overtones,
No eye for blended hues or dim;
Therefore he learns a name for each,
Dockets our laughter and our moans,
And hurries forth to judge and teach—
The heart of life is hid from him.

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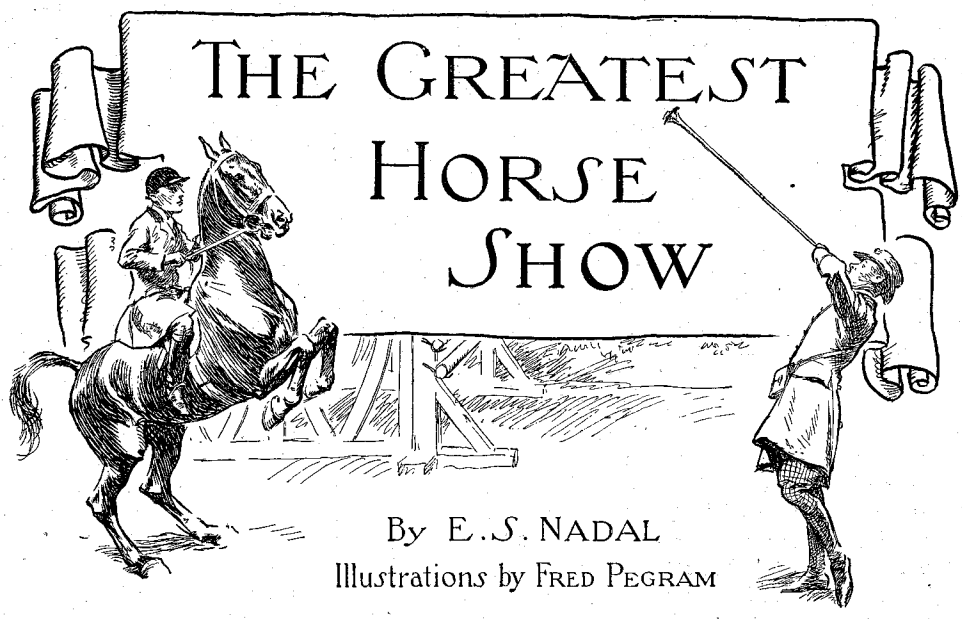

THE GREATEST HORSE SHOW

By E. S. NADAL

Illustrations by FRED PEGRAM

THE International Horse Show held this year in London was perhaps the greatest horse show ever held. The London International is, no doubt, the greatest horse show in the world, and, this being the coronation year, and the show coming in the coronation week, great efforts were made that it should surpass previous international shows. A larger number of horses were entered, prizes more numerous and of greater value were offered, and it was expected that the attendance would be larger and more brilliant than ever before, which has indeed proved to be the case. The International show is, as every one knows, an indoor show held at Olympia, Kensington.

The arrangement of the building is very sensible. At one end of it, a large space had been set apart for the stables. These were prettily decorated with festoons of flowers. One exhibitor, a Canadian, had put up an imitation of a stable of the time of Elizabeth, of which our artist has made a sketch. On three sides of the building, between the main hall and the outer walls, there is a broad passage, with refreshment rooms, shops, etc. Nothing could be prettier than the decoration of the main hall. On the walls there was a representation of a Tudor village, with such houses as the reader may have seen at Old Chester. Beyond and above the village, there were English hills, like those in the Lake country. The doors of the west entrance, through which the horses came from the stables into the ring, showed an old English Inn, named in compliment to Lord Lonsdale, I suppose, "The Lowther Arms." There was a profusion of the choicest flowers everywhere, and these were renewed from day to day. The show of flowers must have been made at great expense. For instance, on each side of the jump known as the "railway crossing" was a Teddy Bear. They were boxwood plants, cut down to represent a bear, and were of life size. Each of these cost, perhaps, ten pounds. They were removed at the time of the King's visit and replaced by designs more specially appropriate in the form of crowns.

I found the little shops and booths in the passage, outside the main hall, highly decorative and very amusing. There were flower shops and gold and silversmiths, but most of them had some connection with horses. There was, for instance, a shop for sporting weathercocks, such as go on stables, a hunter mounted at one end and his dogs at the other. One weathercock was the Viking ship presented by Queen Alexandra to King Haakon, of Norway. One shop for breeches and riding habits had a real horse and a real pony, upon which to be measured for, and try on, riding

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The Elizabethan stable

clothes. It is happiness enough for a boy to mount that very well-bred wooden horse with sharp withers and high head in a certain shop in Oxford Street. But a real horse! What would a boy think of that? There was a restaurant, a grill-room and a tea-room. Now if it had been an American show of such pretensions as this one, it would have been thought necessary to have a café with Waldorf prices. But the grill-room had such cosey prices as chop 1/, leg of chicken 1/, wing 1/6, fish salad (very nice) 11*d.*, egg 2*d.*, and so on.

The foreign officers were a very noticeable feature of the show. There were some fifty of them, and they were always in uniform. When they were not riding, they usually sat together in a large box, just under the Royal box, and from their seats made a display that was in extent and color-

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ing highly decorative. In the jumping competitions, they rode in uniform, and you soon became familiar enough with the caps, tunics, and breeches of the various countries represented to be able to tell from their dress the nationalities of the horsemen. In the jumping competitions the French and the Russians did best, with the British officers third. It was to the credit of British fair play that the applause was quite as great when a foreigner made a clean performance as when it was made by an Englishman. The applause was indeed too liberal. It sometimes excited and confused the horses. It should have been, of course, reserved till the horse had completed his round of jumps. Captain d'Exe, a Russian, won the George V Cup. His horse was an ordinary trooper's horse and of no particular known breed. On the day of the King's visit, His Majesty, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, came down into the ring, when the Russian officer rode into the ring, and, dismounting, was congratulated on his achievement by the King. Later in the same day there was a competition for the Edward VII Cup, which was won by Lieutenant Horment, a French officer on L'Ami II. The same officer had a gray upon which I should like to have seen him win, an animal with a beautiful way of moving and taking the jumps. All the horsemen seemed to like him. I think that horsemen, no matter what their specialities and interests in horseflesh may be, are ready to see and acknowledge excellence in almost any kind of a horse. A harness-horse man, for instance, will see the good points, or at any rate the central essential qualities of a hunter. The good horseman has an instinct which speaks when something really nice appears. The judging of the jumpers, however, did not permit the consideration of the general characteristics of the horses. It was simply a matter of "faults," as I suppose it must be. The horse that cleared all the jumps was perfect, the animal that touched only one hurdle in going over was next, and so on. The Russian winner of the George V Cup was second in this competition.

There was a great deal of jumping, and it became, perhaps, a little monotonous, but it is what the crowd likes. It would have been better, I think, to have had rather more purely military displays, such, for instance, as the exhibition of riding given by the German officers before the King on the occasion of his visit, which was a beautiful display of fine riding and fine horses. The Emperor of Germany had sent over these horses, which were all of German breeding, being the result of the crossing of thoroughbreds upon the native horses. The breeding has evidently been carried on with characteristic German intelligence and thoroughness. The troop was led by Lieutenant Platen, said to be the best rider in the German army, an officer in the white uniform of a cuirassier, mounted upon a most beautiful chestnut charger. It is scarcely necessary to say that the horses all had long tails. One circumstance rather surprised me. I had frequently noticed during the show that officers rose to the trot. A cavalryman has always been supposed to sit down to that gait. This has been thought necessary, because it would be quite out of the question for a rider to rise with a dangling sword attached to his waist. That difficulty has now been got over, however, by attaching the sword to the saddle. Rising to the trot for park riding is easier to the rider and better looking, and it may have advantages even to a cavalryman. It is said to require less exertion than sitting down. I remember once riding in company with a very experienced horseman, and, as the day was cold, I was trying to get warm by rising high in the stirrups. My acquaintance said, "Sit down and bump, and you will be warm." I tried it and found it was so, which looks as if rising to trot were less exertion than sitting down. Nevertheless, it does not seem the right form for a cavalryman, and I was surprised to find it done by the German officers. I was told, however, that they would not have done this at home.

Our American officers at the show, I noticed, sat down to the trot. A half-dozen of our officers came over with their horses, and they did well for a beginning. They had very little time to prepare for the show and to get the horses together. When the invitation came, Major Foltz went to the War Department and explained that it would be necessary for our cavalry to follow the lead of the mounted services of other countries by entering upon these competitions and that a beginning ought to be made. Accordingly, a few horses were got

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together, partly belonging to the government and partly to the competing officers, and in part contributed by Americans, who had a patriotic interest in having the country

horses, of course, did a good deal of this, as almost all of the horses did.

An interesting American horse, ridden by one of our officers, was Khaled, a

A favorite show-ring seat

make as good an appearance at the show as was possible under the circumstances. To have a chance of winning in these competitions, horses must have a very special training, and the horses of the officers of the other nationalities had had this training. It is especially necessary to teach the horses to clear obstacles with their hind legs. European horses have been taught to do this by the use of certain artificial contrivances, which cause them to hit their hind legs if they do not lift them high enough. But a horse that has not been trained in this manner quickly discovers that he can with impunity strike the bars of the loose hurdles with his hind legs, and he does it. Our

chestnut stallion. He is by one of the Arabs in the Huntington stud at Oyster Bay, Long Island, recently owned by the New York artist and horseman, Mr. Sewell, the dam a thoroughbred. The officer bought and trained this horse. He is a very handsome animal, especially Arab in appearance. It is for this reason, I suppose, and from the fact that he is as handy as a polo pony that, in seeing him from my seat, I supposed he was a small horse. When I stood alongside of him I found he was well over sixteen hands and weighed at least twelve hundred pounds. I noticed that his trot was better than you ever see in a full-bred Arab, or that you often see in a

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thoroughbred. I was sorry, I may say here, that there was no class for Arabs at the show. I should like to have seen an exhibition of the beautiful animals which were shown me a few years ago at his place in Sussex by Mr. Wilfrid Blunt, the first expert in England on Arabs and one of the first in Europe. When you speak of breeding true to type, there you had it. They seemed to be all struck off the same die. It is ungrateful of us not to bear in mind the service which the Arab has been in the creation of the modern horse. Then they are so beautiful and attractive they are sure to please the fresh and unsophisticated taste of the public. There is, however, no class for them at our own show in New York.

Before the jumping began, a rather pretty piece of business was carefully enacted. I mention it as showing the care of the management for picturesque effects. A team of four big, handsome bays, ridden by postilions, pulled into the ring a heavy wagon, containing the timber to be set up for the jumps. This team was preceded by a postilion riding a big cock horse, I presume you would call him. He stopped at each place where a jump was to be put up and seemed to oversee the erection of it. Two jumps on each side were put up. There were other jumps down the middle of the ring, which remained standing, the course for the harness horses and hacks being outside of these. These jumps represented a sheep pen, an Irish fence, from the top of which horses jumped downward and a railroad crossing with the bars down. These stationary jumps were buried in flowers.

I heard a Guardsman, who is a great horseman, asked if he had been at the horse show. He replied that he had not, that he had heard it was a flower show. It was, as I have said, a beautiful flower show. The floral display at the show had been so pretty that I wanted to see what Olympia would look like with nothing but flowers. The Annual Flower Show was given there the week following the horse show. This I attended, interested, however, quite as much in the people as in the flowers. I was curious to see whether I could differentiate a flower show crowd from a horse show crowd. I cannot say that I quite succeeded in this endeavor. The horse show crowd was perhaps the smarter. I did not find much that was distinctive at the flower show. I have somewhere read that a fondness for flowers and an interest in their cultivation is a sure mark of refinement of mind, and I should think it would be so. But then, on the other hand, it has always seemed to me that people receive an education in refinement of perception from a study of horses. And an education also results from this study in refinement and correctness of expression. I have often been surprised by the literary delicacy and truth of the epithets hit upon by quite uneducated men in describing the qualities of horses.

The classes for saddle-hacks were very full, and they contained many beautiful horses. Bred on thoroughbred lines, they had, of course, beautiful fronts, and the long tails which most of them carried seemed to balance beautifully their fine long necks and sloping shoulders. When they came to move, the walk and canter were right, but to my eyes scarcely one of them had a good saddle trot. If I made any exception, it would be in the case of the ponies, which seemed better in the trot than the larger horses. An extremely good horsewoman, of a very smart appearance, took a first prize with a handsome chestnut. I had seen this lady a few years ago at a charming little local show at Newbury, where I stopped for a few hours on my way back from the Bath show, riding a thoroughbred mare, with which it seemed impossible to find any fault, an animal that afterward took a championship at Olympia. But I was greatly disappointed by her new mount. The horse's trot was so short that I am quite sure that he could not have won in any good American show. The lady, by the way, in riding this horse, did not rise to the trot, and I supposed that the trot was too short to rise to. But later I saw her riding a horse with a fairly long step, and she still sat down to the trot. I noticed that several other ladies did the same. So here is a new fashion in this country of fashion and of form. The trot of the English hacks is not good, because they do not bend their hocks. That is because the thoroughbred, from which they come directly, does not bend his hocks. Of course there are exceptions, but this is true of nearly all thoroughbreds and of the great majority of hunters and half-bred hacks. Looking on

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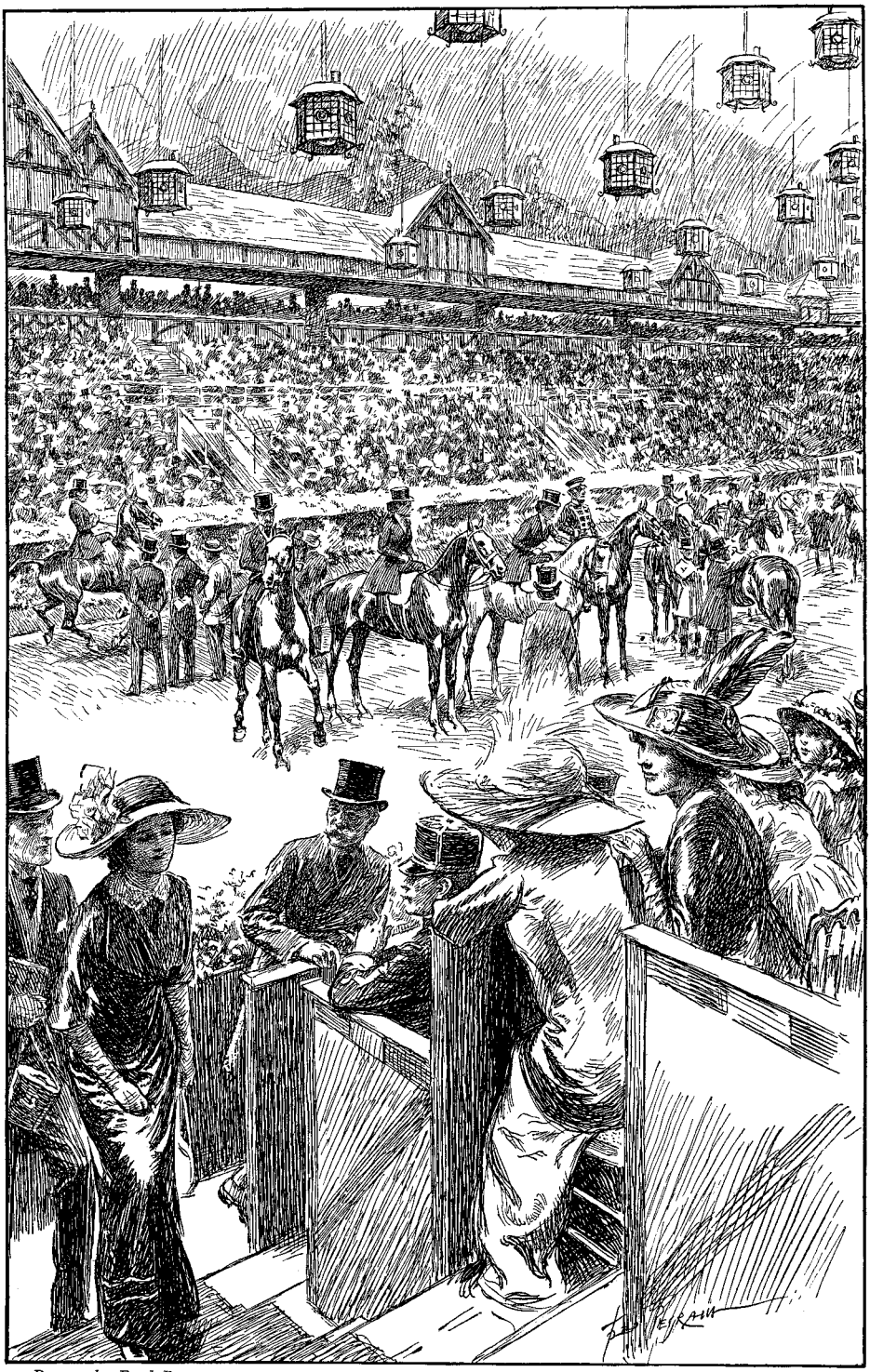

Drawn by Fred Pegram.

Class for saddle-hacks.

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from the stand at that beautiful outdoor show at Dublin, I was thoughtless enough to say to the man next me that I had seen eleven hundred hunters at that show and not one good hack, at which he was very indignant. But I was more fortunate when I made a similar observation to a young lady who sat next me at Olympia. We were looking at a class of hacks. The riders in the ring had been painfully trotting for a few seconds, when the order was given to canter, at which they started off merrily with an expression of "Here is something we can do." I said to my neighbor, who had been in this country, "You in England think so little of the trot, and we think so much of it." "Ah," she said, "that is because you have got the trotters; if we had them, we'd think a lot of them too; but it is not our way to think much of things we don't have."

Mr. Gooch, the English horseman who so long judged us at Madison Square and who was in the ring at the time, riding Mr. Walter Winans's "Bugle March," a thoroughbred, preached his thoroughbred gospel for some years in New York. He had not much success with it. Still, a good many of our boys and girls, especially those who have a fancy for hunting and would like to be "sporty," were of his way of thinking. Mr. Gooch thought that our saddle-horse was of the harness type. There is no doubt truth in that. Many Kentucky saddle-horses are thick-shouldered and straight-shouldered, although there are many that are not. But when it comes to gaits under the saddle, no animal that I know of is quite equal to the Kentucky hack, especially in the trot. I find plenty horsemen of European birth and bringing up, men from the Continent, Irishmen, and even Englishmen, who will own that no other horse gives you such a "good ride" as a Kentucky saddle-horse. But it would be quite impossible for one of our horses to win at an English show unless he had the accepted English conformation. Hence, no American hack which is not of this kind would be sent there. Mr. Cravath got a second prize and reserve championship this year at Olympia with an American horse, "Doctor Crockett," though he did not appear to me to be going so well as I had see him go in New York. But "Doctor Crockett" is an American thoroughbred, I think from Missouri. The Kentucky saddle-horse "Poetry of Motion" also won at Olympia some years ago, but he is rather thoroughbred in type.

It is a pity that horses taken to Olympia from other parts of the world have to be judged from an English or European point of view, but it is hard to see how it could be otherwise, at any rate if they are shown in the same classes as the English horses. It would be best to have such horses shown in classes by themselves and judged by judges of the country from which they come, as was done in the case of the American trotters at Olympia. But then there should be a pretty large representation of the horses of the country to make it interesting. I should like very much to see a really good and characteristic representation of Kentucky horses at Olympia, say with such horses as "Bourbon King" and "Montgomery Chief," but I presume it would be out of the question to have such an exhibition. The owners would not take the risk of sending animals of such value so far from home. Besides, the stallions which are the most interesting and characteristic Kentucky saddle-horses, could not be sent away at the season of the year in which the London show is held.

As a show of fashionable people and fine clothes the Olympia show is very different from what any one familiar with the Madison Square show in its early days might expect. There is no footway between the ring and the boxes, or no more room than is necessary to permit people to pass to their seats. There is, therefore, none of that staring, or that willingness to be stared at, which was characteristic of the New York show at that time. It was a very frank expression of our democratic society that one saw there in those days—a lot of people in the boxes who had gone in on a rising market, stared at by a lot of people on the floor who had gone in on a falling market. It was not nice. But that feature has long disappeared from our New York show. The London show is, so far as the attendance goes, mainly an afternoon show. There are morning and evening sessions, but these are not so well attended as the afternoon session. The newspapers mentioned a few of the fashionable people present, but there was no description of the dresses. Indeed, there was usually such a

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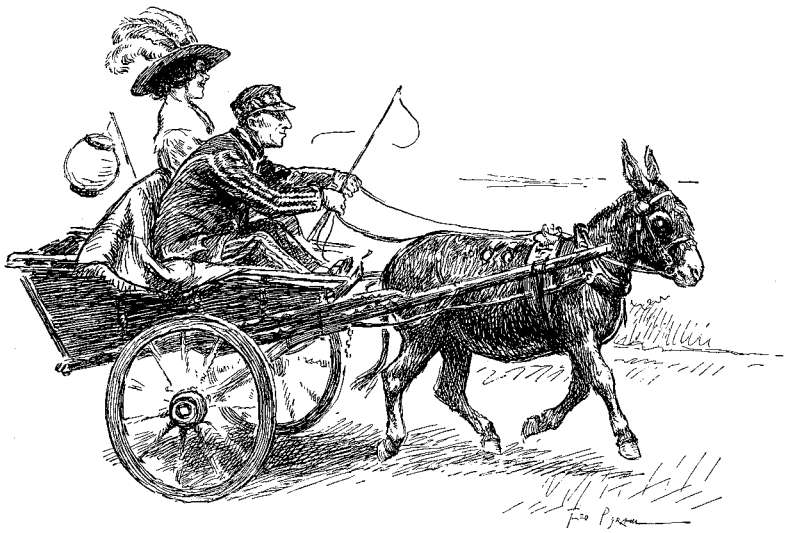

A "Moke" or coster's donkey.

large attendance of royal personages that other people were not much noticed. The enumeration of the mere names of the Royalties who came to England to attend the coronation filled a column of the *Times*. Most of these were probably at the horse show. There was room in the Royal box for not more than nine persons, and on one day there were fifteen of them present, so that the overflow had to be made room for elsewhere. The look of the show was never quite so brilliant as on the occasion of the visit of the King and Queen the afternoon before their coronation. There were twelve thousand people present, who rose to their feet when their Majesties entered, and the national anthem was played.

A very popular evening display was the costers and their carts. They drove in, something like a hundred of them, in their donkey carts, the donkeys braying and in some cases running away, each coster accompanied by his wife or his girl, or "donah," as she is called. They were greeted by a large crowd of spectators with liberal applause and shouts of laughter. It seems that a coster's splendor depends upon the number of pearl buttons he wears on his coat. Among the competitors was the "Pearly King," a celebrated character, whose coat was all buttons. Each 'Arry as he drove in accompanied by his 'Arriet was presented by the member of the House of Lords, who is the presiding genius of the show, with a cigar. I dare say it was the only good one he ever had. In the peer and the coster you saw two of those types with which English life abounds. We have no types, or scarcely any—only individuals. These types have always been of great use to English literature and art, and especially to English pictorial art. I noticed lately a charming example of this use of types in an English comic weekly which made me, on behalf of our American artists, quite envy London this advantage. In this picture the artist had represented a coster out for a day's holiday with his girl. The figure and the tearful expression of the girl were drawn with that pathos and sympathy which are almost inseparable from fine humor—the young man's face and attitude very insolent as he says: "Ketch me a-takin' yer hout fer a 'appy die agin; yer done nothink but grumble hever since I put that snowball down yer back."

I hope there will be no impropriety in alluding to one very English type: the gentleman who presides so well over the destinies of this institution. He is a great credit to that British upper chamber, which now seems to be in such extremities. Of course, he has the business of representation to do, and he does it admirably. But that is a small part of what he has to do. He distributes all the ribbons and prizes. I scarcely think the successful competitors

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would feel they had won, if he did not. I dare say he is more or less consulted in the judging, work for which is he very competent, as horsemen tell me he is one of the best judges of a horse in England. He is at work all day long. With a sensible and good-humored face, a fine presence, good figure and good height, he is everywhere in evidence and always pleasant to see. He is invariably well turned out (his dress very correct and thorough); in daytime a frock-coat and trousers of some dark color, the waistcoat and scarf always white, which last is, I suppose, a fancy of his own, which his good color permits him to indulge. At night, of course, he is always in equally careful evening dress. And yet, notwithstanding his very correct appearance, he does not mind, when in a hurry, going across the ring at a good trot. He seems to work in this way from nine o'clock in the morning till bedtime, and must be fresh enough in the meantime to have the Crown Prince and Princess of Germany to dinner in the restaurant. Pretty hard work this for a man past fifty to keep up for two weeks. One of his accomplishments, by the way, is that he makes an excellent speech. He is a master of fox-hounds, and is said to be almost as good a man on a yacht as he is in the hunting field.

Special judges were appointed for the fire engines and the mounted police. Drivers of the fire-engines were required to drive their horses between posts and "dolls," as they are called. There were eleven fire-engines drawn by pairs of horses. The winners were a very nice pair of roans. Both the fire-horses and the police-horses were docked. With us, such horses have long tails. The policemen's horses were of all colors and were not uniform in color, as is the case with us. It was interesting to know that the firemen were all sailors, or rather ex-sailors. Sailors can all climb, and London has a great supply to draw from of men bred to the sea, and there can be no better material. I remember a sea captain once saying to a young lady, who had used the term "common sailor." "Madame, there is no such thing as a common sailor; a sailor is an uncommon man." And indeed, when you come to think of it, a man, part of whose daily or nightly routine it may be to hang over a boiling sea at four o'clock in the morning during a hurricane, is in a different class from you and me, whose most serious physical undertaking for the day is holding onto a strap in a trolley as we go to our places of business. There you have indeed that four-o'clock-in-the-morning courage, which Napoleon said was the only kind he respected. Such men, however, seem thrown away in London, where there are but few fires. During the many years I lived there I never but once saw a fire-engine, and that was when I visited Captain Shaw at his head-quarters and was given an exhibition of the men and horses at work. I never saw a fire-engine in the street, and I never saw a fire. We know what frequent sights both are in New York, and what a lot of opportunities our own brave fellows have for the exercise of their splendid qualities.

Perhaps the most spectacular success of the show has been the Russian harness-horses. The troikas were especially popular. These are vehicles something like a Victoria, pulled by three horses driven abreast, the middle horse trotting and the outside horses galloping. The gallopers go with their heads close to the ground and are hence called "snow eaters." They were driven by coachmen padded for protection against Russian winds—padded also, it is said, to make them look well fed. The troikas were usually brought out to show distinguished visitors. They had them out when the King and Queen came. It seemed, however, somewhat odd that there should have been an exhibition of them on the occasion of the visit to the show of the Japanese celebrities, Admiral Togo and General Nogi.

The Russian trotters, or Orloffs, as they are called, are the descendants of a family of native Russian horses, crossed with Arabs. In the latter part of the eighteenth century the Empress Catherine imported half a dozen Arab mares and crossed them with the native horse. The descendants of this cross have been bred in and in until they have acquired certain special characteristics, to which they breed very true. It is said that when you have seen one of them you have seen them all. I can believe this from the uniform character of the Orloffs at Olympia. They have the small head and something of the general conformation of their Arabian ancestors, but they trot, which Arabs rarely do at all well, or at

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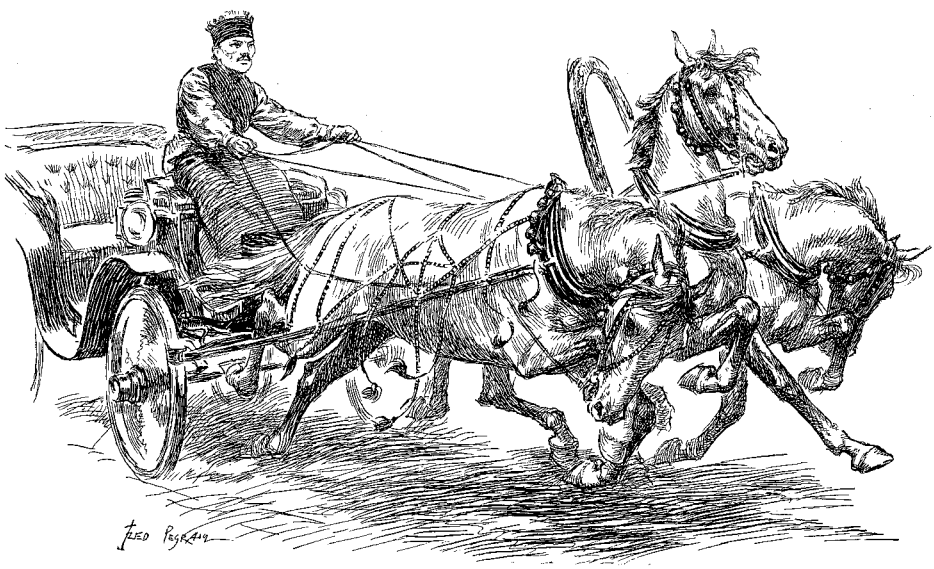
any rate do not do from choice; they are much heavier made than Arabs and they do not carry the high tail, which is an invariable characteristic of the pure-bred Arab. The tails, however, which are beautiful, are very heavy and are allowed to reach almost to the ground. The Orloffs look a good deal like our old-fashioned Morgans. It was claimed in Vermont that Morgans were Arabs. I am now speaking of the Morgans of my young days. They were not confined to Vermont, but were all over the country. It was in the South that I knew them. They were full-made horses, with a great deal of stamina, and endurance, and that is the type of the Russian Orloff. A friend of mine, who knows Orloffs well, tells me that they and the Morgans are very much alike. The pure Orloff breed, as I understand it, has no cross of American trotter. Of course, many American trotters have gone to Russia, and their blood has been mixed with that of the Russian horses. But our trotting blood is not in the pure Orloff strain. The pure Orloffs no doubt are fast trotters. One of them has lately trotted a mile in 2.08. Such speed, however, is very rare among them. For a mile or a half-mile brush, no other horse can compare with the American trotter. The Russian horses at the show were fast trotters, but were easily beaten by the imported Americans. Mr. Winans made up a troika with an American trotter in the middle and an English and a French galloper on each side and easily beat the Orloffs. But though the Orloff cannot contend with the American trotters over short distances, it is claimed that he is much better than the American horse over long distances, and that he has more strength and staying power. He certainly looks very sturdy. An acquaintance of mine, who has had half a dozen of them, tells me that none of them died under twenty-seven and that one lived to thirty. If the Orloff is all he is claimed to be, we should certainly have him in this country, for we need him. Endurance and toughness are not the especial characteristics of the American horses. The American trotter and the Kentucky saddle-horse are two mighty good horses; perhaps, upon the whole, the best in the world, but I doubt if they equal in bone and strength the half-bred horse of England and Ireland, an animal you now find all over Europe.

I had one rather unique opportunity of seeing the Russian troikas. We had a Russian wedding from the boarding-house in which I was staying. As I went abroad chiefly to see the show, I thought I had better find lodgings near by. I found a place just alongside Olympia which answered very well. We had a number of boarders who were connected with the horse show.



Russian Troika trotter and two snow-eaters.

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Among them there were a Russian captain of cavalry, who is the head of a riding-school in St. Petersburg, which is supported by the Russian Government, and a young Russian widow, two very good-looking young people, and these two decided upon a wedding. The Russian show horses were drawn up before the door of our boarding-house. The bride, with the gentleman who was to give her away, drove off in a troika drawn by the three big gray Orloffs which had been such a feature of the show. The bridegroom in uniform went in a drosky, to which he walked limping from a fall he had had over a hurdle the day before at the show. The wedding was in the Russian Chapel in Welbeck Street, the same I used to attend, in a dress-coat and a white tie at ten o'clock in the morning, on the frequent occasions upon which a Te Deum was celebrated after the Czar's escape from attempted assassination.

Among the horsemen in our boarding-house was a young Englishman, who had brought over two Irish horses to the show, very fine horses indeed. He bought them in Ireland and had trained them in Berlin. "Made in Germany," he said, and it was probably the one joke of the serious young fellow. I need scarcely say that in a horseman's phrase "to make" means to train or handle. He has ridden in horse shows all his life. I think I remember him, as a little fellow of eight or ten riding jumping ponies in the dreary old Agricultural Hall at Islington. I remember him shedding some tears once after his pony had several times refused a hurdle with a water-jump on the other side, a jump that might well have frightened such a child. But with a little coaxing he went at it again and cleared the fence, landing in the water. Since then he has done nothing but break and train horses. He is a square-featured, solid, sensible young fellow, blonde in color, with that look of health which is the result of a life spent in the open air and in the saddle. His opinions are expressed with modesty and moderation, qualities usual in really good horsemen, or indeed in those who are masters in any sort or calling, when they speak upon their own subjects. I could rarely get more out of him than, "perhaps," or "Do you think so?" I was holding forth upon a favorite theme of mine, that you rarely see a really good hack in Europe, and instanced one of his horses "made in Germany," with which I had seen him take a second prize at the show. "Surely," I said, "you can't call that a good trot. I don't mind his going with a perfectly straight front leg; you often have that in thoroughbreds or in horses bred on thoroughbred lines, and the action is sometimes pleasant to sit; but your horse trots so 'big' and sometimes does something very like pitching." ("Pitching," I should say, is more likely to appear in harness-horses and is a kind of hopping, to which the slower horse of a pair will sometimes resort, in order to keep pace with a mate that is too fast for him.) The young man's only reply was—"Well, I call him a good hack," in which I am sure he was quite mistaken. I noticed that this horse had a band, or strap, around his neck. The judges seemed to be shy of riding him. His mane was hogged, and I had heard that a strap is sometimes put round the neck of an excitable horse that has no mane, in order to give a rider something to hold on to, in case such aid is needed. But he told me it was the sealed band which the German customs authorities put round the necks of exported horses which are to be brought back to Germany, and without which they cannot be readmitted without payment of the heavy duty. The band will not come off over the horse's head and cannot be removed except by breaking the seal.

I found that what had been told me before sailing about the prevalence of hogging, or cutting the mane entirely off, in England was true. If you ask European importers of saddle-horses into this country why they bring us horses with hogged manes, they will tell you that it is impossible to get them any other way. Of course, they cannot keep a horse the six months which it will take to have his mane lie over before selling him. While the mane is growing, it is very unsightly, so that a dealer, who would sell his horse, must keep it close cropped. The practice of hogging is not quite so general in England as I had supposed, but is nevertheless very common. They not only hog the manes of ponies but of horses sixteen hands high, and long-tailed horses as well as docked horses and cobs. Indeed, a breedy animal with a long tail is supposed to look particularly well with a hogged mane. One argument of-

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Would rather not.

fered in defence of the practice is that grooms cannot be got to take proper care of horses' manes, which seems to me a poor reason. The real reason, no doubt, is that it is the fashion and is believed to look smart. It may look smart, but I am sure it is not beautiful. It is true that horsemen like to look at a horse from the near side, the mane of course falling over on the off side, and it is true that the line of the neck has a clean look when seen from that side. It might be thought, therefore, that by cutting off the mane entirely, you would get the same clean look on both sides. But the line of the mane seen from the near side, when it is allowed to grow and fall over on the off side, is much softer than the line of hogged mane. Another objection to the practice comes from almost the best saddle-horse man in America, who tells me that he thinks that a hogged mane gives a horse a stupid look and makes him look like a mule. I am not so sure about the stupid look, although I think there is something in that. But I am sure it does make him look like a mule, and the impression is further assisted by the practice of cutting the hair from the tail, leaving only a little tuft at the end. If you see a horse standing in a stall, with that tail turned toward you and no

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mane, you will have to look a second time, especially if he has coarse ears, to assure yourself that he is not a mule.

Of all the foolish meddling with horses' manes and tails, the hogging of the mane seems to be the most foolish. Docking is a damage to the horse, as it deprives him of his means of defence against flies. Hogging of the mane injures the horse in the same way. But it may also be a serious danger to the rider. When men have ceased to be young, have no longer the grip with the knees they once had, or the skill in balancing and quickness in throwing themselves with the horse when he shies, or if, through stoutness, the centre of gravity of the body is higher up, a mane to take hold of, in the case of rearing or bucking or bad shying, is very desirable. I should not like to put an elderly man on a horse with a hogged mane. The mane besides is of great use in mounting. I speak with some feeling on this subject. I was near coming to grief not long ago in trying to mount a broncho with a hogged mane. Just as I was mounting he jumped forward, with the result that I landed astride him behind the saddle, very near his tail in fact. He bucked violently and threw me up and caught me as I came down and threw me up again and then consented to deposit me on the ground. I was not hurt, as it happened, but I might well have been. An elderly man should not take such chances. Of course if the horse had had his mane, I should have been able to get into the saddle. A tuft of hair is sometimes left on the neck, so that the rider may have something to hold on to. This is, however, usually too low down to be of much use and is ugly besides.

At Olympia most of the hacks and hunters and many of the officers' chargers had their manes off. In the case of the chargers, I wonder that it is permitted. A mane must be of use when the rider has to mount quickly, or when he has been wounded. Besides, in the case of an actual charge, a horse may not be under such good control as he is at a horse show, where the rider is able to make a horse stand quietly, while he imitates with a cane the play of a sword about his head. In our training camps at the time of the Spanish War, our young cavalrymen, who were in the making, found the manes very useful. The cavorting animals would be spilling from their backs the boys, who were as green as the horses, while their jeering comrades shouted the advice: —"Remember the Maine."

The indications are that docking is going out of fashion. Hackneys, of course, are still docked, but most of the coach horses and of the hacks and hunters have long tails. Long tails now seem rather smarter than short tails. Most of the cavalry horses at the show had long tails, which indeed has always been the rule. But with regard to the other riding horses also, it was admitted on all sides that the long tails were much more beautiful. But then the horses at the show were all fine and there never has been any doubt that a fine horse, especially a fine horse of thoroughbred conformation, looks better with his tail on. In the case of a plain horse it is less evident. Docking is a great leveller; if it makes a fine horse less beautiful, it seems to make a plain horse look more like other horses.

I hope the reader will indulge me in a suggestion I have to make upon the philosophy of this practice. I find that horses are docked in times of reaction and repression, of criticism and disappointment. It was unknown among the ancients. It is quite inconceivable that the Greeks and Romans, with their clear common-sense and their true feeling for beauty should have tolerated such practice. It seems to have originated in the middle ages. With the Renaissance and the revival of learning it disappeared. At any rate, we see nothing of it in England during the great Elizabethan period nor during the Puritan times that followed. It reappears during the long English reaction, which came after the Restoration. That was a period of levity in thought and of authority and a narrow precision in expression. The treatment of the tails of the horses then in vogue —never more severe than in Queen Anne's time—had a certain relation to the rigidity of the verse of Pope. It is conceivable, at a time when poets lose their liberty, that horses should lose their tails. With the philosophers of the eighteenth century, however, and the large expectations regarding human happiness and perfectability that characterized the later days of that century, the tails of the horses were again allowed to grow. But with the failure of these expectations, due to the excesses of the French Revolu-

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tion, with the sanguinary episode of the career of Napoleon, and with the advent of the Holy Alliance, that triumph of

> old Custom, legal Crime
> And bloody Faith, the foulest birth of Time,

the horses again lost their tails. The maimed animal of that day, or, at any rate, some specimens of him, remained as late as the early fifties, and this was the "bob-tailed horse" of our infancy, that is, of the infancy of men of my age. With the repeal of the Corn Laws in England, however, the revolutionary movements on the Continent, the anti-slavery agitation in this country, and that spirit of cheerfulness and hopefulness which prevailed during the fifties, the tails of the horses again became long. But those great exhibitions of force which came later, our Civil War, the Franco-German and the Russo-Turkish Wars, brought about a more practical and sceptical disposition of men's minds, which in the early eighties had that influence we might expect upon the tails of the horses. It is this last long reign of the fashion of docking, which is now, I trust, drawing to a close. It may be that the recent socialistic movements, the career of Mr. Lloyd George and the agitations of the suffragettes may have had something to do with this result.

Judge Moore's victory in the sixteen-mile Marathon race, not open to dealers, was especially interesting. A horse show competition is necessarily a competition in action and in beauty and, to some extent, also in speed, but it cannot afford a test of strength and endurance. The Marathon race was such a test. It was won by Judge Moore with American trotting-bred horses. The horses of the other coaches were hackneys, and the fact that they arrived in pretty good shape after the race would seem to indicate that they do not altogether deserve the accusation so often made against them, that they are show horses and nothing else.

I took a special interest in seeing some of the original classes, from which were culled the horses that were permitted to compete, and I had a strong desire to see more of some of those that got the gate. There are many good horses that cannot win in the show-ring. It is likely that many of the best horses cannot. Very few of the celebrated horses of the past would have any chance there. If any of the famous horses of history and romance, Alexander's "Bucephalus," Cæsar's horse, with a divided hoof, that he rode in Gaul, William III's "Old Sorrel," General Lee's "Traveller," bred in my own country, Dugald Dalgety's "Gustavus Vasa," that favorite of my childhood, "Selim," in Weems's "Life of Marion," the smart pony in "Sanford and Merton" that ran away with Tommy and seemed in the picture to be going pretty fast, though his action did not conform to the shabby revelations of modern instantaneous photographers, and that Roman-nosed horse, upon which, in my red-bound copy of the "Arabian Nights," Aladdin rode to his wedding with the Princess (how I puzzled over his selection of a Roman-nosed horse, when he might, by rubbing a lamp, have had any horse he chose), if these animals, I say, should appear at any modern horse show, they would, one and all, "get the gate" for a lot of impossible screws. And yet they were good horses.

At several little suburban shows I saw the horses I had previously seen at Olympia. The day before the Orloffs were sent back to Russia, there was a trial and an award of prizes for them at Ranelagh, which I went to see. Ranelagh is a little, or rather a pretty large park, entirely surrounded by London, and yet the grounds are so well laid out and the trees and lawns arranged with such art that you might suppose yourself to be a hundred miles away in the country. There are some pretty club-houses scattered throughout the grounds. Before one of these many gayly dressed ladies and smart-looking men sat on chairs on the lawn and watched the horses paraded before them. The course was not a track, such as we should see at one of our county fairs, fenced in and with a road-bed of dirt or gravel. There was not even a rope to divide the company from the horses, and the track was the lawn. It was the loveliest of June afternoons. I think there is a charm in the essentially ephemeral character of such weather in England. The landscape lay as if in a trance. The low-lying, thick, white clouds, between which there were great spaces of pale blue sky, the dreaming trees, some elms and oaks, especially one vast oak, pushing out straight from its stem a green and mighty arm, were so delicately passive. It could not be that

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anything so lovely should last. The face of nature seemed to say: "I cannot hold these masses of white cloud always suspended in mid-air and the trees always motionless. So enjoy it to the utmost while you may. But I shall have other scenes of beauty and interest for you. Here in this happy land do I spread my verdant lawns, my sylvan glades, for the children of sport and pleasure." How well was this promise redeemed during the later hours of that afternoon. There was a race between three troikas, blacks, chestnuts, and grays, each team with three horses abreast. The race was over a circular course, nearly a mile long, across the lawns and among the trees. As the galloping horses vanished and reappeared now and again, among the trees, you thought you were seeing some painter's vision of the ancient world rather than a show of modern horses. There was one little vista, or path, to the left, into which the teams emerged on the home-stretch. As the horses came leaping into this glade from the midst of the trees, they made a charming appearance, especially the grays, perhaps from contrast with the dark green English foliage. The scene was very pretty and classic.

I went to yet another little horse show at Ranelagh, where I saw in brief the true nature of the issue between horses and machines. There were some hundreds of motors all about, in which the people had come to see the horses. While we sat on the lawn, looking at an exhibition of ladies' saddle-horses, there was a whirring sound overhead and an aeroplane passed above us. The expression of the people was unmistakable:—"There's that tiresome man again; why cannot we be allowed to sit quietly and see these beautiful horses?"

THE VALLEY OF ROCKS

By Gertrude Huntington McGiffert

HEADLANDS and hills and a world of rocks—
How cares bleach out in the golden weather!
The friendly goat, the breezes and I
Clambering up the crags together.

Inland below the "Witches' cave,"
The "Devil's Cheese Ring" across the valley,
Where the white road coils like a silver snake,
And lazy shadows flit and dally.

Sheer seaward the tide-hounds harry and race,
Salt echoes tingle the mountain passes,
And self like a husk blows forgotten away,
The soul roams naked among the grasses.

And the only sin is to hold aloof—
Hearts should unfold in the shining weather—
And the only prayer is that God may know
How we feel His heart beat in the heather.

Lynton, Devon, England.

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ETHAN FROME

BY EDITH WHARTON

VIII

WHEN Ethan was called back to the farm from Worcester his mother gave him, for his own use, a small room behind the untenanted "best parlour." Here he had nailed up shelves for his books, built himself a box-sofa out of boards and a mattress, laid out his papers on a kitchen-table, hung over it, on the bare wall, an engraving of Abraham Lincoln and a calendar with "Thoughts from the Poets," and tried, with these meagre materials, to produce some likeness to the study of a "minister" who had been kind to him and lent him books when he was at Worcester. He still took refuge there in summer, but when Mattie came to live with them he had had to give her his stove, and consequently the room was uninhabitable for several months of the year.

To this retreat he descended as soon as the house had grown quiet, and Zeena's steady breathing from the bed had assured him that there was to be no sequel to the scene in the kitchen. After Zeena's departure he and Mattie had stood speechless, neither seeking to approach the other. Then the girl had resumed her task of clearing up the kitchen for the night and he had taken his lantern and gone on his usual round outside the house. The kitchen was empty when he came back to it; but his tobacco-pouch and pipe had been laid on the table, and under them was a scrap of paper torn from the back of a seedsman's catalogue, on which three words were written: "Don't trouble, Ethan."

Going into his cold dark "study" he placed the lantern on the table and, stooping to its light, read the message again and again. It was the first time that Mattie had ever written to him, and the possession of the paper gave him a strange new sense of her nearness; yet it deepened his anguish by reminding him that henceforth they would have no other way of communicating with each other. For the life of her smile, the warmth of her voice, only cold paper and dead words!

Confused impulses of rebellion stormed in him. He was too young, too strong, too full of the sap of living, to submit so easily to the destruction of his hopes. Must he wear out all his years at the side of a bitter querulous woman? Other possibilities had been in him, possibilities sacrificed, one by one, to Zeena's narrow-mindedness and ignorance. And what good had come of it? She was a hundred times bitterer and more discontented than when he had married her: the one pleasure left her was to inflict pain on him. All the healthy instincts of self-defence rose up in him against such waste . . .

He bundled himself into his old coon-skin coat and lay down on the box-sofa to think. Under his cheek he felt a hard object with strange protuberances. It was a cushion which Zeena had made for him when they were engaged—the only piece of needlework he had ever seen her do. He flung it across the floor and propped his head against the wall . . .

He knew a case of a man over the mountain—a young fellow of about his own age—who had escaped from just such a life of misery by going West with the girl he cared for. His wife had divorced him, and he had married the girl and prospered. Ethan had seen the couple the summer before at Shadd's Falls, where they had come to visit relatives. They had a little girl with fair curls, who wore a gold locket and was dressed like a princess. The deserted wife had not done badly either. Her husband had given her the farm and she had managed to sell it, and with that and the alimony she had started a lunch-room at Bettsbridge and bloomed into activity and importance. Ethan was fired by the thought. Why should he not leave with Mattie the next day, instead of letting her go alone? He would hide his valise under the seat of the sleigh, and Zeena would suspect nothing till she went upstairs

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for her nap and found a letter on the bed . . .

His impulses were still near the surface, and he sprang up, re-lit the lantern, and sat down at the table. He rummaged in the drawer for a sheet of paper, found one, and began to write.

"Zeena, I've done all I could for you, and I don't see as it's been any use. I don't blame you, nor I don't blame myself. Maybe both of us will do better separate. I'm going to try my luck West, and you can sell the farm and mill, and keep the money——"

His pen paused on the word, which brought home to him the relentless conditions of his lot. If he gave the farm and mill to Zeena, what would be left him to start his own life with? Once in the West he was sure of picking up work—he would not have feared to try his chance alone. But with Mattie depending on him the case was different. And what of Zeena's fate? Farm and mill were mortgaged to the limit of their value, and even if she found a purchaser—in itself an unlikely chance—it was doubtful if she could clear a thousand dollars on the sale. Meanwhile, how could she keep the farm going? It was only by incessant labour and personal supervision that Ethan drew a meagre living from his land, and his wife, even if she were in better health than she imagined, could never carry such a burden alone.

Well, she could go back to her people, then, and see what they would do for her. It was the fate she was forcing on Mattie—why not let her try it herself? By the time she had found out his whereabouts, and brought suit for divorce, he would probably —wherever he was—be earning enough to pay her a sufficient alimony. And the alternative was to let Mattie go forth alone, with far less hope of ultimate provision . . .

He had scattered the contents of the table-drawer in his search for a sheet of paper, and as he took up his pen his eye fell on an old copy of the *Bettsbridge Eagle*. The advertising sheet was folded uppermost, and he read the seductive words: "Trips to the West: Reduced Rates."

He drew the lantern nearer and eagerly scanned the fares; then the paper fell from his hand and he pushed aside his unfinished letter. A moment ago he had wondered what he and Mattie were to live on when they reached the West; now he saw that he had not even the money to take her there. Borrowing was out of the question: six months before he had given his only security to raise funds for necessary repairs to the mill, and he knew that without security no one at Starkfield would lend him ten dollars. The inexorable facts closed in on him like prison-warders hand-cuffing a convict. There was no way out—none. He was a prisoner for life, and now his one ray of light was to be extinguished.

He crept back wearily to the sofa, stretching himself out with limbs so heavy that he felt as if they would never move again. Tears rose in his throat and slowly burned their way to his lids.

As he lay there, the window-pane that faced him grew gradually lighter, inlaying upon the darkness a square of moon-suffused sky. A crooked tree-branch crossed it, a branch of the apple-tree under which, on summer evenings, he had sometimes found Mattie sitting when he came up from the mill. Slowly the rim of the rainy vapours caught fire and burnt away, and a pure moon swung into the blue. Ethan, rising on his elbow, watched the landscape whiten and shape itself under the sculpture of the moon. This was the night on which he was to have taken Mattie coasting, and there hung the lamp to light them! He looked out at the slopes bathed in lustre, the silver-edged darkness of the woods, the spectral purple of the hills against the sky, and it seemed as though all the beauty of the night had been poured out to mock his wretchedness . . .

He fell asleep, and when he woke the chill of the winter dawn was in the room. He felt cold and stiff and hungry, and ashamed of being hungry. He rubbed his eyes and went to the window. A red sun stood above the gray rim of the fields, behind trees that looked black and brittle. He said to himself: "This is Matt's last day," and tried to think what the place would be without her.

As he stood there he heard a step behind him and she entered.

"Oh, Ethan—were you here all night?"

She looked so small and pinched, in her poor dress, with the red scarf wound about her, and the cold light turning her paleness sallow, that Ethan stood before her without speaking.

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"You must be frozen," she went on, fixing lustreless eyes on him.

He drew a step nearer. "How did you know I was here?"

"Because I heard you go down stairs again after I went to bed, and I listened all night, and you didn't come up."

All his tenderness rushed to his lips. He looked at her and said: "I'll come right along and make up the kitchen fire."

They went back to the kitchen, and he fetched the coal and kindlings and cleared out the stove for her, while she brought in the milk and the cold remains of the meat-pie. When warmth began to radiate from the stove, and the first ray of sunlight lay on the kitchen floor, Ethan's dark thoughts melted in the mellower air. The sight of Mattie going about her work as he had seen her on so many mornings made it seem impossible that she should ever cease to be a part of the scene. He said to himself that he had doubtless exaggerated the significance of Zeena's threats, and that she too, with the return of daylight, would come to a saner mood.

He went up to Mattie as she bent above the stove, and laid his hand on her arm. "I don't want you should trouble either," he said, looking into her eyes with a smile.

She flushed up warmly and whispered back: "No, Ethan, I ain't going to trouble."

"I guess things'll straighten out," he added.

There was no answer but a quick throb of her lids, and he went on: "She ain't said anything this morning?"

"No. I haven't seen her yet."

"Don't you take any notice when you do."

With this injunction he left her and went out to the cow-barn. He saw Jotham Powell walking up the hill through the morning mist, and the familiar sight added to his growing conviction of security.

As the two men were clearing out the stalls Jotham rested on his pitch-fork to say: "Dan'l Byrne's goin' over to the Flats to-day noon, an' he c'd take Mattie's trunk along, and make it easier ridin' when I take her over in the sleigh."

Ethan looked at him blankly, and he continued: "Mis' Frome said the new girl'd be at the Flats at five, and I was to take Mattie then, so's 't she could ketch the six o'clock train for Stamford."

Ethan felt the blood drumming in his temples. He had to wait a moment before he could find voice to say: "Oh, it ain't so sure about Mattie's going——"

"That so?" said Jotham indifferently; and they went on with their work.

When they returned to the kitchen the two women were already at breakfast. Zeena had an air of unusual alertness and activity. She drank two cups of coffee and fed the cat with the scraps left in the pie-dish; then she rose from her seat and, walking over to the window, snipped two or three yellow leaves from the geraniums. "Aunt Martha's ain't got a faded leaf on 'em; but they pine away when they ain't cared for," she said reflectively. Then she turned to Jotham and asked: "What time'd you say Dan'l Byrne'd be along?"

The hired man threw a hesitating glance at Ethan. "Round about noon," he said.

Zeena turned to Mattie. "That trunk of yours is too heavy for the sleigh, and Dan'l Byrne'll be round to take it over to the Flats," she said.

"I'm much obliged to you, Zeena," said Mattie.

"I'd like to go over things with you first," Zeena continued in an unperturbed voice. "I know there's a huckabuck towel missing; and I can't make out what you done with that match-safe 't used to stand behind the stuffed owl in the parlor."

She went out, followed by Mattie, and when the men were alone Jotham said to his employer: "I guess I better let Dan'l come round, then."

Ethan finished his usual morning tasks about the house and barn; then he said to Jotham: "I'm going down to Starkfield. Tell them not to wait dinner."

The passion of rebellion had broken out in him again. That which had seemed incredible in the sober light of day had really come to pass, and he was to assist as a helpless spectator at Mattie's banishment. His manhood was humbled by the part he was compelled to play and by the thought of what Mattie must think of him. Confused impulses struggled in him as he strode along to the village. He had made up his mind to do something, but he did not know what it would be.

The early mist had vanished and the fields lay like a silver shield under the sun.

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It was one of the days when the glitter of winter shines through a pale haze of spring. Every yard of the road was alive with Mattie's presence, and there was hardly a branch against the sky or a tangle of brambles on the bank in which some bright shred of memory was not caught. Once, in the stillness, the call of a bird in a mountain ash was so like her laughter that his heart tightened and then grew large; and all these things made him see that something must be done at once.

Suddenly it occurred to him that Andrew Hale, who was a kind-hearted man, might be induced to reconsider his refusal and advance a small sum on the lumber, if he were told that Zeena's ill-health made it necessary to hire a servant. Hale, after all, knew enough of Ethan's situation to make it possible for the latter to renew his appeal without too much loss of pride; and, moreover, how much did pride count in the ebullition of passions in his breast?

The more he considered his plan the more hopeful it seemed. If he could get Mrs. Hale's ear he felt certain of success, and with fifty dollars in his pocket nothing could keep him from Mattie . . .

His first object was to reach Starkfield before Hale had started for his work; he knew the carpenter had a job down the Corbury road and was likely to leave his house early. Ethan's long strides grew more rapid with the accelerated beat of his thoughts, and as he reached the foot of School House Hill he caught sight of Hale's sleigh in the distance. He hurried forward to meet it, but as it drew nearer he saw that it was driven by the carpenter's youngest boy and that the figure at his side, looking like a large upright cocoon in spectacles, was that of Mrs. Hale. Ethan signed to them to stop, and Mrs. Hale leaned forward, her pink wrinkles twinkling with benevolence.

"Mr. Hale? Why, yes, you'll find him down home now. He ain't going to his work this forenoon. He woke up with a touch o' lumbago, and I just made him put on one of old Dr. Kidder's plasters and set right up into the fire."

Beaming maternally on Ethan, she bent over to add: "I on'y just heard from Mr. Hale 'bout Zeena's going over to Bettsbridge to see that new doctor. I'm real sorry she's feeling so bad again! I hope he thinks he can do something for her? I don't know anybody round here's had more sickness than Zeena. I always tell Mr. Hale I don't know what she'd 'a' done if she hadn't 'a' had you to look after her; and I used to say the same thing 'bout your mother. You've had an awful mean time, Ethan Frome."

She gave him a last nod of sympathy while her son chirped to the horse; and Ethan, as she drove off, stood in the middle of the road and stared after the retreating sleigh.

It was a long time since any one had spoken to him as kindly as Mrs. Hale. Most people were either indifferent to his troubles, or disposed to think it natural that a young fellow of his age should have carried without repining the burden of three crippled lives. But Mrs. Hale had said "You've had an awful mean time, Ethan Frome," and he felt less alone with his misery. If the Hales were sorry for him they would surely respond to his appeal . . .

He started down the road toward their house, but at the end of a few yards he pulled up sharply, the blood in his face. For the first time, in the light of the words he had just heard, he saw what he was about to do. He was planning to take advantage of the Hales' sympathy to obtain money from them on false pretences. That was a plain statement of the cloudy purpose which had driven him in headlong to Starkfield.

With the sudden perception of the point to which his madness had carried him, the madness fell and he saw his life before him as it was. He was a poor man, the husband of a sickly woman, whom his desertion would leave alone and destitute; and even if he had had the heart to desert her he could have done so only by deceiving two kindly people who had pitied him.

He turned and walked slowly back to the farm.

IX

At the kitchen door Daniel Byrne sat in his sleigh behind a big-boned gray who pawed the snow and swung his long head restlessly from side to side.

Ethan went into the kitchen and found his wife by the stove. Her head was

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wrapped in her shawl, and she was reading a book called "Kidney Troubles and Their Cure" on which he had had to pay extra postage only a few days before.

Zeena did not move or look up when he entered, and after a moment he asked: "Where's Mattie?"

Without lifting her eyes from the page she replied: "I presume she's getting down her trunk."

The blood rushed to his face. "Getting down her trunk—alone?"

"Jotham Powell's down in the woodlot, and Dan'l Byrne says he darsn't leave that horse," she returned.

Her husband, without stopping to hear the end of the phrase, had left the kitchen and sprung up the stairs. The door of Mattie's room was shut, and he wavered a moment on the landing. "Matt," he said in a low voice; but there was no answer, and he put his hand on the door-knob.

He had never been in Mattie's room except once, in the early summer, when he had gone there to plaster up a leak in the eaves, but he remembered exactly how everything had looked: the red and white quilt on her narrow bed, the pretty pin-cushion on the chest of drawers, and over it the enlarged photograph of her mother, in an oxydized frame, with a bunch of dyed grasses at the back. Now these and all other tokens of her presence had vanished, and the room looked as bare and comfortless as when Zeena had shown her into it on the day of her arrival. In the middle of the floor stood her trunk, and on the trunk she sat in her Sunday dress, her back turned to the door and her face in her hands. She had not heard Ethan's call because she was sobbing; and she did not hear his step till he stood close behind her and laid his hands on her shoulders.

"Matt—oh, don't—oh, *Matt!*"

She started up, lifting her wet face to his. "Ethan—I thought I wasn't ever going to see you again!"

He took her in his arms, pressing her close, and with a trembling hand smoothed away the hair from her forehead.

"Not see me again? What do you mean?"

She sobbed out: "Jotham said you told him we wasn't to wait dinner for you, and I thought——"

"You thought I meant to cut it?" he finished for her grimly.

She clung to him without answering, and he laid his lips on her hair, which was soft and yet springy, like certain mosses on warm slopes, with the faint woody scent of fresh sawdust in the sun.

Through the door they heard Zeena's voice calling out from below: "Dan'l Byrne says you better hurry up if you want him to take that trunk."

They drew apart with stricken faces. Words of resistance rushed to Ethan's lips and died there. Mattie found her handkerchief and dried her eyes; then, bending down, she took hold of a handle of the trunk.

Ethan put her aside. "You let go, Matt," he ordered her.

She answered: "It takes two to coax it round the corner;" and submitting to this argument he grasped the other handle, and together they manœuvred the heavy trunk out to the landing.

"Now let go," he repeated; then he shouldered the trunk and carried it down the stairs and across the passage to the kitchen. Zeena, who had gone back to her seat by the stove, did not lift her head from her book as he passed. Mattie followed him out of the door and helped him to lift the trunk into the back of the sleigh. When it was in place they stood side by side on the door-step, watching Daniel Byrne plunge off behind his fidgety horse.

It seemed to Ethan that his heart was bound with cords which an unseen hand was tightening with every tick of the clock. Twice he opened his lips to speak to Mattie and found no breath. At length, as she turned to re-enter the house, he laid a detaining hand on her.

"I'm going to drive you over, Matt," he whispered.

She murmured back: "I think Zeena wants I should go with Jotham."

"I'm going to drive you over," he repeated; and she went into the kitchen without answering.

At dinner Ethan could not eat. If he lifted his eyes they rested on Zeena's pinched face, and the corners of her straight lips seemed to quiver away into a smile. She ate well, declaring that the mild weather made her feel better, and pressed a second helping of beans on Jotham Powell, whose wants she generally ignored.

Mattie, when the meal was over, went about her usual task of clearing the table

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and washing up the dishes. Zeena, after feeding the cat, had returned to her rocking-chair by the stove, and Jotham Powell, who always lingered last, reluctantly pushed back his chair and moved toward the door.

On the threshold he turned back to say to Ethan: "What time'll I come round for Mattie?"

Ethan was standing near the window, mechanically filling his pipe while he watched Mattie move to and fro. He answered: "You needn't come round; I'm going to drive her over myself."

He saw the rise of the colour in Mattie's averted cheek, and the quick lifting of Zeena's head.

"I want you should stay here this afternoon, Ethan," his wife said. "Jotham can drive Mattie over."

Mattie flung an imploring glance at him, but he repeated curtly: "I'm going to drive her over myself."

Zeena continued in the same even tone: "I wanted you should stay and fix up that stove in Mattie's room afore the girl gets here. It ain't been drawing right for nigh on a month now."

Ethan's voice rose indignantly. "If it was good enough for Mattie I guess it's good enough for a hired girl."

"That girl that's coming told me she was used to a house where they had a furnace," Zeena persisted with the same monotonous mildness.

"She'd better ha' stayed there then," he flung back at her; and turning to Mattie he added in a hard voice: "You be ready by three, Matt; I've got business at Corbury."

Jotham Powell had started for the barn, and Ethan strode down after him aflame with anger. The pulses in his temples throbbed and a fog was in his eyes. He went about his task without knowing what force directed him, or whose hands and feet were fulfilling its orders. It was not till he led out the sorrel and backed him between the shafts of the sleigh that he once more became conscious of what he was doing. As he passed the bridle over the horse's head, and wound the traces around the shafts, he remembered the day when he had made the same preparations in order to drive over and meet his wife's cousin at the Flats. It was little more than a year ago, on just such a soft afternoon, with a "feel" of spring in the air. The sorrel, turning the same big ringed eye on him, nuzzled the palm of his hand in the same way; and one by one all the days between rose up and stood before him . . .

He flung the bearskin into the sleigh, climbed to the seat, and drove up to the house. When he entered the kitchen it was empty, but Mattie's bag and shawl lay ready by the door. He went to the foot of the stairs and listened. No sound reached him from above, but presently he thought he heard some one moving about in his deserted study, and pushing open the door he saw Mattie, in her hat and jacket, standing with her back to him near the table.

She started at his approach and turning quickly, said: "Is it time?"

"What are you doing here, Matt?" he asked her.

She looked at him timidly. "I was just taking a look round—that's all," she answered, with a wavering smile.

They went back into the kitchen without speaking, and Ethan picked up her bag and shawl.

"Where's Zeena?" he asked.

"She went upstairs right after dinner. She said she had those shooting pains again, and didn't want to be disturbed."

"Didn't she say goodbye to you?"

"No. That was all she said."

Ethan, looking slowly about the kitchen, said to himself with a shudder that in a few hours he would be returning to it alone. Then the sense of unreality overcame him once more, and he could not bring himself to believe that Mattie stood there for the last time before him.

"Come on," he said almost gaily, opening the door and putting her bag into the sleigh. He sprang to his seat and bent over to tuck the rug about her as she slipped into the place at his side. "Now then, go 'long," he said, with a shake of the reins that sent the sorrel placidly jogging down the hill.

"We got lots of time for a good ride, Matt!" he cried, seeking her hand beneath the fur and pressing it in his. His face tingled and he felt dizzy, as if he had stopped in at the Starkfield saloon on a zero day for a drink.

At the gate, instead of making for Starkfield, he turned the sorrel to the right, up

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the Bettsbridge road. Mattie sat silent, giving no sign of surprise; but after a moment she said: "Are you going round by Shadow Pond?"

He laughed and answered: "I knew you'd know!"

She drew closer under the bearskin, so that, looking sideways around his coat-sleeve, he could just catch the tip of her nose and a blown brown wave of hair. They drove slowly up the road between fields glistening under the pale sun, and then bent to the right down a lane edged with spruce and larch. Ahead of them, a long way off, a range of hills stained by patches of black forest flowed away in round white curves against the sky. The lane passed into a pine-wood with boles reddening in the afternoon sun and delicate blue shadows on the snow. As they entered it the breeze fell and a warm stillness seemed to drop from the branches with the dropping needles. Here the snow was so pure that the tiny tracks of wood-animals had left on it intricate lace-like patterns, and the bluish cones caught in its surface stood out like ornaments of bronze.

Ethan drove on in silence till they reached a part of the wood where the pines were more widely spaced; then he drew up and helped Mattie to get out of the sleigh. They passed between the aromatic trunks, the snow breaking crisply under their feet, till they came to a sheet of water with steep wooded sides. Across its frozen surface, from the farther bank, a single hill rising against the western sun threw the long, conical shadow which gave the lake its name. It was a shy secret spot, full of the same dumb melancholy that Ethan felt in his heart.

He looked up and down the little pebbly beach till his eye lit on a fallen tree-trunk half submerged in snow.

"There's where we sat at the picnic," he reminded her.

The entertainment of which he spoke was one of the few that they had taken part in together: a "church picnic" which, on a long afternoon of the preceding summer, had filled the retired place with merry-making. Mattie had begged him to go with her but he had refused. Then, toward sunset, coming down from the mountain where he had been felling timber, he had been caught by some strayed revellers and drawn into the group by the lake, where Mattie, encircled by facetious youths, and bright as a blackberry under her spreading hat, was brewing coffee over a gipsy fire. He remembered the shyness he had felt at approaching her in his uncouth clothes, and then the lighting up of her face, and the way she had broken through the group to come to him with a cup in her hand. They had sat for a few minutes on the fallen log by the pond, and she had missed her gold locket, and set the young men searching for it; and it was Ethan who had spied it in the moss . . . That was all; but all their intercourse had been made up of just such inarticulate flashes, when they seemed to come suddenly upon happiness as if they had surprised a butterfly in the winter woods . . .

"It was right there I found your locket," he said, pushing his foot into a dense tuft of blueberry bushes.

"I never saw anybody with such sharp eyes!" she answered.

She sat down on the tree-trunk in the sun and he sat down beside her.

"You were as pretty as a picture in that pink hat," he said.

She laughed with pleasure. "Oh, I guess it was the hat!" she rejoined.

They had never before avowed their inclination so openly, and Ethan, for a moment, had the illusion that he was a free man, wooing the girl he meant to marry. He looked at her hair and longed to touch it again, and to tell her that it smelt of the woods; but he never had learned to say such things.

Suddenly she rose to her feet and said: "We mustn't stay here any longer."

He continued to gaze at her vaguely, only half-roused from his dream. "There's plenty of time," he answered.

They stood looking at each other as if the eyes of each were straining to absorb and hold fast the other's image. There were things he had to say to her before they parted, but he could not say them in that place of summer memories, and he turned and followed her in silence to the sleigh. As they drove away the sun sank behind the hill and the pine-boles turned from red to gray.

By a devious track between the fields they wound back to the Starkfield road. Under the open sky the light was still clear,

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with a reflection of cold red on the eastern hills. The clumps of trees in the snow seemed to draw together in ruffled lumps, like birds with their heads under their wings; and the sky, as it paled, rose higher, leaving the earth more alone.

As they turned into the Starkfield road Ethan said: "Matt, what do you mean to do?"

She did not answer at once, but at length she said: "I'll try to get a place in a store."

"You know you can't do it. The bad air and the standing all day nearly killed you before."

"I'm a lot stronger than I was before I came to Starkfield."

"And now you're going to throw away all the good it's done you!"

There seemed to be no answer to this, and again they drove on for a while without speaking. With every yard of the way some spot where they had stood, and laughed together or been silent, clutched at Ethan and dragged him back.

"Isn't there any of your father's folks could help you?"

"There isn't any of 'em I'd ask."

He lowered his voice to say: "You know there's nothing I wouldn't do for you if I could."

"I know there isn't."

"But I can't——"

She was silent, but he felt a slight tremor in the shoulder against his.

"Oh, Matt," he broke out, "if I could ha' gone with you now I'd ha' done it——"

She turned to him, pulling a scrap of paper from her breast. "Ethan—I found this," she stammered. Even in the failing light he saw it was the letter to his wife that he had begun the night before and forgotten to destroy. Through his astonishment there ran a fierce thrill of joy. "Matt"—he cried; "if I could ha' done it, would you?"

"Oh, Ethan, Ethan—what's the use?" With a sudden movement she tore the letter in shreds and let them flutter off into the snow.

"Tell me, Matt! Tell me!" he adjured her.

She was silent for a moment; then she said, in such a low tone that he had to stoop his head to hear her: "I used to think of it sometimes, summer nights, when the moon was so bright I couldn't sleep."

His heart reeled with the sweetness of it. "As long ago as that?"

She answered, as if the date had long been fixed for her: "The first time was at Shadow Pond."

"Was that why you gave me my coffee before the others?"

"I don't know. Did I? I was dreadfully put out when you wouldn't go to the picnic with me; and then, when I saw you coming down the road, I thought maybe you'd gone home that way o' purpose; and that made me glad."

They were silent again. They had reached the point where the road dipped to the hollow by Ethan's mill and as they descended the darkness descended with them, dropping down like a black veil from the hemlock boughs.

"I'm tied hand and foot, Matt. There isn't a thing I can do," he began again.

"You must write to me sometimes, Ethan."

"Oh, what good'll writing do? I want to put my hand out and touch you. I want to do for you and care for you. I want to be there when you're sick and when you're lonesome."

"You mustn't think but what I'll do all right."

"You won't need me, you mean? I suppose you'll marry!"

"Oh, Ethan!" she cried.

"I don't know how it is you make me feel, Matt. I'd a'most rather have you dead than that."

"Oh, I wish I was, I wish I was!" she sobbed.

The sound of her weeping shook him out of his dark rage, and he felt ashamed.

"Don't let's talk that way," he whispered.

"Why shouldn't we, when it's true? I've been wishing it every minute of the day."

"Matt! You be quiet! Don't you say it."

"There's never anybody been good to me but you."

"Don't say that either, when I can't lift a hand for you!"

"Yes, but it's true just the same."

They had reached the top of School House Hill and saw Starkfield below them in the twilight. A cutter, mounting the road from the village, passed them by in a

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joyous flutter of bells, and they straightened themselves and looked ahead with rigid faces. Along the main street lights had begun to shine from the house-fronts and stray figures were turning in here and there at the gates. Ethan, with a touch of his whip, roused the sorrel to a languid trot.

As they drew near the end of the village the cries of children reached them, and they saw a knot of boys, with sleds behind them, scattering across the open space before the church.

"I guess this'll be their last coast for a day or two," Ethan said, looking up at the mild sky.

Mattie was silent, and he added: "We were to have gone down last night."

Still she did not speak and, prompted by an obscure desire to help himself and her through their miserable last hour, he went on discursively: "Ain't it funny we haven't been down together but just that once last winter?"

She answered: "It wasn't often I got down to the village."

"That's so," he said.

They had reached the crest of the Corbury road, and between the indistinct white glimmer of the church and the black curtain of the Varnum spruces the slope stretched away below them without a sled on its length. Some erratic impulse prompted Ethan to say: "How'd you like me to take you down now."

She forced a laugh. "Why, there isn't time!"

"There's all the time we want. Come along!" His one desire now was to postpone the moment of turning the sorrel toward the Flats.

"But the girl," she faltered. "She'll be waiting at the station."

"Well, let her wait. You'd have to if she didn't. Come!"

The authority in his voice seemed to subdue her, and when he had jumped from the sleigh she let him help her out, saying only, with a vague feint of reluctance: "But there isn't a sled round anywheres."

"Yes, there is! Right over there under the spruces."

He threw the bearskin over the sorrel, who stood passively by the roadside, hanging a meditative head. Then he caught Mattie's hand and drew her after him toward the sled.

She seated herself and he took his place behind her, so close that her hair brushed his face. "All right, Matt?" he called out, as if the width of the road had been between them.

She turned her head to say: "It's dreadfully dark. Are you sure you can see?"

He laughed contemptuously: "I could go down this coast with my eyes tied!" and she laughed with him, as if she liked his audacity. Nevertheless he sat still a moment, straining his eyes down the long hill, for it was the most confusing hour of the evening, the hour when the last clearness from the upper sky is merged with the rising night in a blur that disguises landmarks and falsifies distances.

"Now!" he cried.

The sled started with a bound, and they flew on through the dusk, gathering smoothness and speed as they went, with the hollow night opening out below them and the air singing by like an organ. Mattie sat perfectly still, but as they reached the bend at the foot of the hill, where the big elm thrust out a dangerous elbow, he fancied that she shrank a little closer.

"Don't he scared, Matt!" he cried exultantly, as they spun safely past it and flew down the second slope; and when they reached the level ground beyond, and the speed of the sled began to slacken, he heard her give a little laugh of glee.

They sprang off and started to walk back up the hill. Ethan dragged the sled with one hand and passed the other through Mattie's arm.

"Were you scared I'd run you into the elm?" he asked with a boyish laugh.

"I told you I was never scared with you," she answered.

The strange exaltation of his mood had brought on one of his rare fits of boastfulness. "It *is* a tricky place, though. The least swerve, and we'd never ha' come up again. But I can measure distances to a hair's-breadth—always could."

She murmured: "I always say you've got the surest eye . . ."

Deep silence had fallen with the starless dusk, and they leaned on each other without speaking; but at every step of their climb Ethan said to himself: "It's the last time we'll ever walk together."

They mounted slowly to the top of the hill. When they were abreast of the

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church he stooped his head to her to ask: "Are you tired?" and she answered, breathing quickly: "It was splendid!"

With a pressure of his arm he guided her toward the Norway spruces. "I guess this sled must be Ned Hale's. Anyhow I'll leave it where I found it." He drew the sled up to the Varnum gate and rested it against the fence. As he raised himself he felt Mattie close to him among the shadows.

"Is this where Ned and Ruth kissed each other?" she whispered breathlessly, and flung her arms about him. Her lips, groping for his, swept over his face, and he held her fast in a rapture of surprise.

"Good-bye—good-bye," she stammered, and kissed him again.

"Oh, Matt, I can't let you go!" broke from him in the same old cry.

She freed herself from his hold and he heard her sobbing. "Oh, I can't go either!" she wailed.

"Matt! What'll we do? What'll we do?"

They clung to each other's hands like children, and her body shook with desperate sobs.

Through the stillness they heard the church clock striking five.

"Oh, Ethan, it's time!" she cried.

He drew her back to him. "Time for what? You don't suppose I'm going to leave you?"

"If I missed my train where'd I go?"

"Where are you going if you catch it?"

She stood silent, her hands lying cold and relaxed in his.

"What's the good of either of us going anywheres without the other one now?" he said.

She remained motionless, as if she had not heard him. Then she snatched her hands from his, threw her arms about his neck, and pressed her wet cheek to his face. "Ethan! Ethan! I want you to take me down again!"

"Down where?"

"The coast. Right off. So 't we'll never come up any more."

"Matt! What on earth do you mean?"

She put her lips close against his ear to say: "Right into the big elm. You said you could. So 't we'd never have to leave each other any more."

"Why, what are you talking of? You're crazy!"

"I'm not crazy; but I will be if I leave you."

"Oh, Matt, Matt—" he groaned.

She tightened her fierce hold about his neck. "Ethan, where'll I go if I leave you? I don't know how to get along alone. You said so yourself just now. Nobody but you was ever good to me. And there'll be that strange girl in the house . . . and she'll sleep in my bed, where I used to lay nights and listen to hear you come upstairs. . ."

The words were like fragments torn from his heart. With them came the hated vision of the house he was going back to—of the stairs he would have to go up every night, of the woman who would wait for him there. And the sweetness of Mattie's avowal, the wild wonder of knowing at last that all that had happened to him had happened to her too, made the other vision more abhorrent, the other life more intolerable to return to. . . .

Her pleadings still came to him between short sobs, but he no longer heard what she was saying. Her hat had slipped back, and he was stroking her hair. He wanted to get the feeling of it into his hand, so that it would sleep there like a seed in winter. Once he found her mouth again, and they seemed to be by the pond together in the burning August sun. But his cheek touched hers, and it was cold and full of weeping, and he saw the road to the Flats under the night and heard the whistle of the train up the line.

The black trees swathed them in night and silence. They might have been in their coffins underground. He said to himself: "Perhaps it'll feel like this . . ." and then again: "After this I sha'n't feel anything. . ." Suddenly he heard the old sorrel whinny across the road, and thought: "He's wondering why he doesn't get his supper. . ."

"Come," Mattie whispered, tugging at his hand.

Her sombre violence constrained him: she seemed the embodied instrument of fate. He pulled the sled out, blinking like a night-bird as he passed from the shade of the spruces into the relative clearness of the open. The slope below them was deserted. All Starkfield was at supper, and not a figure crossed the open space before the church. The sky, swollen with the clouds

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that announce a thaw, hung as low as before a summer storm. He strained his eyes through the dimness, and they seemed less keen, less capable than usual.

He took his seat on the sled and Mattie instantly placed herself in front of him. Her hat had fallen into the snow and his lips were in her hair. He stretched out his legs, drove his heels into the road to keep the sled from slipping forward, and bent her head back between his hands. Then suddenly he sprang up again.

"Get up," he ordered her.

It was the tone she always heeded, but she cowered down in her seat, repeating vehemently: "No, no, no!"

"Get up!"

"Why?"

"I want to sit in front."

"No, no! How can you steer in front?"

"I don't have to. We'll follow the track."

They spoke in smothered whispers, as though the night were listening.

"Get up! Get up!" he urged her; but she kept on repeating: "Why do you want to sit in front?"

"Because I—because I want to feel you holding me," he stammered, and dragged her to her feet.

The answer seemed to satisfy her, or else she yielded to the power of his voice. He bent down, feeling in the obscurity for the glassy slide worn by preceding coasters, and placed the runners carefully between its edges. She waited while he seated himself with crossed legs in the front of the sled; then she crouched quickly down at his back and clasped her arms about him. Her breath in his neck set him shuddering again, and he almost sprang from his seat. But in a flash he remembered the alternative. She was right: this was better than parting. He leaned back and drew her mouth to his. . .

Just as they started he heard the sorrel's whinny again, and the familiar wistful call, and all the confused images it brought with it, went with him down the first reach of the road. Half-way down there was a sudden drop, then a rise, and after that another long delirious descent. As they took wing for this it seemed to him that they were flying indeed, flying far up into the cloudy night, with Starkfield immeasurably below them, falling away like a speck in space. . . Then the big elm shot up ahead, lying in wait for them at the bend of the road, and he said between his teeth: "We can fetch it; I know we can fetch it——"

As they flew toward the tree Mattie pressed her arms tighter, and her blood seemed to be in his veins. Once or twice the sled swerved a little under them. He slanted his body to keep it headed for the elm, repeating to himself again and again: "I know we can fetch it;" and little phrases she had spoken ran through his head and danced before him on the air. The big tree loomed bigger and closer, and as they bore down on it he thought: "It's waiting for us: it seems to know." But suddenly his wife's face, with twisted monstrous lineaments, thrust itself between him and his goal, and he made an instinctive movement to brush it aside. The sled swerved in response, but he righted it again, kept it straight, and drove down on the black projecting mass. There was a last instant when the air shot past him like millions of fiery wires; and then the elm . . .

The sky was still thick, but looking straight up he saw a single star, and tried vaguely to reckon whether it were Sirius, or—or— The effort tired him too much, and he closed his heavy lids and thought that he would sleep. . . The stillness was so profound that he heard a little animal twittering somewhere near by under the snow. It made a small frightened *cheep* like a field-mouse, and he wondered languidly if it were hurt. Then he understood that it must be in pain: pain so excruciating that he seemed, mysteriously, to feel it shooting through his own body. He tried in vain to roll over in the direction of the sound, and stretched his left arm out across the snow. And now it was as though he felt rather than heard the twittering; it seemed to be under his palm, which rested on something soft and springy. The thought of the animal's suffering was intolerable to him, and he struggled to raise himself, and could not, because a rock, or some huge mass, seemed to be lying on him. But he continued to finger about cautiously with his left hand, thinking he might get hold of the little creature and help it; and all at once he knew that the soft thing he had touched was Mattie's hair and that his hand was on her face.

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He dragged himself to his knees, the monstrous load on him moving with him as he moved, and his hand went over and over her face, and he felt that the twittering came from her lips . . .

He got his face down close to hers, with his ear to her mouth, and in the darkness he saw her eyes open and heard her say his name.

"Oh, Matt, I thought we'd fetched it," he moaned; and far off, up the hill, he heard the sorrel whinny, and thought: "I ought to be getting him his feed. . ."

. . . . . .

. . . . . .

The querulous drone ceased as I entered Frome's kitchen, and of the two women sitting there I could not tell which had been the speaker.

One of them, on my appearing, raised her tall bony figure from her seat, not as if to welcome me—for she threw me no more than a brief glance of surprise—but simply to set about preparing the meal which Frome's absence had delayed. A slatternly calico wrapper hung from her shoulders and the wisps of her thin gray hair were drawn away from a high forehead and fastened at the back by a broken comb. She had pale opaque eyes which revealed nothing and reflected nothing, and her narrow lips were of the same sallow colour as her face.

The other woman was much smaller and slighter. She sat huddled in an arm-chair near the stove, and when I came in she turned her head quickly toward me, without the least corresponding movement of her body. Her hair was as gray as her companion's, her face as bloodless and shrivelled, but amber-tinted, with swarthy shadows sharpening the nose and hollowing the temples. Under her shapeless dress her body kept its limp immobility, and her dark eyes had the bright witch-like stare that disease of the spine often gives.

Even for that part of the country the kitchen was a poor-looking place. With the exception of the dark-eyed woman's chair, which looked like a soiled relic of luxury bought at a country auction, the furniture was of the roughest kind. Three coarse china plates and a broken-nosed milk-jug had been set on a greasy table scored with knife-cuts, and a couple of straw-bottomed chairs and a kitchen dresser of unpainted pine stood out meagrely against the plaster walls.

"My, it's cold here! The fire must be 'most out," Frome said, glancing about him apologetically as he followed me in.

The tall woman, who had moved away from us toward the dresser, took no notice; but the other, from her cushioned niche, answered complainingly, in a high thin voice: "It's on'y just been made up this very minute. Zeena fell asleep and slep' ever so long, and I thought I'd be frozen stiff before I could wake her up and and get her to 'tend to it."

I knew then that it was she who had been speaking when we entered.

Her companion, who was just coming back to the table with the remains of a cold mince-pie in a battered pie-dish, set down her unappetizing burden without appearing to hear the accusation brought against her.

Frome stood hesitatingly before her as she advanced; then he looked at me and said: "This is my wife, Mis' Frome." After another interval he added, turning toward the figure in the arm-chair: "And this is Miss Mattie Silver. . ."

. . . . . .

Mrs. Hale, tender soul, had pictured me as lost in the Flats and buried under a snow-drift; and so lively was her satisfaction on seeing me safely restored to her the next morning, that I felt my peril had caused me to advance several degrees in her favour.

Great was her amazement, and that of old Mrs. Varnum, on learning that Ethan Frome's old horse had carried me to and from Corbury Junction through the worst blizzard of the winter; greater still their surprise when they heard that his master had taken me in for the night.

Beneath their wondering exclamations I felt a secret curiosity to know what impressions I had received from my night in the Frome household, and divined that the best way of breaking down their reserve was to let them try to penetrate mine. I therefore confined myself to saying, in a matter-of-fact tone, that I had been received with great kindness, and that Frome had made a bed for me in a room on the ground floor which seemed in happier days

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to have been fitted up as a kind of writing-room or study.

"Well," Mrs. Hale mused, "in such a storm I suppose he felt he couldn't do less than take you in—but I guess it went hard with Ethan. I don't believe but what you're the only stranger has set foot in that house for over twenty years. He's that proud he don't even like his oldest friends to go there; and I don't know as any do, any more, except myself and the doctor. . ."

"You still go there, Mrs. Hale?" I ventured.

"I used to go a good deal after the accident, when I was first married; but after a while I got to think it made 'em feel worse to see us. And then one thing and another came, and my own troubles . . . But I generally make out to drive over there round about New Year's, and once in the summer. Only I always try to pick a day when Ethan's off somewheres. It's bad enough to see the two women sitting there—but *his* face, when he looks round that bare place, just kills me . . . You see, I can look back and call it up in his mother's day, before their troubles."

Old Mrs. Varnum, by this time, had gone up to bed, and her daughter and I were sitting alone, after supper, in the austere seclusion of the horse-hair parlour. Mrs. Hale glanced at me tentatively, as though trying to see how much footing my conjectures gave her; and I guessed that if she had kept silence till now it was because she had been waiting, through all the years, for some one who should see what she alone had seen.

I waited to let her trust in me gather strength before I said: "Yes, it's pretty bad, seeing all three of them there together."

She drew her mild brows into a frown of pain. "It was just awful from the beginning. I was here in the house when they were carried up—they laid Mattie Silver in the room you're in. She and I were great friends, and she was to have been my bridesmaid that spring . . . When she came to I went up to her and stayed with her all night. They gave her things to quiet her, and she didn't know much till to'rd morning, and then all of a sudden she woke up just like herself, and looked straight at me out of her big eyes, and said . . . Oh, I don't know why I'm telling you all this," Mrs. Hale broke off, crying.

She took off her spectacles, wiped the moisture from them, and put them on again with an unsteady hand. "It got about the next day," she went on, "that Zeena Frome had sent Mattie off in a hurry because she had a hired girl coming, and the folks here could never rightly tell what she and Ethan were doing that night coasting, when they'd ought to have been on their way to the Flats to ketch the train . . . I never knew myself what Zeena thought—I don't to this day. Nobody knows Zeena's thoughts. Anyhow, when she heard o' the accident she came right in and stayed with Ethan over to the minister's, where they'd carried him. And as soon as the doctors said that Mattie could be moved, Zeena sent for her and took her back to the farm."

"And there she's been ever since?"

Mrs. Hale answered simply: "There was nowhere else for her to go"; and my heart tightened at the thought of the hard necessities of the poor.

"Yes, there she's been," Mrs. Hale continued, "and Zeena's done for her, and done for Ethan, as good as she could. It was a miracle, considering how sick she was—but she seemed to be raised right up just when the call came to her. Not as she's ever given up doctoring, and she's had sick spells right along; but she's had the strength given her to care for those two for over twenty years, and before the accident came she thought she couldn't even care for herself."

Mrs. Hale paused a moment, and I remained silent, plunged in the vision of what her words evoked. "It's horrible for them all," I murmured.

"Yes: it's pretty bad. And they ain't any of 'em easy people either. Mattie *was*, before the accident; I never knew a sweeter nature. But she's suffered too much—that's what I always say when folks tell me how she's soured. And Zeena, she was always cranky. Not but what she bears with Mattie wonderful—I've seen that myself. But sometimes the two of them get going at each other, and then Ethan's face'd break your heart . . . When I see that, I think it's *him* that suffers most . . . anyhow it ain't Zeena, because she ain't got the time . . . It's a pity, though," Mrs.

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Hale ended, sighing, "that they're all shut up there'n that one kitchen. In the summer-time, on pleasant days, they move Mattie into the parlour, or out in the door-yard, and that makes it easier . . . but winters there's the fires to be thought of; and there ain't a dime to spare up at the Fromes'."

Mrs. Hale drew a deep breath, as though her memory were eased of its long burden, and she had no more to say; but suddenly an impulse of complete avowal seized her.

She took off her spectacles again, leaned toward me across the bead-work table-cover, and went on with lowered voice: "There was one day, about a week after the accident, when they all thought Mattie couldn't live. Well, I say it's a pity she did. I said it right out to our minister once, and he was shocked at me. Only he wasn't with me that morning when she first came to . . . and I say, if she'd ha' died, Ethan might ha' lived; and the way they are now, I don't see's there's much difference between the Fromes up at the farm and the Fromes down in the graveyard; 'cept that down there they're all quiet, and the women have got to hold their tongues."

THE END

OF ONE WHO WALKS ALONE

By Thomas S. Jones, Jr.

THESE are the ways of one who walks alone,
  Sweet silent ways that lead toward twilight skies,
  Bees softly winging where a low wind sighs
Through the hills' hollow cool and clover-blown.

These are the ways that call one back again
  To old forgotten things in faded years,
  Swift on a moment of remembered tears
They stand from out the dust where they have lain.

These are the ways life's simple secrets bless,
  Keen homely scents borne by each haunted wind,—
  Here in the silence one may ever find
That last strange peace whose name is loneliness.

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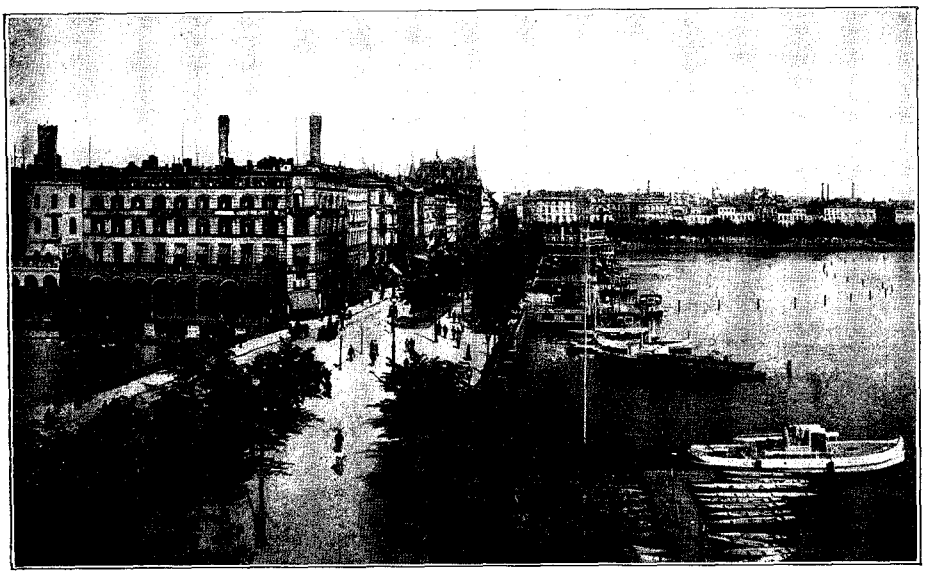

The Jungfernstieg wears an air of leisurely elegance and pleasure-seeking prosperity.—Page 446.

HAMBURG AND ITS HARBOR

By Ralph D. Paine

THE rise of Germany as a naval power of the foremost rank has been flamboyant and startling. Her battleships, afloat and building, recently afflicted England with acute nightmares and have even influenced the United States to share in the ruinous scramble for bigger dreadnoughts, heavier guns, and more of them. With far less noise and alarm, however, the modern Germany has suffered a sea change of another and more formidable kind. Her armed fleet is as yet untried, its prestige is a matter for the experts to calculate on paper, but the merchant marine has challenged the supremacy of British ships and sailors and is waging a pacific war for the commerce of the world, from the Baltic to Zanzibar, and from China to Peru. The industrial empire of the Fatherland, militant, intelligent, and highly organized, has already demolished the ancient doctrine that Britannia rules the waves.

So small is the strip of coast and so few the harbors facing the cold, tempestuous North Sea that the German people have hammered out a maritime destiny for themselves rather by stress of circumstances than by natural inclination and environment. They were compelled to turn seaward because the land was overcrowded and they must find new markets for their wares. As a result of this economic pressure, the chief seaport, Hamburg, was marvellously quickened by the spirit of the new nation with its slogan "Made-in-Germany," and became the great gateway of traffic in manufactured products outward bound and of raw materials brought home from the ends of the earth. In its tonnage of shipping and merchandise, Hamburg has wrested second place from London, a fact to wonder at.

It is to be regretted that so many Americans hastily scan such statements as these, fight shy of the statistics usually accompanying them, and contemplate Hamburg merely as a port of entry and departure for transatlantic steamers filled with persons bent on going somewhere else with all possible despatch. True, the city has almost

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no ruins and somewhat lacks the atmosphere of oderiferous dilapidation so ardently sought and gloated over by those pilgrims who would get their money's worth during a summer abroad. The people are clean, busy, and self-respecting, and they have made a beautiful metropolis of this capital of the Free State of Hamburg, and ancient Hansa town.

In that dimly remote age when Charlemagne wielded the mailed fist, a castle was built on a hill between the Elbe and a confluent little river called the Alster as an outpost of defence against the Slavs. Through the succeeding centuries the shipping sought the deeper water of the Elbe and the road to the sea, and, as elsewhere, the old town huddled close to the wharves and warehouses. In times more modern the city spread around the pleasant, wooded Alster. Instead of dredging this stream and defiling its banks with sheds and docks and bulkheads, a sense of beauty moved the Teutonic mind to transform it into a lake, preserved inviolate for the enjoyment of all good Hamburgers now and hereafter. And so, like a great jewel, the Alster shines in the very midst of the city which looks out upon a sort of fairy-land from its boulevards, hotels, offices, and stores.

There are really two lakes, separated by a bridge of noble architecture, the smaller in the business quarter of Hamburg, the larger extending spaciously in a region of villas, parks, gardens, and promenades where dwell the wealthy merchants and others on whom fortune has smiled. Small steamers ply between the *Binnen-Alster* and the *Aussen-Alster*, and instead of being shot home through jammed and stifling subways, these favored commuters are wafted over the pleasant water while the bands are playing in the pavilions on shore and the sailing yachts skim to and fro.

Like other North Sea ports, Antwerp and Amsterdam, for instance, Hamburg has a net-work of ancient canals and basins and is a city which seems more or less afloat; but this bright expanse of the Alster, so lovingly conserved and beautified, is unique among the world's great centres of trade. Commerce may be sordid and money-getting a soulless business, but your German, who is eminently successful at both, is in his heart the most sentimental of beings. In proof of which seeming paradox, please to tarry in Hamburg long enough to descry the Alster. There are great cities, no names need be mentioned, in which this lovely sheet of water would have been regarded as so much waste area to be filled in by the dump-cart of the contractor, plotted and staked by the real estate operator, and blighted with brick and mortar by the building speculator.

As one passes along the Jungfernstieg or the Alsterdamm, handsome thoroughfares which border the smaller lake, it is not easy to realize that the clamorous, grimy business of a vast harbor is surging no more than a few minutes' walk distant. The Jungfernstieg wears an air of leisurely elegance and pleasure-seeking prosperity. The restaurants are crowded, there is much excellent music and hearty eating and drinking, a great display of automobiles and smartly turned-out carriages suggesting Fifth Avenue, Unter den Linden, or Piccadilly. At home or abroad, people with money to spend for luxuries buy things pretty much alike and travel the same merry-go-round of fashions and diversions.

These first impressions veer to another tack as one becomes better acquainted with the life of Hamburg. Its leisure class is much smaller than appears, the glitter is mostly on the surface, and nobody thinks less of his neighbor because he harkens diligently to the gospel of hard work. A hundred years ago our own ports of Boston and Salem, then filled with deep-water ships, were notable for a merchant aristocracy engaged in commerce over seas. The sons of these families went from the solid, square-sided brick mansions to the counting-rooms on the wharves, and thence to forecastle and cabin, earning promotion step by step until they gained command of East Indiamen and China tea packets, quitting the sea thereafter to become merchants ashore and owners of square-rigged fleets. Before this era had vanished Harriet Martineau, visiting Salem, remarked of its society:

"These enterprising merchants speak of Fayal and the Azores as if they were close at hand. They have a large acquaintance at Cairo. They know the grave of Napoleon at St. Helena and have wild tales to tell of Mozambique and Madagascar and stores of ivory to show from there. They speak of the power of the king of Muscat and are sensible of the riches of Arabia.

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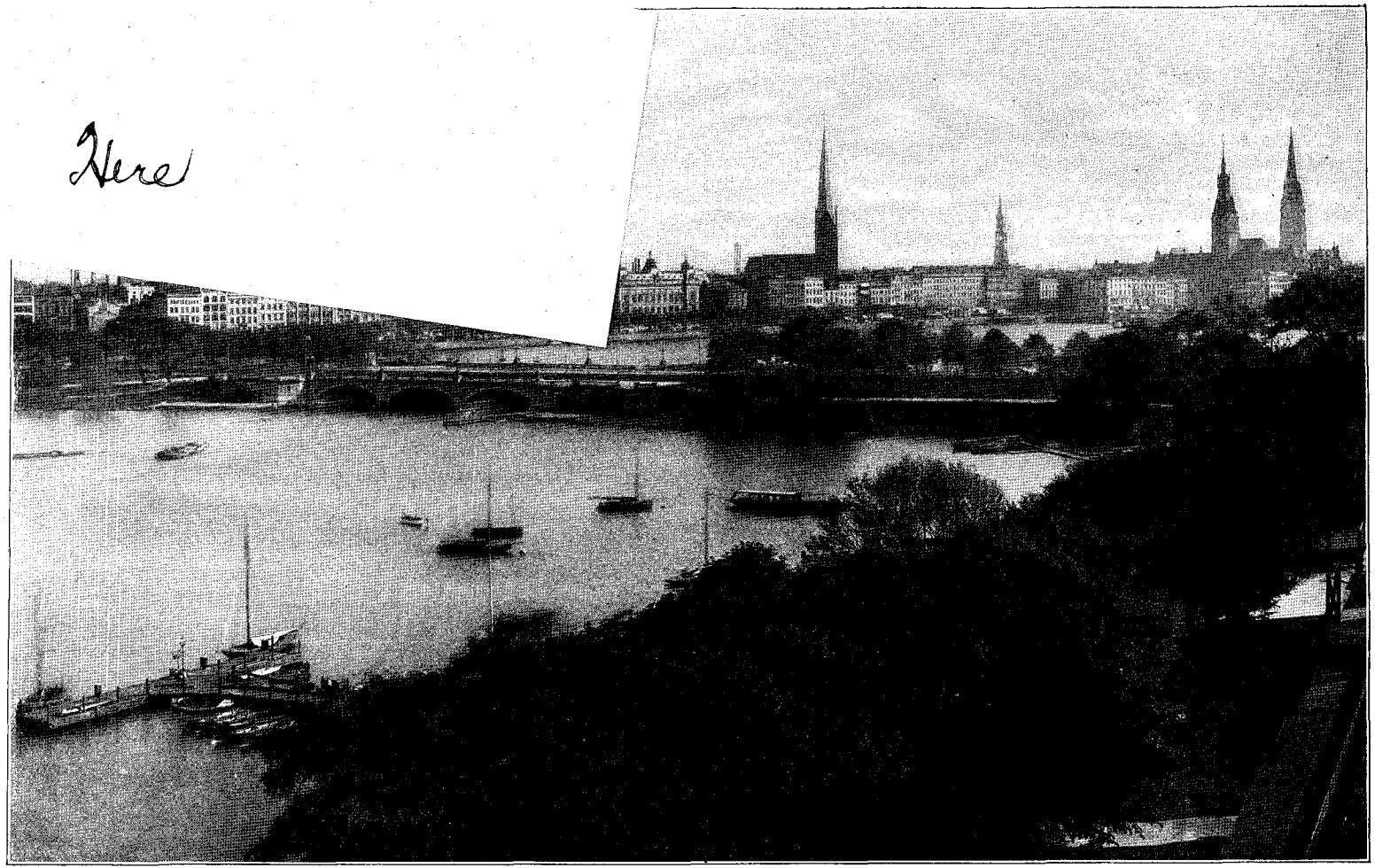

View of the Lombards Bridge and the city.

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Main Entrance of the Emigrant Station or "model town."

Anybody will give you anecdotes from Canton and descriptions of the Society and Sandwich Islands."

On a far larger scale, for its population falls just short of a million, these social conditions are very typical of the Hamburg of to-day. The manufacturing interests are large and varied but her absorbing affairs are those of the sea and her most powerful citizens are the lords of commerce. New York is the new Babel, so the census tells us, and London houses all races under Heaven, but unless one takes pains to seek out the foreign quarters, the one city appears thoroughly American, the other as completely British. Hamburg is German to the backbone, but there is a sensible difference. Its spirit is more genuinely cosmopolitan. It is the meeting place of the long trails from everywhere to anywhere. Whether it be in a dingy Rathskeller of the harbor front or in the most pretentious dining hall of the Jungfernstieg, there is talk in other languages than German, there are faces from other climes to pique the curiosity, and there is the tang of romance and mystery inspired by these glimpses beyond the horizon.

The ear becomes accustomed to hearing Spanish spoken wherever people congregate for business or pleasure. A great part of the trade of South and Central America flows through Hamburg, whose steamers are to be found in every port of both coasts. Hither come the cattle kings of the Argentine, the rich merchants of Lima and Valparaiso, the dictators of explosive little republics, the coffee magnates of Brazil, who will talk to you in Portuguese as well as French and Spanish. Pervasive, too, is the German travelling salesman, as great a rover as the Hamburg sailor, who swings around the globe in a most enchanting orbit and spices the chat of the restaurants with tales of Capetown, Batavia, or Nagasaki. He it is who has caused England much disquietude and gloom, for this ubiquitous person, linguist, diplomat, and trading expert, fills the holds of Hamburg ships with cargoes for the markets of every ocean.

In divers other ways, the people and the interests of distant countries weave themselves into the fabric of one's impressions of Hamburg. New York is the greatest of

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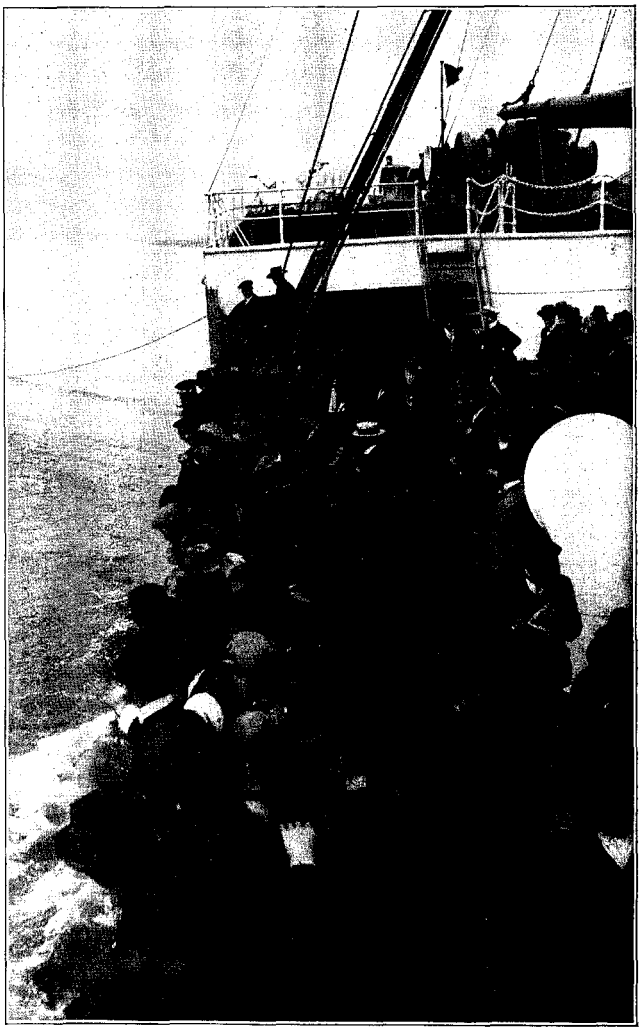
seaports, but its maritime atmosphere is bounded by the water front, and small interest is taken in seafaring. Its old men own no ships and its young men have no desire to seek blue water, which has been given over to the foreigner. A hundred of the finest ocean steamers that pass in by Sandy Hook might go to the bottom and if there were no American passengers on board, the only mourners in New York would be the underwriters' agents. The so-called steamship trust or "combine," organized in this country with a great fanfare of trumpets, has passed into English control and recalls unhappy memories of misdirected financial and commercial endeavor.



Emigrants bound out to the promised land, America.

Hamburg owns great fleets of its own ships and her sons are in them. Ties stronger than those of trade link the homes of this port with isles and roadsteads scattered and remote, east of Suez and under the Southern Cross. All this intimate interest in the affairs of the sea is bound to make itself felt, to take hold of the imagination, before ever you have a glimpse of the shipping itself. That one does not have to go first to the harbor to know he is in an immensely active and prosperous seaport is curious in a way. It could hardly be said of Herald Square or Central Park West.

On the Alsterdamm, facing the inner lake, is a building, vast and dignified, which many a monarch of sorts would deem worthy to be added to his collection of palaces. This is the home of the Hamburg-Amerikanische Packetfahrt Actien-Gesellschaft, a few of whose ships comprise what New York knows as the Hamburg-American Line. It may surprise sundry of our tourists to know that this is only one of *fifty* routes travelled by the vessels of this, the greatest of shipping corporations, whose house-flag flies above the decks of four hundred steamers manned by twenty-three thousand officers and seamen who visit three hundred and fifty ports during the year. When statistics are as large and eloquent as these, it is difficult to pass them by on the other side. It would be something to remember if the four hundred captains of the Hamburg-American ships could be assembled in this building whence they receive their sailing orders that take them

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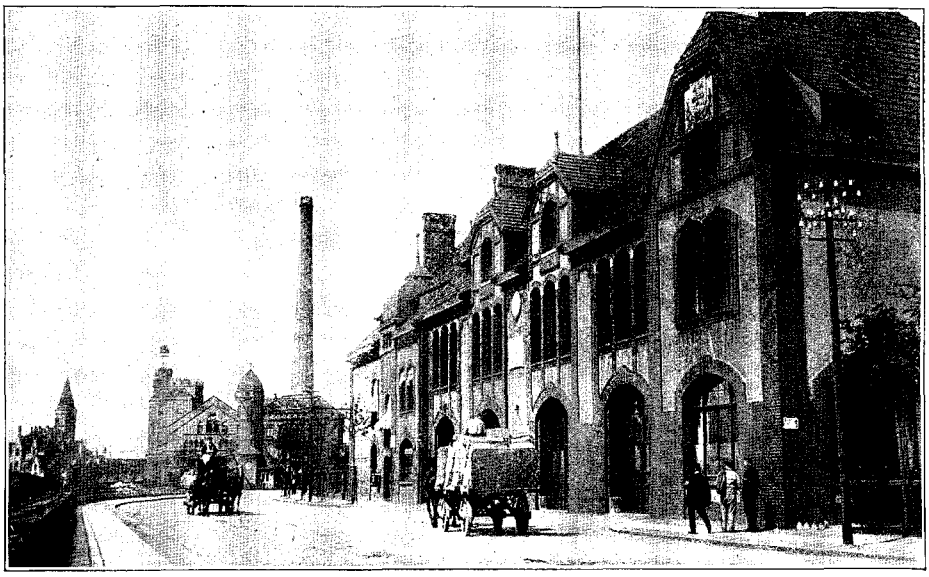

One of the quays and warehouses of the Hamburg-American Company.

to every nook and corner of the watery globe.

Hamburg is the chief European port of departure for emigrants bound to America, and the German government has given this company a monopoly of transporting them. On the water front is the emigrant station in which are gathered, year by year, so many thousands of brave, ignorant, hopeful men and women who seek kindlier fortune in a strange and distant land. The station is, in fact, a model town, planned, equipped, and maintained with that elaborate, scientific thoroughness which is characteristic of the modern Germany. This town, surrounded by a wall of masonry, comprises many small streets adorned with trees and flower-beds and lined with rows of neat, ornamental buildings, detached and resembling cottages. There are several churches, attractive to behold, in which the followers of various creeds may worship with their own priests, pastors, and ceremonials. There are even hotels, apart from the general living quarters, and modestly luxurious, where for a small extra payment the emigrant may lord it over the common herd. A brass band gives daily concerts, and here you have the practical yet sentimental German in another guise. He knows that homesickness swells the hospital list and that music and dancing will cheer the heart of the forlorn, bewildered emigrant.

As these aliens stare wonderingly from the crowded fore-decks of the steamers in New York harbor, they appear unkempt, uncouth, more or less barbarous. But the critical spectator should view them before they have been ground through the Hamburg mill where as many as four thousand at one time may be awaiting shipment. These wild-eyed, shaggy peasants in boots and shawls and furs and sheepskins seem to themselves to be dwelling in a place of enchantment which must be a foretaste of the golden America. There is first an ordeal to be endured, however, after eighteen interpreters have sorted out the jumble of men and women fetched by rail and barge from parts of Europe that are still feudal, mediæval, and unwashed. Polish, Russian, Lithuanian, Bohemian, Croatian, Servian, Dalmatian, Roumanian, Slav, Hungarian, and the rest, they are sifted and inspected and tagged and boiled and scrubbed and disinfected within an inch of their frightened lives, and the transformation makes them look comparatively spick-and-span.

This huge, smoothly-geared machine for recruiting and shipping these people is most admirably conducted, and perhaps we in America should be grateful that such good care is taken of our citizens in the raw. One cannot help reflecting, however, that such a system is but a part of the traffic of a great shipping corporation which makes

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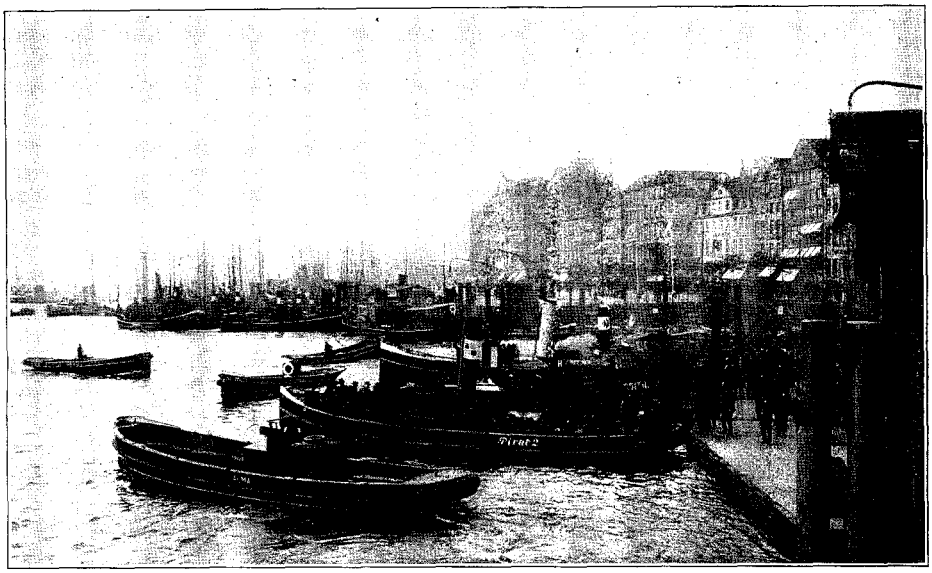

Landing place of the busy little harbor ferry steamers.

emigration as easy and attractive as possible for the sake of the passage money. They are so much human merchandise, and their personal destinies, and the problems created by their great inflow into the slums and ghettos of American cities, are of no concern to the capable officials of the model town on the Hamburg harbor-side, a show place peculiarly interesting yet disturbing because of the very perfection of its operation. It suggests the arrangement of the docks and quays, so devised as to handle every manner of cargo with the greatest economy and efficiency, to stimulate commerce and to divert it from other ports. Whether or not it is for the best interests of the United States that the same kind of ingenious intelligence should be employed in stimulating an incessant tide of emigration from Northern Europe is a debatable question of grave import.

That Hamburg has spent one hundred million dollars in the creation of its modern harbor and is making ready to invest fifty millions more in bettering these facilities conveys in tabloid form an idea of the sheer bigness and boldness of this German competition for the business of the seas. Cuxhaven, at the mouth of the Elbe, is seventy-five miles distant, so that Hamburg is far inland and most of this long stretch of river had to be dredged to make a channel for deep-draught ships. It has required something more than lusty strength and money to achieve such things as these. There has been also the vision, the imagination, the faith in the future, grand strategy displayed not in war, but in peace.

At first sight, this harbor is a confused picture, magnificent for its movement and color, but not to be viewed in passing as one is able to survey the sweep of the Scheldt in front of Antwerp or the Thames below London. The Elbe appears to be lost among the docks which extend gigantic arms in every direction, not as series of enclosed basins, but as stone wharves beside which the ships rise and fall with the small tide, just as they moor at the wooden piers of New York. The port is composed of many *Hafens* or harbors whose banks are the walls of masonry partly enclosing them.

Hamburg and the adjoining city of Altona rise from the water's edge, their situation boldly commanding, and look across the river to this world of modern docks and quays which is reached by means of little ferry steamers that dodge and skitter in and out among the great ships like so many bright insects. They run from one *Hafen* to another, amiably pause to scrape alongside vessels anchored in the stream, perhaps transferring a group of sunburned seamen with their corded sea-chests, and poke into a myriad of curious corners. To board one of these little steamers is to visit far

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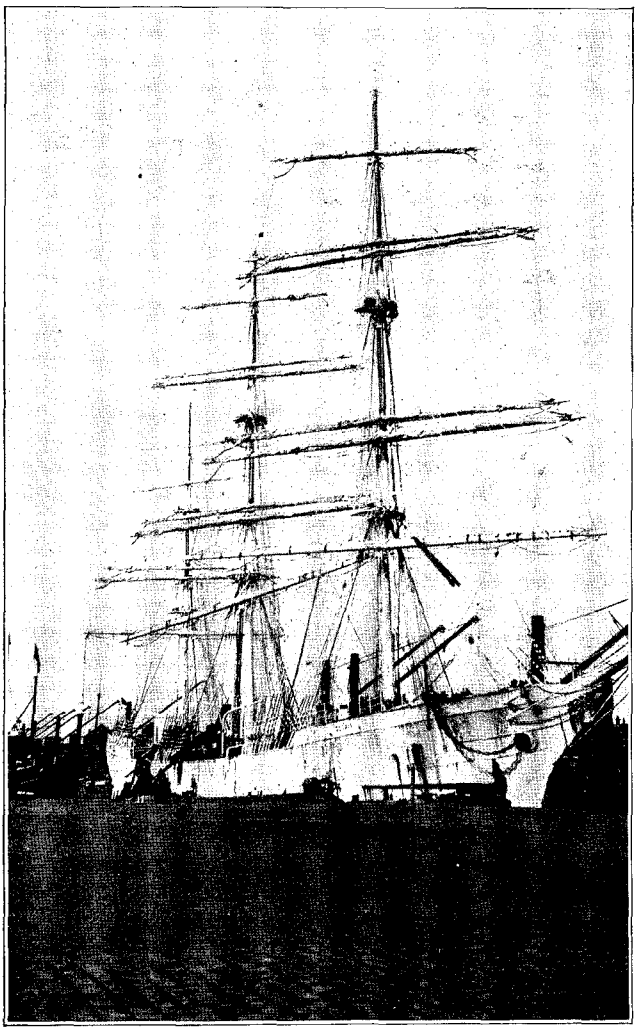
countries in miniature for the cost of a few pennies, to gaze at the ships and sailors of some sixty-odd different lines, steam and sail, which depart from Hamburg.

Geography flavored with adventure may be studied to advantage merely by stepping ashore and walking along one of these docks between the ranks of ships and warehouses. The outgoing merchandise is stencilled with the names of queer, outlandish ports which you thought existed only to addle the intellects of school children. All around the coast of Africa the Germans send their steamers to wait off sandy beaches, combers swept, or to creep into torrid lagoons to traffic with kinky-headed natives. Woerman boats, German East-Africa, German West-Africa, and Hamburg-American packets, you must go to Hamburg and board one of these, or catch it en route, as Col. Theodore Roosevelt did, if you would go steaming away to the ports that run from Aden to Delagoa Bay and from the Bight of Benin to Benguela. And you will readily understand, after a trip around the harbor, why Herr Karl Hagenbeck chose Hamburg as the site of his huge zoological park, or wild animal department store.



The Germans have refused to write the epitaph of the deep-water, square-rigged ship.—Page 453.

That sacred British institution, the "P. and O.," has been seriously disturbed by the audacity of the Germans in invading the ocean trade of the Orient and winning popularity among passengers by treating them, not with haughty condescension, but with genial, solicitous courtesy. Here you may see the large, comfortable steamers, all berthed in a row, which are familiar to the mooring buoys of Singapore, Hong-Kong, and Yokohama. Beyond them lift the masts and funnels of the Kosmos steamers which double the Horn and skirt the west coast as far as Puget Sound, and the German-Australian line which flaunts the tri-color of the Fatherland beside the red ensign of England in the roadsteads of Melbourne and Sydney.

Hamburg harbor makes its appeal *en masse*, as a pageant whose scenes are grouped with a kind of splendid prodigality. One great, indented *Hafen* after another opens to view and out in the fairway are oth-

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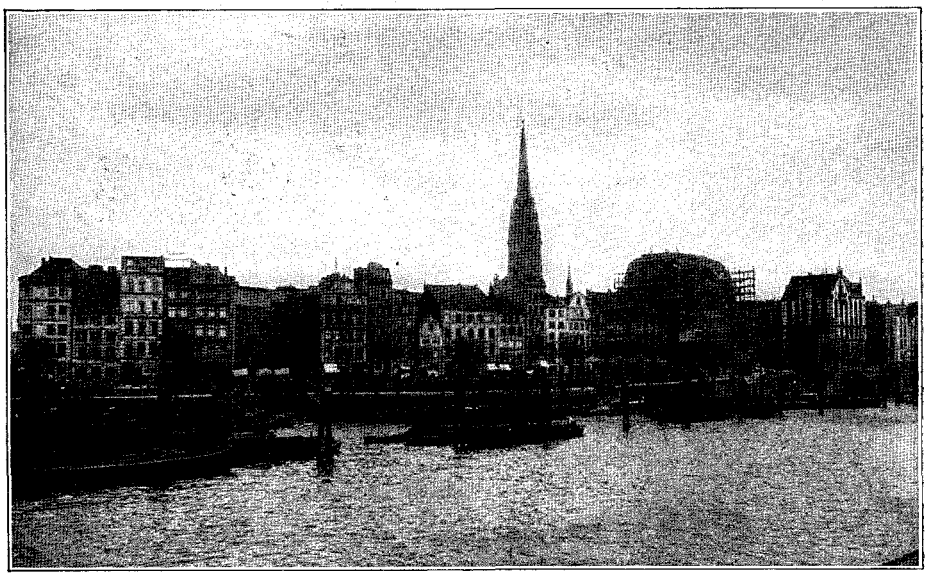
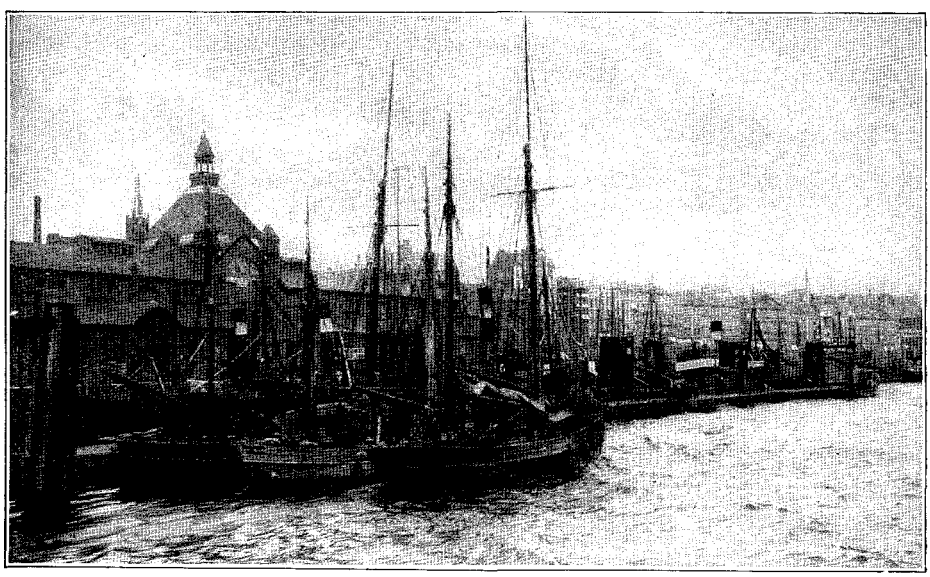


A bit of the Hamburg water front.

er fleets of steamers, clustered in compact flotillas, as if they could not find room to dock. And by far the greater number of them fly the German flag. The game of world politics is being played to more purpose among these wonderfully industrious docks and quays than in the chancelleries of Europe and these weather-beaten skippers and this great navy of German merchant seamen are quietly extending the influence and power of their nation to an extent not generally understood.

To see a number of sailing ships in other ports is to mourn that their days are numbered, to feel something akin to pathos. This is not true of the *Segelschiff-Hafen* of Hamburg because the Germans, almost alone among seafaring races, have refused



The fish market and some of the North Sea fleet of schooners.

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This Free Port is a large city of warehouses and docks covering more than twenty-five hundred acres of land and water.—Page 456.

to write the epitaph of the deep-water, square-rigged ship. They have created a modern steel fleet of much larger vessels than any other of their kind afloat, engaged, for the most part, in the South American trade. Of these, the *Preussen* attracted notice not long ago by stranding in the English Channel. Her sister ship, the *Potosi* has broken all sailing records between Peru and Europe during voyage after voyage, her average speed as fast as that of most cargo steamers and surpassing the historic achievements of the American sky-sail clippers of the last century.

Equipped with all manner of auxiliary engines for handling heavy sails, for lighting by electricity and heating by steam, these huge, five-masted ships seem to have revived an almost vanished epoch. Their crews are no broken, drunken pier-head jumpers and greenhorns swept up from the scum of the water front, but sturdy, ruddy German younkers, every man of them. They take fiddle, trombone, cornet, and accordeon to sea with them and it does the heart good to hear one of these forecastle orchestras, perhaps twenty strong, playing lustily and with no small skill wherever these ships cast anchor. American boys forsook the sea largely because American ships were floating hells, an ugly truth too often glossed over in discussing our lost merchant marine.

Any guidebook of Hamburg will supply the ballast of facts and figures concerning the highly developed methods of mechanical helps whereby merchandise is handled between ship and quay with more speed and at less cost than anywhere else. The gist of it is that the port displays the German industrial and commercial efficiency at the very top notch and goes far to explain why the Reichstag has ungrudgingly voted larger and larger naval estimates. The Kaiser's people have wealth and men afloat that are worth protecting, and worth fighting for, if needs be.

The backgrounds of the harbor add much to the impressions of extraordinary vitality and enterprise. Ship-building plants make a continual clangor, the gaunt frames of ocean steamers and battleships in the making tower from the water's edge, and among the serried ribs and girders toil ten thousand artisans. Beyond the funnels of the shipping are the taller chimneys of factories and power-houses. In the city itself, admirable because of the dignified solidity of its architecture, old buildings are being swept away on every hand and from the harbor the scaffolding surrounding the new and larger structures looks like so many gigantic cobwebs scattered here and there, suggesting bits of Manhattan Island as seen from the North River ferry.

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Although war and conflagration wiped out much of the Hamburg of the Middle Ages, there still survives the region of the old town called the Fleete, in which the streets are all waterways and the inhabitants may fairly be called amphibious. Here the houses are tall and very narrow, leaning toward each other across the tiny canals in a tottering, friendly fashion, like ancient worthies inclined to gossip. Aforetime substantial merchants dwelt among the *Fleetes* and ingeniously hoisted their cargoes from barges floating beside the basement windows. These quaint thoroughfares are still used for traffic of a humbler sort, but the descendants of those early merchants now enjoy their villas on the shores of the sweeter, cleaner Alster.

At low tide, most of the *Fleetes* are streaks of mud, and a kindly government, reluctant to have the denizens drowned or their wares wetted through forgetfulness, takes pains to warn them just when the *Fleetes* will fill with water. On the harbor front is a bastion mounting two guns. As soon as the word comes by telegraph from Cuxhaven that the tide is at the flood, three shots boom the warning. If the rise at Hamburg is likely to be higher than normal, three more signal guns sound across the city and there is a great scampering in the *Fleetes* and the muddy little streams threading among the narrow chasms of mouldering walls are emptied of humanity in a twinkling. Doubtless many a Hamburg child, cradled in luxury, envies with all its little heart the ragged urchins of the slums of Grimm or the Alte Groninger-strasse down by the river who have only to skip outdoors to paddle in the mud, who shriek with fearsome joy when the cannon thunder the tide signals at the Seewartenhohe, and hang out of their own windows until the *Fleete* is filled and ready for sailing boats made of a bit of board or a discarded wooden shoe.

There are more pretentious canals in Hamburg, but none so enjoyable as those of the *Fleete* quarter, which is neither Dutch nor Venetian but with a flavor of both. One of these larger waterways, the Zoll-Canal, connects the custom-houses with the Free Port into which all merchandise not liable to duty finds its way and can be transhipped unhampered by red-tape.

There are more pretentious canals in Hamburg, but none so enjoyable as those of the *Fleete* quarter.

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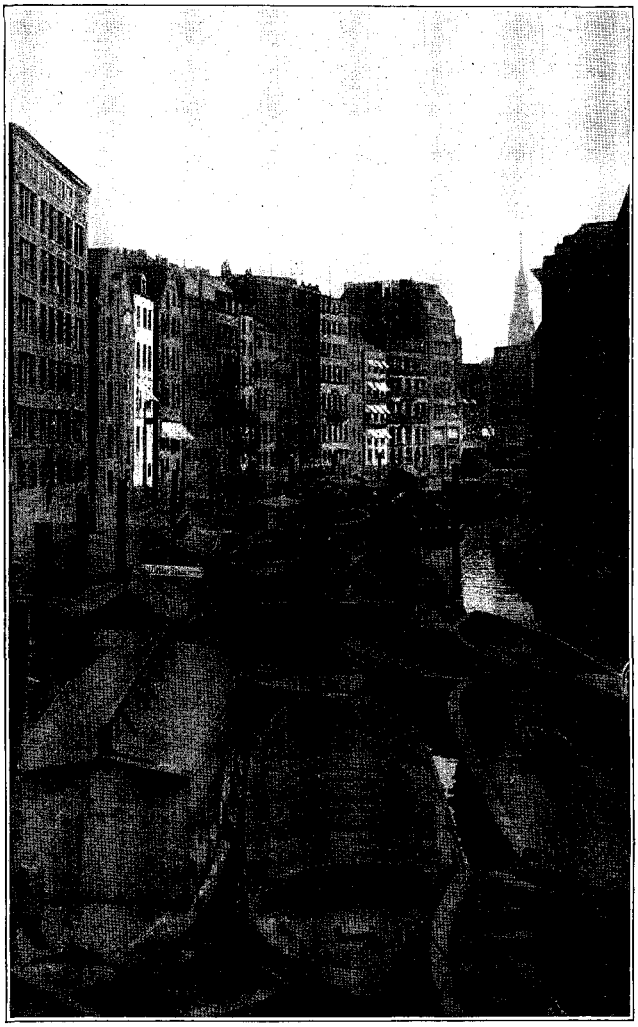
This Free Port is a large city of warehouses and docks covering more than twenty-five hundred acres of land and water, and wholly distinct from the numerous *Hafens* on the other side of the Elbe. Along this reach of the harbor front, what the people call "an der Wasserkant," moves the jostling river traffic which the idler loves to watch. The tug-boats are small, innumerable, and busy to the verge of frenzy, their temperament more Gallic than Teutonic. It is unfair to chide them for lack of poise, however, because there is such a stupid tangle of market-boats from the Marschlande and the Vierlande, long barges that have floated down the upper Elbe from the heart of Bohemia, steam-lighters, North Sea fishing schooners, and what-not, and every one of them bent on catching the turn of the tide. They must be yanked this way and shoved that, and every now and then an ocean-going steamer comes surging through the ruck, like a whale among the minnows.



A glimpse of the Old *Fleete* quarter.

To the eye, Hamburg and Altona are one and indivisible, although they lie in different German states, the latter in the province of Schleswig-Holstein. A more important fact, which sticks in the memory of every true sailor who knows the ports of the world

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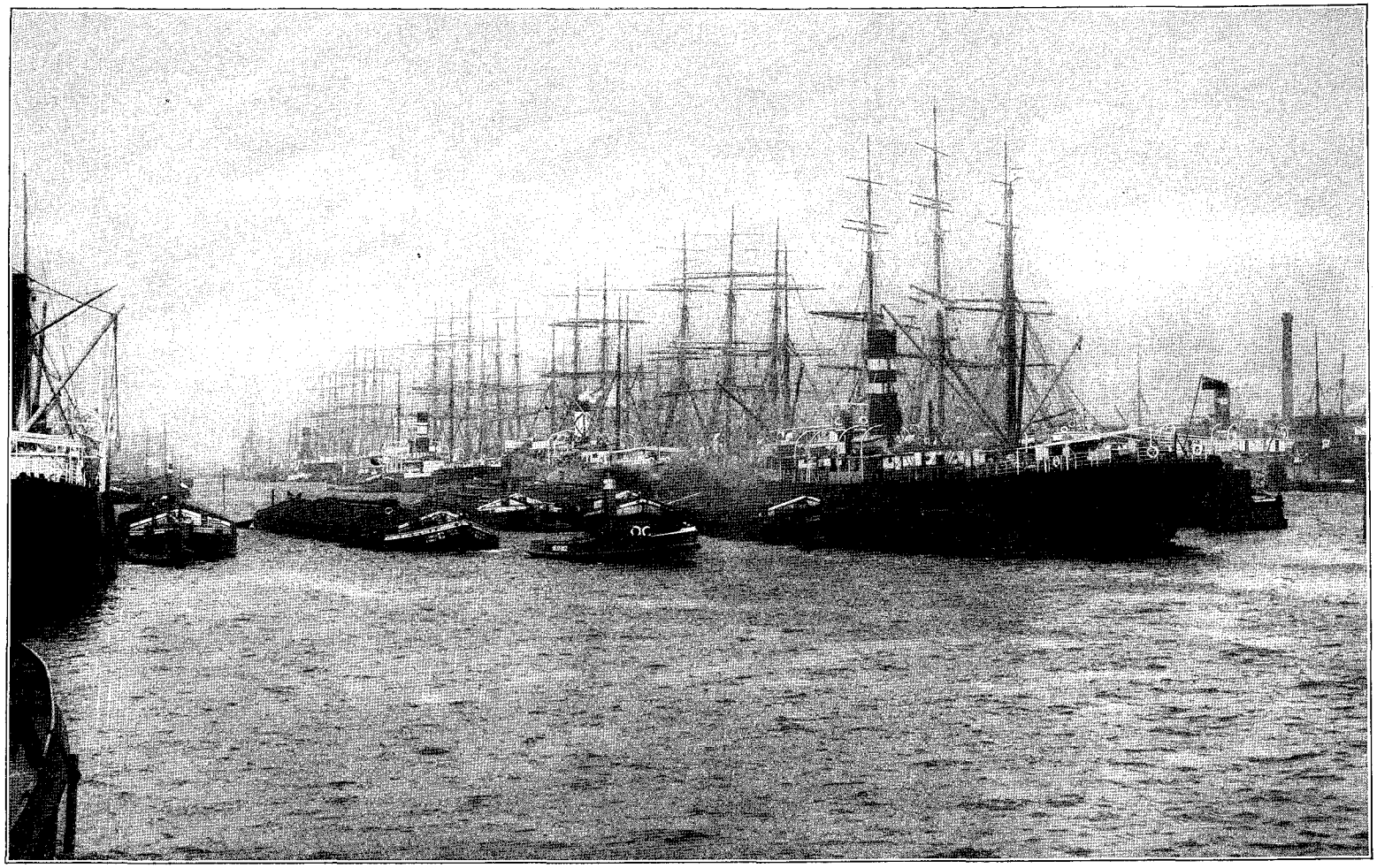

Hamburg Harbor makes its appeal *en masse*, as a pageant.—Page 452.

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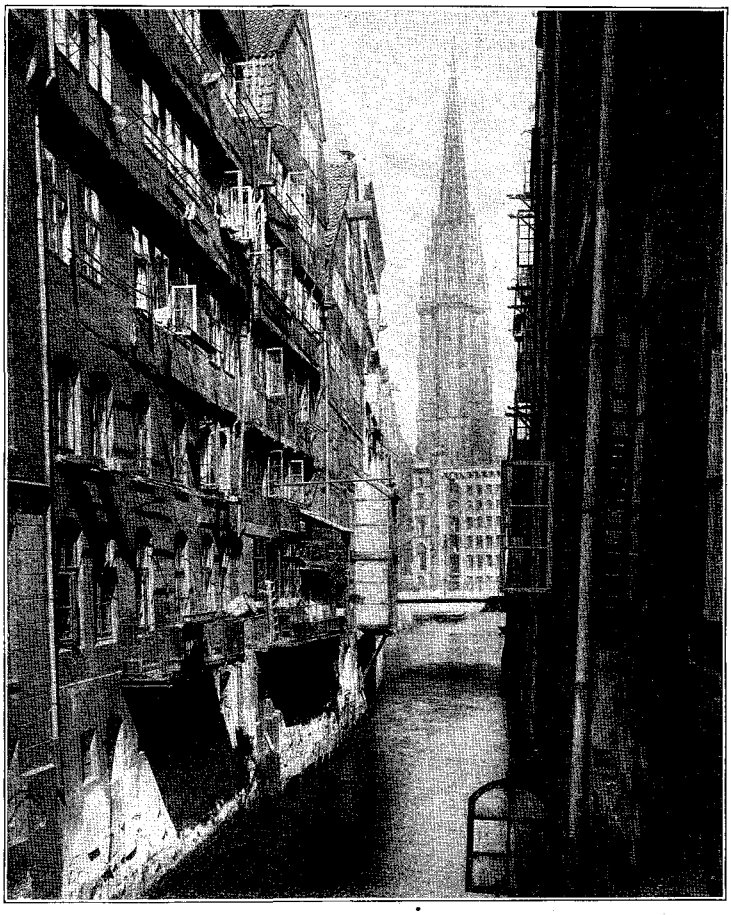

Neither Dutch nor Venetian, but with a flavor of both.—Page 455.

is that St. Pauli overlaps the boundary line between the two. In many a forecastle you may hear them sigh for a night on the Bowery, or the Skipper Street of Antwerp, or the Ratcliff Road of London River, but mention St. Pauli and all hands will agree, in words strong and fervent, that it is the best of them all. Take Coney Island, several country fairs, a Continental *kermess* or two, pour them together and stir furiously, and the result will be something like St. Pauli, that happy haven of sailor-men weary of the sea. It may be entered by way of the Schlachterstrasse from Hamburg, along streets swarming with hucksters and costermongers selling smoked fish, sweetmeats, penny novelettes, flowers, pictures, and other trumpery wares among which the seafarer lingers to buy a gift for the sweetheart left in the last port.

Thence he must run the gauntlet of the *Judenbörse*, or Jews' Exchange, a street market in which are collected all the discarded odds and ends of things that have been accumulating since the beginning of time, hardware, clothing, fish-nets, old books, shoes, jewelry, and so on. This quarter fascinates the mariner and on any pleasant afternoon he may be seen bargaining among a horde of gesticulating vendors for wholly useless rubbish which chances to catch his errant fancy. I know no more innocently diverting sight than that of a stalwart boatswain or quarter-master drifting toward St. Pauli, a battered bird cage dangling from one fist, a tarnished picture frame clutched in the other, and a bunch of German posies flaunting in his button-hole.

St. Pauli is the playground of the honest working people of Hamburg, a spacious,

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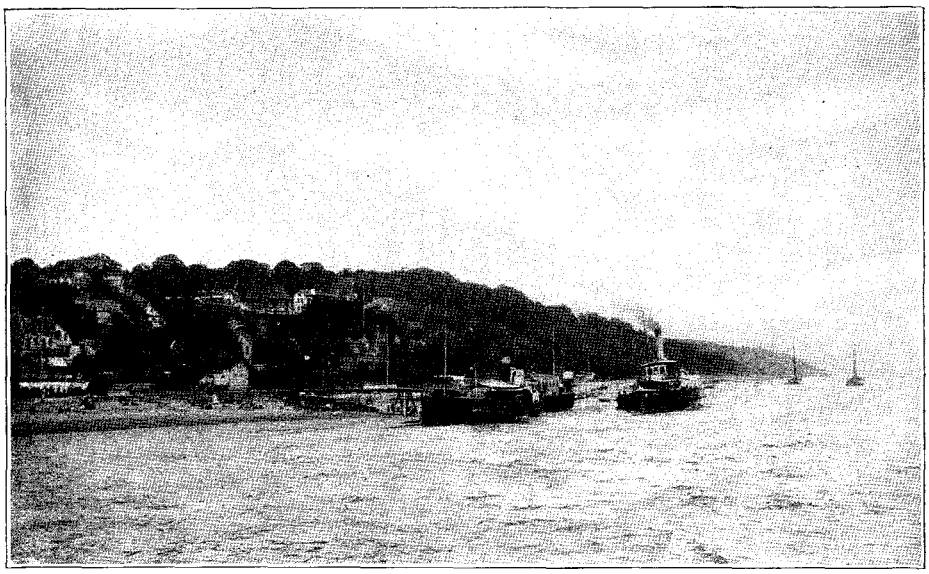
harmless place of concert halls and restaurants, theatres and beer gardens, of moving picture shows, wax-works, and shooting galleries, carousels, and booths of infinite variety. The crowds which seek amusement here find a certain childish zest in simple things. In this the Germans are remarkably like that other nation, the Japanese, whose industrial and military expansion, by land and sea, has been likewise notable. And St. Pauli chiefly interests the visitor because of its contrasts and seeming incongruity. Near at hand it is possible to catch glimpses of the harbor, to feel the thrill of its dynamic activities, and to discern the commerce-crowded shores. It appears as if Hamburg must be so strenuously at work that it can find no time for play.

Yet here in St. Pauli are thousands of happy, leisurely townsfolk, and groups of care-free sailors arm-in-arm, and rosy, boyish soldiers not nearly so ferocious of aspect as England imagines them to be, all enjoying themselves as if the world-conquering destiny of the Fatherland was the least of their concerns. The English masses in the great cities have lost this spirit of play, or perhaps it has been crushed out of them. It is the charm of Hamburg, whether you mingle with the populace at St. Pauli or prefer the more exclusive region of the Alster, that the day's work is brightened by a kind of sane contentment in living, of satisfaction in honest endeavor and of simple-hearted pleasure in the leisure hours.



The bank of the Elbe at Blankensee, below Hamburg.

LIFE

By Margaret Sherwood

How the great wheel rolls on the long white way
I marvelled, gazing far, as all men must;
One called unseen, and I, who dared not stay,
Am now become the wheel along the dust.

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Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

As he stood looking down on Mr. Clapp, he allowed one eyelid to flicker.—Page 464.

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JUSTIFICATION

By Gordon Hall Gerould

ILLUSTRATIONS BY JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

THE reputation of Peter Sanders, as he himself bitterly surmised, was infamous. He was not in the way of knowing, to be sure, how many preachers, within the past four years, had taken his nefarious career to point the moral of sermons; and he suspected only vaguely that he was held in admiring dishonor, east and west, as the boldest and wickedest gambler in America. Had he read the newspapers, which he did but seldom, he might have been aware of the number of lives he had blasted. As it was, his long-cultivated distaste for the meaningless scurry of current events had grown to a violent repugnance through seeing his name vilified in the public prints. He knew that he was a pariah; and that was more than enough, for he loved the society of his kind.

He had been hounded from his own house by an over-active district attorney; he had been compelled to quit business operations at all points and to content himself with the modest fortune (not more than a million and a half of productive investments, as he reflected morosely) that he had acquired. He was in the prime of life still, and he resented his enforced inactivity. He realized that only the forbearance, the very politic forbearance, of the officers of the law, who preferred to stop a public scandal quietly rather than probe it in the view of the world, stood between himself and a term of years with shaven head and striped clothing. He was not grateful, however. He regarded himself as the victim of stupid laws; and he cursed the district attorney as a loud-mouthed, hypocritical tyrant, serving up the head of a peaceable man of business to please young Democracy, who danced with mincing steps but was not a very proper young person, after all.

Worse than his retirement from affairs was his exile. If he could have lived, even solitary, in his own house, life would have been supportable. There he had rows upon rows of books, two great rooms full of them, which he had gathered with industry and intelligence through the years. He had read them, too, as time permitted, intending, as soon as he should be released from business cares, to follow up certain lines of antiquarian research that interested him extremely. He had intended to find out all that could be learned of one or two obscure mediæval figures whom he had stumbled upon: Walter Map of Oxford, for example, and a very shadowy person called Goliardus. Their temper suited him. He had gathered books to these ends as well as for rarity and beauty of workmanship; and he had eked out the inadequacy of his early training in Latin by pretty steady reading of the classics, particularly, in these later years, of the satirists, whom he had come to love. Now, in his leisure enforced, he would have been very glad to spend his days among his books, with no living companionship save of a few trusted friends who for old time's sake would not have minded the loneliness of the once feverishly gay house. They would have made nothing of his passion for the Middle Ages, to be sure, but they would have formed a charming circle, full of reminiscence and yet tactful of reference, for a quiet bachelor dinner.

But the books stood gathering dust on the shelves, and the friends could not meet. Mr. Sanders had received the most positive assurances from the district attorney that any move to occupy the house during his term of office would be regarded as a breach of the truce. Prosecution would begin at once; and the end of a trial, as the laws stood, was not doubtful. So the house had remained empty since the day it had been closed as what the preachers amiably called a "gambling hell." Mr. Sanders was an exile from home. Moreover, he did not dare take another house, either in New York or in any other large town, for that would at once have aroused suspicion and subjected him to annoyance. Hotels

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were impossible. The reporters gathered like bees as soon as he registered his name, and no management, he well knew, would regard him with favor as a permanent guest in any set of rooms large enough to suit his exacting tastes. He might have bought a place in the country, to be sure, but he would have had to live in it quite alone. By his soberer neighbors he would have been shunned, while any entertainment of gilded youth or giddy seniors would probably have resulted in a "raid." The prospect was not alluring.

Life at home was impracticable; life abroad proved impossible. He could buy books, and he did so, but he could ship them only to a storage warehouse. Save for his faithful Henry, a personal attendant of tried devotion, he was without companionship. Besides, though he might be an outcast, some simplicity of heart made him abhor the thought of being an expatriate. At Monte Carlo he had been surprised by a couple of his compatriots while repeating audibly:

"Lives there a man with soul so dead—"

Evidently they had recognized the mephistophelian Sanders, for they sniggered as they passed.

That unfortunate encounter had been the end. He determined to break from his isolation, to go where he would be unknown, and to be himself rather than a figure of public scorn. Three weeks later, at the Twenty-third Street Ferry in New York, he changed his name from Peter Sanders to Paul Silcox. The identity of initials was a happy thought of Henry's to avoid the necessity of purchasing new trunks. Sufficiently provided with funds for the needs of many months, and accompanied always by Henry, he entered a stateroom on a south-bound express and arrived the following night at an unfashionable town in the heart of Florida, a free but suspicious man.

In Orlando the newly arrived Mr. Silcox soon found himself a figure of importance, but not of notoriety. As the occupant of the best rooms in a well-conducted, quiet hotel and the only resident of the hostelry with a man-servant, he became the centre of interest for the gregarious circle of guests. By his unassuming affability he promptly won their liking and gained their confidence. Persons of simple tastes and ample but not extraordinary incomes, who for reasons of health or idleness had sought this region of orange groves and lakes among the pines, they regarded the newcomer as a most satisfactory addition to their number. They even boasted a little about him to their acquaintances in other small hotels that had no guest with a man-servant. To drivers of motor-cars and other purveyors of comfort Henry gave out discreetly that his master was a New Yorker, who had been in the banking business and had retired early in pursuance of his desire for cultivated leisure. Mr. Silcox, reserved but never taciturn, filled without difficulty the part created for him by his valet. It required little acting. Within a fortnight he basked in the sunshine of popularity and esteem. He had enjoyed a confidential chat with the mayor of the town, and, as a Northerner of wealth, he had been offered the chance to buy two orange groves.

One sunlit morning in mid-January Mr. Silcox was sitting on the eastern veranda of the hotel, reading Juvenal and making mordant reflections upon life.

"They're a pack of fools," he murmured inaudibly, "and I'm a bigger fool than any of them. They would cry with fright, I suppose, if they knew that Peter Sanders was about, damn them! But they're a good sort. I like them, yes; and they treat Paul Silcox just as well as they would a successful manufacturer of chewing-gum. They're nice people, and it's a shame to take them in. But I'm just the same, whether I'm Paul Silcox or not. I'm perfectly fit for Sunday-school, and I always knew it. It's nothing but damnable hypocrisy that got me into trouble. Hypocrisy!"

He gazed across a stretch of dusty grass to a thicket of palmetto trees, pursing up his heavy lips to relieve the agitation of his mind. Except for this slight movement, he presented a figure of somnolent ease as he thrust out his fat legs from the depths of a gayly cushioned willow chair. His flannels of spotless white gave no better evidence, one would have said, as to the care bestowed on his body, than his round, well-shaven face to a conscience free from reproach What lurked behind the drooping eyelids no observer could well have made out, save that a sudden light sometimes

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flashed there. He lifted his eyes now, momentarily, as he heard steps behind him.

"Ah, good-morning, Mr. Silcox, good-morning. I trust that we're not intruding."

At the greeting Mr. Silcox turned his head and made the preliminary wriggle essential to quitting his deep chair. "Good-morning, Dr. Henderson, good—" he began at the same instant.

"Don't, I beg of you, don't rise," said the elderly clergyman, who now stood with out-stretched hand in front of the chair. "Don't let us disturb you, don't. Eh—allow me to introduce to you my friend Mr. Clapp, Mr. Silcox." He indicated by a slight turn of the head a tall young man in blue serge who stood beside him.

Mr. Silcox shook hands gravely with Dr. Henderson, who was said to be the rector of a large church in New England, now enjoying a midwinter holiday to prepare himself for the severe labors of the Lenten season; and he transferred his hand uncomplainingly to the strong grasp of his new acquaintance.

"Very glad to meet you, Mr. Clapp," he said cordially. "A warm morning, Doctor! I've been too languid to stir. Do sit down, both of you. Let me pull up some chairs."

With a desperate struggle he got on his legs, only to find that the young man was already placing two chairs beside his own. Not to be unemployed, and pathetically grateful for company, as always, he suggested that lemonade would be refreshing.

"You are very kind, very kind," responded Dr. Henderson; "that would indeed be delightful."

"Thanks very much," said young Mr. Clapp, fanning himself with his straw hat and brushing back his curly light hair with his hand.

"Pardon me for one moment," said Mr. Silcox. "I'll just step in and speak to my man."

Mr. Clapp looked inquiringly after their host as he disappeared. "Have you known Mr.—Mr. Silcox long, uncle?" he asked.

"Oh—ah, I met him last week, last week, Gresham. Why do you inquire?"

"Oh, pure habit. Looks a bit like a fellow I used to know," remarked the young man, eying with some surprise the copy of Juvenal on the arm of Mr. Silcox's chair. Queer likeness, that's all."

"Not an uncommon type of face," remarked the clergyman, "but a very delightful and intelligent gentleman. Mr. Silcox has lived much abroad, he tells me. Most of us have—eh—forgotten our classics."

At this point their host returned, and all three seated themselves to await the arrival of the lemonade.

"Mr. Clapp," explained Dr. Henderson, "is the son of an old and very dear friend of mine, Jonas Clapp, of Chicago. You may have met him in the—eh—business world? In any case, you will know his name as a merchant prince. A wonderful man, Mr. Silcox, 'not slothful in business; fervent in spirit; serving the Lord.'"

"Oh, come, Uncle Joseph!" interrupted Gresham Clapp, fidgeting slightly with the discomfort of the young at hearing their parents taken seriously. "Dad's all right, but he's no Bible character."

"My dear Gresham," returned Dr. Henderson in mild reproof, "perhaps I am quite as good a judge of that as you: I have, presumably, a closer acquaintance with the Word of God, and I knew your father a long while before you were born."

Young Mr. Clapp burst into a generous laugh, in which Mr. Silcox joined tentatively. The conversation seemed likely to stray into regions whither he seldom had ventured.

"Your father's name is, of course, perfectly familiar to me, sir," he began, "and——"

"It would be fairly hard to get into Chicago without seeing it," said the young man, still smiling.

"A most remarkable extension of business, most remarkable!" murmured the clergyman. "Mr. Clapp," he went on, turning to Mr. Silcox, "arrived only this morning, and was good enough to come to see me at once. He tells me that he has been exploring the Everglades, and he has stopped at Orlando on his way northward to look after certain business interests for his father."

"Oh, nothing important!" protested the new arrival. "Just a few things that Son couldn't possibly go wrong in, you know."

"Did you find the Everglades an interesting region?" asked Mr. Silcox politely. "Ah, the—lemonade."

Henry, imperturbable and seemingly oblivious to everything but the dexterous

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management of a small silver tray, served Dr. Henderson first. As he stood looking down on Mr. Clapp, he allowed one eyelid to flicker. He glanced hurriedly at his master and resumed his stolidity of expression without delay. Beatific content overspread Mr. Silcox's face. Gresham Clapp, on his part, appeared to find something in the servant's masked features that interested him. From the moment of Henry's approach, he watched the man's automatic movements as if fascinated.

"Jove! but it's good to look at a civilized servant again," he remarked, as if to justify his perhaps observable interest, when Henry had withdrawn beyond earshot. "The hotels where I've been staying—well, their notion of elegance was to keep the chickens out of the dining-room during meal hours."

The talk thereupon drifted into harmless comment upon the deficiencies of hostelries in various parts of the world. Dr. Henderson knew the politer sections of Europe and the regions beloved of pleasure-seekers, north and south; Gresham Clapp had roughed it for a year in the West; while Mr. Silcox contributed eclectic information gathered at home and abroad. He forgot to be cynical in his enjoyment of the oddly sorted friends. To the open-hearted breeziness of the younger man he responded with a gayety that was wholly delightful. Never before, it seemed to him, had he met a youth of this type, at least not on the same terms. Possibly, he reflected in a submerged train of thought that kept pace with the actual conversation, he had been too warily critical of the youngsters who came to his house in the old days. But they had seemed to him, and they seemed to him still, a pack of brainless idiots whose money would be better placed anywhere than in their own pockets. This Clapp was different: straight of mind as of figure, sensitive to the impacts of life clearly enough, and capable of defending his own. Mr. Silcox was a little amused by his sudden impulse to friendliness, but he was by no means inclined to resist it.

He was surprised at the swift approach of the luncheon-hour, and he gladly forsook his solitary table in order to continue his conversation with Mr. Clapp, who was staying on with Dr. Henderson till afternoon. Luncheon ended, they joined a group of ladies and gentlemen who were paying a leisurely visit to a young and anæmic alligator in a basin across the stretch of lawn. Mr. Silcox relapsed for a moment into the mood habitual with him when he noted that every one not already known to every one else was delighted, or at least pleased, to make the acquaintance; but he pulled himself up with the reflection that he himself liked to be absorbed thus in the company. He noted also that the consideration paid to Gresham Clapp seemed to be due quite as much to his sponsors as to his youthful charm. And he himself, Peter Sanders really, was treated with the same deference as Dr. Henderson.

A delicate reference to the boy's much-advertised father started the conversation in familiar channels as they returned to the veranda. The entire circle seemed to have become fast friends, and they forsook reserve. They chattered trivially of important things, importantly of trivial things—talk in which the amiable Mr. Silcox's soul delighted, even while it revolted him. For the sake of being one with them he could equably endure the descent into empty-headed dulness, which they appeared to love. To be warmed by their appreciative esteem he would huddle with them in the hovels of gossip. They were, after all, the world. Before young Mr. Clapp's departure to go about his business, Mr. Silcox had invited him, along with Dr. Henderson, to make an expedition on the following day to the renowned sulphur springs.

"Henry," he said later, while preparing for his early dinner, "I want you to go over to Smith's and order a motor for me at half-past nine to-morrow morning. I'm taking a couple of friends with me to the sulphur springs they talk so much about, and we shall be gone for lunch, so please have some baskets of things ready."

"Yes, sir. But—beg pardon for my asking, Mr. Sanders——"

"Silcox! Silcox! Henry. Do be careful."

"Mr. Silcox, I beg pardon, sir. But do you mind my asking if they are the gentlemen that were with you this morning, sir?"

"Why, yes, as a matter of fact, they are. But what of that? Didn't you like their looks, Henry? Eminently respectable gentlemen, I assure you, who won't corrupt my morals."

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"But—look here, Mr. Clapp, I'm going to trust your discretion and tell you something."—Page 469.

"Only, sir, I think I've seen the younger gentleman before; and you know that I remember faces, Mr.—Silcox."

"I know you do. You've a lynx's eye, Henry. But what's the harm in seeing a man twice?"

"It isn't twice, sir," said Henry earnestly, pausing as he folded a white flannel coat with elaborate precision. "I've seen this gentleman several times, and I think it was in your—you understand—in your house. I hope you'll be careful, sir."

"That's nonsense, all nonsense. You've got the idea on your brain that I'm known everywhere, and you're nervous about it. We both are, for that matter. But this is a very different place from Palm Beach. We're quite safe here. There's not one chance in a thousand of these people connecting me with Peter Sanders. As for Mr. Clapp, he's not a young fool from Fifth Avenue, but a busy young chap from Chicago who knows the Rockies better than Broadway."

"Very good, sir," said Henry in the most subdued of tones, "but I hope you'll keep an eye on him all the same."

Mr. Silcox laughed amiably. He knew the depth of his attendant's devotion: it was his closest tie with humanity. He felt a genuine affection for the man, and he never resented being fussed over. But Henry was sometimes absurd.

"I'll look out for myself," he said as he left the room.

In the cool quiet of the next morning, while the freshness of the night was still perceptible in the sun's heat, he waited with Dr. Henderson before a blazing fire in the hotel office.

"I trust that Gresham won't be late," fumed the clergyman gently. "Young people are so careless about time—so careless!"

"Oh, I'll bank on Mr. Clapp, and anyhow we've a long day before us," remarked Mr. Silcox calmly.

"Yes, Gresham may be trusted to do whatever he puts his mind on," agreed Dr Henderson. "Though he was unsuccessful in his collegiate career, which was a

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great trial to his family, he has his father's incisive character. A very remarkable man, Mr. Silcox, very remarkable, who has been, I may say, greatly calumniated."

The whir of the motor and the entrance of young Gresham, fresh-faced and shining-eyed, were simultaneous.

"Just in the nick of time!" he exclaimed, shaking hands heartily with the two gentlemen. "A grand day, isn't it? Nothing like it in January this side of Montreal."

Outside, they found Henry stowing away capacious hampers in a rakish touring-car. It was part of his infallibility to provide the last refinements of civilization from nothing at all. In excellent humor they said goodbye to an interested knot of idlers, ladies with the novels and the silken bags that represented their mental resources against dulness, gentlemen with cigars. Out through streets of slatternly houses and along a dusty road that soon darted into the cover of pines they drove at good speed. The larger orange groves, resplendent masses of rich green spotted with the high lights of golden fruit, were soon left behind. Now and again they skirted a blue lake set in white sand; infrequently they roused a desolate village or passed an orange grove that had strayed from its kind. For the most part they were among the pines, or speeding across undulating wilds stripped of trees but not devoid of the fascination luminous air gives to desert spaces. When the day grew hot, they turned from the main road and followed devious trails that led, ill-marked and unmade, into the depths of the forest, where flowers of strange tints grew in ragged clusters and the branches were festooned with moss. At a seemingly perilous rate of speed they twisted their way among the trunks of trees, dashed to the bottom of little gullies, and passed noiselessly across levels carpeted with the cinnamon brown of pine-needles.

"A marvellous country—quite marvellous!" ejaculated Dr. Henderson as they drove through a semi-tropical jungle that gave the effect of a stage picture and emerged on the bank of a crystalline pool surrounded with lofty trees.

"But not a patch on the Everglades," declared Gresham Clapp with conviction.

"I had pictured them as huge swamps, beautiful only to a mosquito," commented Mr. Silcox.

"Not a bit of that," said his young friend. "Oh, of course, there *are* insects; but it's mighty pretty down there, and it's going to be the great orange-growing country."

"Ah, I hadn't suspected that," said Mr. Silcox, feeling a genuine interest in his guest's enthusiasm at least, if not in the great marshes. The youth of Fifth Avenue, as he remembered them, were eager only to squander their allowances. This boy gave him a vicarious attachment to the forces that were developing the earth, not plundering it.

"Your father has—eh—investments in the Everglades, has he not, Gresham?" inquired Dr. Henderson.

"He's put in a little money," answered the young man; and he went on with what seemed to be a shade of disgust in his voice: "He'll never sink much anywhere unless he's in a position to run the show. But I'm planning a little haul of my own down there."

While they ate a really excellent luncheon on a wooden platform above the spring, while they drifted in a rude skiff down the stream that emerged, the color of turquoise, from the bubbling pool, Mr. Silcox had no difficulty in drawing Gresham out. Much of the way home he made him talk. He was taken with his new friend, who responded with candor to every advance. Dr. Henderson fell silent, except for occasional heavy comment. Mr. Silcox learned that Mr. Clapp, with the adventurous spirit of his race, was planning to develop a considerable tract for orange-growing in a fertile paradise where frost never came and the scale was unknown. He learned, too, that the boy's father refused to support him in his magnificent enterprise, declaring, so the son said, that he already had sunk enough money in the swamps. Single-handed and with perfectly inadequate capital, but optimistic and energetic like all budding financiers, the heir of the Clapp millions was preparing his own *coup*. Mr. Silcox found himself regretting that he could not take a hand in this exciting game, that circumstances would prevent him even from investing money in it. Silently he cursed the district attorney.

They parted in the late afternoon, the best of friends. Gresham Clapp's busi-

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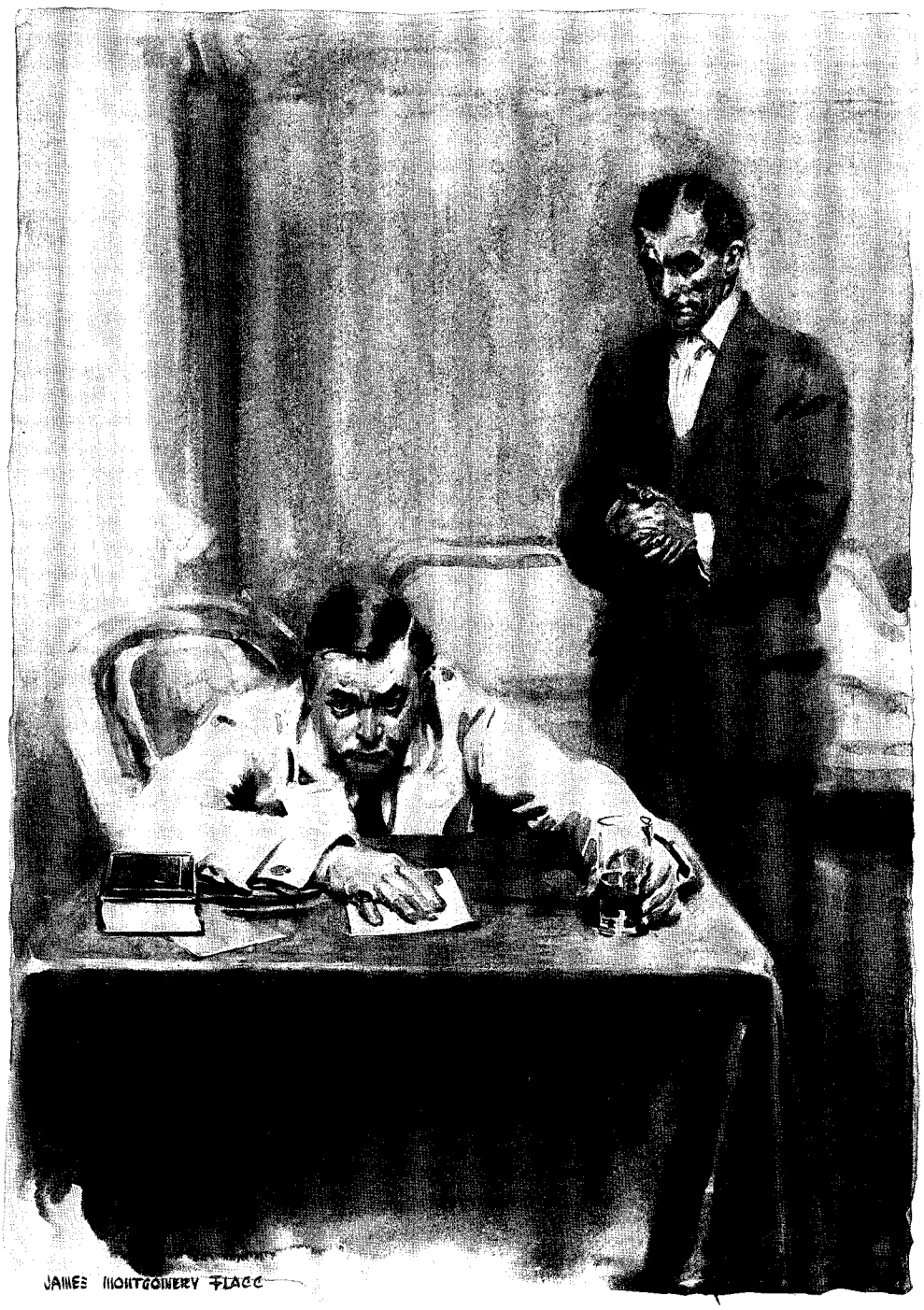

Drawn by James Montgomery Flagg.

"He's just about broken me—I mean, my heart."—Page 471.

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ness in Orlando, he informed the others, would take him a week's time at least. During the following days, morning, afternoon, and evening, whenever he was not busy with orange-growers and orange-packers, he drifted into the hotel. He took his friends to see how the fruit was cultivated, washed, and shipped. He let fall much interesting information about the conditions of raising and marketing oranges. More and more to the exclusion of Dr. Henderson, as the days passed, he was in the company of Mr. Silcox. He was not so discourteous as forever to be talking of his business schemes; he contributed entertainingly to any conversation, and he knew how to listen. In his breezy way he was always respectful to the older man. He asked advice very freely; he spoke of his difficulties with the utmost frankness, though he laughed at caution and blew care to the winds.

Day by day Mr. Silcox's pleasure in the young man's society increased, and with it his interest in orange-growing. Occasionally, when alone in his rooms, he saw the humorous aspect of the situation and laughed at himself rather bitterly for caring so absurdly about the cultivation of oranges. The speedy and sure returns of the roulette wheel were more in his line than the slower bounties of the earth. He put it to himself in this way, whenever he thought of the matter at all, not reflecting that his attitude toward Gresham Clapp was the really remarkable factor in the case. Something like an intimacy had sprung up between the two men despite the disparity in their years and the veil that Mr. Silcox must, of necessity, hang across his own past. From a purely generous motive he regretted the necessity. His heart expanded under the influence of his friend's youthful charm, glowed with a warmth unknown to it for years. At length it had found the human relationship that it had craved.

Mr. Silcox was conscious of wishing to make as much of this as possible, to make it a part of his life. He found himself desirous of becoming a proper associate for young Gresham, and he was astonished. He was willing to pay any price to grapple his friend to him, even to sacrifice opinions and prejudices—even about himself and his career. He rejoiced in the companionship of an unspoiled heart. He wished, moreover, to express his gratitude in some tangible form; he schemed incessantly to fill the young man's hours of leisure with delight. He wanted no return for what he gave—the recompense had come before the benefit, indeed. But he was glad to receive the homage of unaffected comradeship, always so flattering a tribute to middle-age from youth.

For the first time in his sensational career, the conscience of Peter Sanders awoke. Might it not be something more than public hypocrisy that kept him from dealing straightforwardly with this honest youth? Would he care to tell Gresham Clapp that he was Peter Sanders, the notorious gambler? If not, there must be something wrong in the whole business, for obviously his friend took no opinions ready made, and was not prudishly sensitive about the wagging tongue of rumor. But here he was, as Paul Silcox, quite unable to help a man he liked, and at the same time enter upon a business venture of certain profit, simply because he could not bear to disclose his identity to the most charitable and generous of beings. He felt himself bound hand and foot by his own folly. He recalled apothegms he had read about sin's nasty way of recoiling upon its perpetrator. He grew savage with the faithful Henry, who represented his past, and rebuked him severely one night for venturing to renew his warning about Mr. Clapp. Mr. Clapp, it must be understood, was not of their kind: he didn't have to skulk. Henry was wounded, and set his face grimly.

Mr. Silcox had found no peace of mind when, one morning, he sat with the young man on a bench beside the little lake overlooked by the hotel. It was Gresham Clapp's last day in the South; he planned to take the midnight express for Jacksonville and Chicago. They were talking in a desultory fashion about oranges.

"Would it be impertinent of me to ask how much you need to put through your deal?" inquired Paul Silcox hesitatingly. "I—eh—might be able to find some one interested in the proposition, you know."

"Not a bit of it," replied his friend promptly. "I need, with what I've got, just ten thousand. Why don't you come in yourself, Mr. Silcox?" He laughed in a

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way that would make it easy to turn off the matter as a joke.

"I—I should be very glad to do so," faltered Mr. Silcox, with great earnestness, "were it possible. As my affairs stand, it would be difficult to arrange, that's all."

"Oh, please don't think of it," begged the youth. "I wasn't asking you for the money. Business is one thing, and friendship's another. You've been awfully kind to me. I must tell you that before I leave."

"The pleasure has been mine, I assure you," deprecated Mr. Silcox with sincerity. "But—look here, Mr. Clapp, I'm going to trust your discretion and tell you something. Do what you please with it. My name isn't Paul Silcox at all. I'm—I'm Peter Sanders. Yes," he went on, noticing his companion's involuntary start, "the notorious Peter Sanders. I don't suppose you could bear to have anything to do with such a rogue as the newspapers say I am, but I'd like to lend you ten thousand with everything understood."

He finished his explanation rather wistfully, and looked straight at the young man, who flushed to the roots of his hair.

"Why, Mr.—Silcox," said Gresham Clapp, pausing as if to deliberate on his words, "I don't know that it makes any difference who you are, I mean whether you are Mr. Silcox or Mr. Sanders. I see, of course, why you prefer not to use your own name here. Uncle Joseph would cut you dead, if he knew he knew you, or preach to you, which would be worse." He chuckled, despite his embarrassment.

"It's very good of you to say so, that is, to say it doesn't matter," returned Peter Sanders. "I appreciate it, and I know I can trust you."

"No, you can be sure that I'll never tell," said the young man, whose composure had returned. "But—excuse me—don't you find life here a bit dull?"

"I hadn't thought of it," answered his companion simply enough. "I—I find I like the people."

Gresham Clapp eyed his companion curiously. "It's queer," he said, "but I believe I understand it."

"If you do," queried Mr. Sanders, "won't you let me invest with you? Of course, I've never lived under a false name till I came here, and I should have to give you a draft on my bankers in New York."

"You're sure you want to do it?"

"Yes, quite sure," was the answer, "both for business and for personal reasons."

"I'd rather have you do it just for business," remarked his friend gravely.

"Well, it's strictly business, then," said Peter Sanders, smiling at last. "Will you come up to my room to arrange about it?"

Three-quarters of an hour later, Gresham Clapp left the hotel with the equivalent of ten thousand dollars in his pocket. He had said good-bye to Mr. Silcox, for it was agreed that convenience would be better served if they did not again meet in public. Peter Sanders sat alone, ruminating. His heart was full. His bitterness was turned, for the moment, into genuine satisfaction. No longer did he feel himself an outcast, wronged, oppressed, down-trodden by a smugly righteous world. He had made his way with an honest man. None of his investments had ever interested him like this, nor had he ever felt the same excitement over any venture. He virtually begged Henry's pardon when Henry next came to him, and he nearly moved the imperturbable servant to tears by his extraordinary kindness. All day long, he went about in this exalted state of mind.

Though his companions of the hotel were unaware of it, the real Peter Sanders had experienced a change of heart. His amiability toward them came no longer from mere good-nature and a craving for the society of beings who should take him at his own valuation. He cherished their respectability and his part in it for its own sake. He would have liked to make a clean confession of his sins before them all, and to be absolved at whatever cost of penitential suffering. Only a lurking sense that his transgressions against the code of these good people were too great to be forgiven without the sacrifice of esteem, withheld him from telling the whole story to Dr. Henderson at least. He chided himself as a moral coward, but he shivered at the possibility of receiving forgiveness mingled with condescension from a righteous man who had treated him as if he had no past. He recognized himself as a leper, but he shrank from crying, "Unclean, unclean!" It would cut him off from what his heart craved, and it was quite unnecessary.

Whatever he had done (and perhaps the district attorney was right in thinking his

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establishment in New York a menace), he was doing no harm to any one now. He had even succeeded, once at least, in doing positive good. To be sure, he had in that case revealed his identity, but he could not be sure of finding elsewhere such philosophical acceptance of himself at his real worth. He recalled an admonition of his young friend's, just before they said good-bye: "Don't, for Heaven's sake, let on to Uncle Joseph." And he was silent.

At the same time, the world took on a new aspect for Peter Sanders by reason of his encounter with honest Gresham Clapp, who was clean-souled without mounting the seat of judgment. He felt more assurance in his rôle of Mr. Silcox, now that he had proved himself in the sight of another man to have the essential qualities of the part. He came to feel also, as the days passed, that he was not skulking, but had buried his infamy forever. He enjoyed the sunlight as he had not done before; he relished a rubber of bridge after dinner with a fussy old lady in a white shawl as partner, and no stakes. The Roman satirists he neglected, and he read Montaigne with delight.

One morning, a week after Gresham Clapp's departure, he sat on the veranda with Dr. Henderson.

"I wonder that I have—ah—heard nothing from our friend Gresham," remarked the latter. "You have, I suppose, as yet had no word from him? He certainly should have sent you some acknowledgment of your kindness. For one of his years, he is so singularly thoughtful for others that I should have supposed— He is, indeed, greatly like his father."

"Oh, that's all right," returned Mr. Silcox easily. "There's no reason why he should write to me at once, and probably he'll send you a note soon. I should be very glad to hear."

"Ah!" exclaimed Dr. Henderson, "I see that the boy is bringing the morning post now. If you will allow me, I will see whether he has letters for us."

Two minutes later he returned, reading one letter and bearing another unopened.

"Our young friend has remembered us at the same time," he said with a smile. "He seems to be quite himself, quite, though he writes briefly."

"Thank you," said Mr. Silcox, taking the proffered letter, his face illuminated with gratification. He tore it open and hurriedly glanced it through. "Yes, quite himself," he echoed, without change of expression. "We will—talk about it later. Will you excuse me now? I have some things that must be attended to before lunch."

With nervous step he went to his sitting-room, wondering dully whether he could support himself all the way. He felt cold, as if death were upon him. He dropped heavily into a lounging-chair.

"Henry," he called to his attentive servant, "some whiskey! Pour it—please."

He gulped down the liquor with closed eyes.

"Go!" he said.

With an effort, he opened the letter and spread it before him. Slowly and painfully, stabbed by every word, he read it.

"DEAR MR. SANDERS:

"It may interest you to know that our meeting in Orlando was not the first occasion on which I had the pleasure of your society. The winter before they closed you up, I visited your place in New York several times, and I dropped a straight ten thousand. I had to tell dad, and he has never forgiven me. He swore I shouldn't go into the business or have a cent more than enough to live on till I'd earned that amount for myself. When I met you, I realized who you were at once, and I made up my mind I'd get it out of you. I played you, and I won. After you were so nice to me, I thought that I couldn't ask you for the money, but I sat tight. You offered it to me, you remember. Uncle Joseph, I suppose, would call the whole business a low trick. But you're a good sport and ought to admit that it was a fair game. After all, I haven't done you as badly as you did me. I'm sending you under another cover a transfer of the property in the Everglades, which may be worth something. I hope you'll like orange-raising! Tell Uncle Joseph if you want to, but I don't believe it would do you any good. I sha'n't tell dad.

"Thanking you very sincerely for the good times you gave me *and* the ten thousand, "Yours truly,

"GRESHAM CLAPP."

"Henry!" called Mr. Silcox huskily.

"Yes, sir—what is it, sir?" said Henry anxiously, appearing from the next room.

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"Henry, I wanted to tell you—" Mr. Silcox gasped with the effort of speech. All the color had left his cheeks, and only his lifted eyelids gave expression to his face. "You were quite right about that gentleman, Mr. Clapp, you know. We *had* met before. It has cost me about ten thousand to find that out. He's like the whole rotten lot of them, and he's just about broken me—I mean, my heart. You're the only man living who knows I have one, so I'd like you to know."

"I'm very sorry to hear it, Mr. Sanders," said the man, unrebuked. "I seldom do forget a face. I wish I could make it up to you, sir, I really do. Perhaps a little more whiskey before lunch, sir?"

Mr. Silcox made no answer, but sipped the glass that was placed at his elbow. For a long while he sat in deep thought.

SONGS OF A SYRIAN LOVER

By Clinton Scollard

I

WHEN all the sands of night are run,
And dim the stars by slow degrees,
When over Tabor mounts the sun
And gilds with gold my olive trees,—

When skimming swallows dart and wheel
Athwart the azure Syrian air,
Somehow at heart I do not feel
'Tis morning if she be not there!

II

I HAVE stood on Jebel Sannin looking toward the tideless sea;
I have marched to Kerak Moab from the glades of Galilee;
I have trod the gorge of Petra where the ancient wonders be.

I have rested by the waters rilling clear from Ras-el-Ain;
I have lingered where the sunrise sweeps the width of Amir's plain;
I have seen o'er Merom's marshes ride the white wraith of the rain.

I have watched the pink flamingoes where old Nilus' torrents pour,
But give me, at shut of twilight, when all wanderings are o'er
And the vesper star is lighted, just her fair face at the door!

III

WHERE Richard Cœur de Lion shone
In the red lists of Ascalon
The lizard slips from stone to stone;
Templars and turbaned hosts are gone
Like sands from off the sea-dunes blown.

I know that I may one day be
E'en as a sand-grain of the sea
By the rude tempests tossed and swirled,
Yet something says my memory
Will bear her beauty down the world.

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GENERAL GRANT'S LETTERS TO GENERAL BEALE

INTRODUCTORY NOTE

THESE letters were written by Grant to his friend General Edward F. Beale at intervals from 1877, when Grant left Washington and went upon his travels, down to 1885; the last, indeed, was penned within a few weeks of the heroic end of the great commander at Mount McGregor.

The letters are the living memorial of a friendship which began in California in the early fifties and which twenty years later had a marked influence upon the course of national affairs. Grant had the gift of friendship, and his circle was not small; but to the Washington of the seventies it was no secret that of all his personal friends the one he most admired, the one to whom he always listened (and then did as his own good sense dictated) was "Ned" Beale (a grandson of the gallant Truxtun), who with Stockton conquered California, who fought Kearny's guns in the desperate battle of San Pasqual, who gave up active service in the Civil War at Lincoln's request because the providential President knew that Beale's presence in the debatable State would preserve it to the Union. Beale related that he first saw Grant in 1848 in the Casino on the Plaza of the City of Mexico where the officers used to gather during the American occupation. Beale was on his famous ride across Mexico, bringing the news of the conquest of California and the first specimens of the gold that had been newly discovered. He stopped for a few hours to change horses on his route to Vera Cruz. The friendship of Grant and Beale, however, dates from 1853, when Grant's army career seemed closed, and Beale, having resigned from the navy that he might provide for his growing family, was becoming interested in the wonderful development of the Golden State, which he foresaw like a prophet and by which he profited like a wise man.

In these days, when Grant was unfortunate, Beale stood by his friend with both word and deed. They walked the Long Wharf together and ate their meals at the "What Cheer" House when San Francisco was as uncertain of its name as of its future.

The value of these letters is enhanced by the fact that Grant was a reserved man and a somewhat reluctant correspondent; to few if to any of his circle of intimates did he open his heart as he did to his old comrade and house-friend Beale. The originals of these letters are in the possession of Hon. Truxtun Beale, only son of the General and former United States Minister to Persia and to Greece, to whom we are indebted for permission to reproduce them here.—STEPHEN BONSAL.

INVERNESS, *September 9th, '77.*

MY DEAR GENERAL: I was delighted day before yesterday while visiting the very northernmost part of Scotland by receiving your very acceptable favor of the 15th of August. We have had a most delightful visit both in England and Scotland, and on the Continent. We will remain on this island until about the 20th of October when we will go to Paris to remain some time. If the money holds out—it depends very much on Consolidated Va. Silver Mining stock holding out—I will be able to stay abroad two years very pleasantly.

It has been very gratifying to me—though very irksome to one so little inclined to speaking—to see our country so respected as it is abroad, and all the people, of all classes, show it on all occasions. The demonstrations on all the lines of railway, when the trains stop, are very much like they were immediately after the close of the rebellion, in the Northern States, when any of the army officers who were in high favor were travelling. But the newspapers bore you enough with this subject without my inflicting anything further.

Travelling as I have I have not been very well able to keep up with affairs at home. Important matters like the great railroad strike are fully reported—and duly exaggerated, of course—but little details I do

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not see as I would if receiving our own papers regularly. The progress of Civil Service reform—a very flexible reform, or humbug, that justifies whatever a few dissatisfied politicians want—comes by instalments. There are two humbugs which Mr. Hayes will find out—for I believe he is an honest, sincere man, and patriot—one is Civil Service reform, the other reformers. This is my judgment. Let us see.

Soon after my arrival in England I had the pleasure of driving Kellogg. He came over in fine condition and is as good as ever. I hope Rockey [one of his horses] may prove as good and that either Mrs. Beale or yourself will find enjoyment in using him. I left word before my departure that if Blossom was not in foal you could use her—on the turf or otherwise—as you choose. I will feel more at home back in Washington than any place else, and no place more than in visiting your farm with you. I also thank you and Mrs. Beale—Mrs. Grant joins me in this—for your kind invitation to your house. If we should conclude to remain there we will, of course, endeavor to have a house of our own. But we thank you all the same.

With kindest regards of Mrs. Grant and myself to Mrs. Beale and all your family, I am, sincerely and truly,

Your obt. svt.,

U. S. Grant.

Hotel Bristol, Paris, *November 4th*, '77.

Dear General: I am just in receipt of your letter of the 19th of Oct. I want you to do with "Bob Acres" just as you would if he was your own. Breed him to just as many mares as you think proper. If I should ever want him I will send for him. It is most likely that when I settle down I shall want a pair to drive, and if he proves fast may want him. In the meantime there will be an opportunity of seeing his colts.

We have been now ten days in Paris, and I have seen pretty well the outside of it. But I have seen nothing here that would make we want to live in Paris, or elsewhere outside of the United States. My preference would be for England of all the countries abroad I have yet seen. It has been a mystery to me how so many Americans can content themselves here, year after year with nothing to do. Houses are not so comfortable as with us; living is not so good; society is confined—almost—to the colony temporarily residing here, and the only thing I see to commend Paris to foreigners is that everybody minds their own business and do not interfere with their neighbors—if they pay their bills. We have seen Mamie * and have promised to dine with her and husband, quietly, if we get through other engagements in time, before leaving. She is very well and appears very contented—I note what you say about the Administration. I hope all will turn out right, and if it does not that the democracy will do some foolish thing in time to consolidate the republicans by the time of the next Presidential election.

Poor Morton † is dead! He is a great loss to the country. His patriotism never deserted him and the party had no abler expounder of its principles in the Senate. I hope his friends will see that his family do not want.

Please present Mrs. Grant's and my kindest regards to Mrs. Beale and Miss Emma.‡

Yours truly,

U. S. Grant.

Constantinople, *March 6th*, '78.

My Dear General: After a delightful trip through Egypt; up the Nile to the first falls; back to Cairo; to Suez and through the Suez Canal to Port Said; to Jaffa and Jerusalem; to Smyrna and Ephesus, we are now at this historically interesting place. We have been here five days, and leave this evening for Athens. The city is very quiet, but in government circles one discovers a deep gloom. The Russians are but a few miles outside of the city and can come in when they please. But as terms have been signed, and the Russian Minister to Turkey is now in this city, they may abstain from coming in altogether. I feel a great desire to visit the Russian camp, but as the Turks have been very hospitable, and might look upon such a visit with suspicion, I shall refrain.

I was invited to an audience with the Sultan the other day, and to visit his private stable of thoroughbred Arabian horses. A Turkish admiral, who was educated in England, and speaks perfect English, acted

* Mme. Bakmatieff, General Beale's daughter.
† O. P. Morton of Indiana.
‡ Mrs. John R. McLean.

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as interpreter. After we had left the Sultan he sent for the admiral, who, on returning, said that "His Imperial Majesty" would send to the ship on the following day one of the horses and equipments. I thanked him very kindly, but declined on the ground that the ship was not coming directly to the United States, that I should not go back soon myself, etc. But in visiting the stables—where there are sixty or seventy of these horses; it may be more—I found the officers were anxious to get my views as to which were the best. There were three, one a beautiful dappled grey, one a blood bay and one a sorrel, which I designated as very beautiful. Dining last night with the Minister of War—at which the Cabinet and many other officials and others were present—I was told that the Sultan would think hard of it if I should decline to receive the horse, and that he would be sent to Marseilles for me. If he is I shall make arrangements to have him sent to Liverpool, to the care of our Consul, Gen. Fairchild, to be shipped by him to Phila., to your care. If he goes I hope you will take him and use him—for breeding purposes or otherwise—as your own until I call for him, which may not be for a year or two. These horses, I am told, have their pedigrees kept for one or two hundred years back, and are of the purest blood. It may be of some value to breeders in the United States to get some of this blood, and if so I will be amply repaid. I will make arrangements for the payment of all expenses in getting the horse to Phila., and when I return will pay all other expenses.

It is more than probable now that I will return to the U. States next fall. But, if so, I shall not go to housekeeping—except at Long Branch in the summer—until the fall of '79, and where I have not yet determined. Washington is my choice, but this I will leave to be determined after my return.

I received your very welcome letter at Smyrna, and one at the same time from Adml. Ammen. I get the home papers now with muc. regularity, and regret to see politics at home in such a troubled condition. We learn that the Silver Bill*—which I regard as dishonest and very destructive to the interest of the country—has passed both houses by a large majority. I hope the President will veto it, and that his veto will prevail. Should it pass I look to the best interests of the country rendering it nugatory by refusing to make contracts except on a gold basis. The double standard I regard as wholly impracticable. The currency of lesser value will drive the better out of market. Gold would simply become an article of merchandise, being bought and sold at so much premium. The Supreme Court will no doubt decide that part of the law which makes silver a legal tender in payment of principle and interest on the public debt as unconstitutional—*ex post facto*.

Mrs. Grant joins me in desiring to be kindly remembered to Mrs. Beale and your family.

If you should write to me within a few days of the receipt of this, direct to Rome, I will no doubt get it there. Later direct to the care of Drexel, Harjes & Co., Paris.

Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

COPENHAGEN, *July 7th*, '78.

MY DEAR GENERAL: We arrived here this a. m. and found a mail for us, and with it your welcome letter written after your return home. I wish I could be with you long enough to visit the farm and the colts. I look forward to my return to the States with more pleasure than I do upon any visits yet proposed to countries I have not yet visited. Since seeing you I have done up Holland and North Germany very thoroughly. The Hollanders are a great people, good-looking, industrious, free and rich. North Germany is better than I expected to find, that is, more productive. The people, of course, we know all about. We have them by the tens of thousands at home. On Friday we leave here to go through Norway, where I hope to do some fishing. After that we will go through Sweden, Russia and Austria; after which we will take a run through Spain and then settle down for the winter, some place. In the spring we will go home in time to be an early settler at our Long Branch home—the only one we have.

Now that Congress has adjourned it is to be hoped that business will revive, harmony prevail, and the newspapers become stupid for the want of exciting or sensational topics to write upon. I note what

* Bland Bill.

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you say about the prospects for '80, and hear the same thing from other sources—letters and papers. But with the revival of business all this will be forgotten, and I am very sure it will be gratifying to me. I have had all the honors, and would like to avoid the vexations of political life for the future. Although not sensitive to abuse of opponents,—who slander without regard to facts,—I do not care to be a constant antagonist. I have children—and children's children, in a small way—who may be affected by these things, and I want to spare them. I am very glad Phelps has been continued as one of the commissioners for the district. I know a more competent or honest officer could not have been selected. Then he is acquainted with the duties. He has too, large executive abilities, with the strictest integrity behind—qualities inculcated by both the Military and Naval Service. I received a letter from Phelps some time ago—more than a month—which I am ashamed to say I have not answered. Give him my kindest regards and say that I had got into a sort of rut in the way of writing to a few persons,—ten or a dozen outside of my own family,—and that while I intended writing to him I have always found that when I do sit down to write I have more letters to answer than I can get through with.

Remember me to my Washington friends—and Long Branch ones too, where I suppose this will find you—and Mrs. Grant's love to Mrs. Beale and Miss Emily, and my kindest regards.

Very truly yours,
U. S. Grant.

Pau, France, *December 6th, '78.*

My Dear General: Your letter of the 29th of Oct. reached me—or rather I found it—at Gibraltar about three weeks ago. It made me more homesick than I was to be back again and to be with you in some of your visits to the farm. I shall be sorry if Bob Acres does not turn out a trotter. But my means will not allow me to indulge much in fancy stock.

We have nearly determined to go by the way of India, and to go by the U. S. steamer *Richmond* which leaves for the Mediterranean on the 10th, four days from now. I have cabled to the Sec. of the Navy to-day, accepting his invitation to take passage in her. It would be delightful to have you along, as you propose,* but Mrs. Grant would not give up the trip for the world. In fact, she has been urging me to go that way ever since I first announced my determination to return by the Atlantic.

We have seen the capitols, and most of the principal towns, and the people of every country in Europe. I have not yet seen any to be jealous of. The fact is we are the most progressive, freest, and richest people on earth, but don't know it or appreciate it. Foreigners see this much plainer than we do. While all other nations are exercised how to raise more taxes out of an over-burdened people to pay the interest on debts already contracted, and to support large armies and navies to protect themselves, we are reducing taxation and paying off our debt.

The results of the Nov. elections, in the North, are very encouraging. I am glad the elections of Conkling and Cameron are insured.

Mrs. Grant sends her love to Mrs. Beale and Miss Emily. Mrs. Grant says to tell Miss Emily that she has heard, away out here, of the swell team she and Buck † attended the Wise-Hopkins wedding with. My kindest regards to the ladies also.

Yours truly,
U. S. Grant.

United States Consulate General,
Shanghai, *May 23d*, 1879.

My Dear General: A mail is just in and brings your letter of the 13th of March. Yours of the 3d reached me at Hongkong. The dialogue which you give that took place between you and a Northern democratic Congressman is discouraging enough. But I have strong faith in the people when real danger comes. The experience of the rebellion is not going to be thrown away. Should there be a second rebellion during the life of people engaged in the last it would be dealt with most summarily, and would be so thoroughly put down as to keep it down for ever. You would not witness again the instigators of rebellion dictating laws for the government of the loyal.

I have now been in this greatest commercial city of China six days. My reception has been the most cordial and most demon-

* General Beale proposed in his letter, to which this is an answer, that Mrs. Grant might stay with Mrs. Beale in some pleasant climate during the journey around the world.

† U. S. Grant Jr.

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strative I have witnessed since leaving England. But Young's * letters to the *Herald* will give full description.

We leave in an hour for Tientsin and Peking. After going to the great wall we will go to Japan, where I shall stay five or six weeks. I should like to go back by Honolulu, but doubt whether I will be able to do so.

Mrs. Grant joins me in much love to you and all your family.

Very truly your friend,
U. S. GRANT.

UNITED STATES CONSULATE GENERAL,
PEKING, CHINA, *June 7th*, '79.

MY DEAR GENERAL: I have now been to the limit of my travels in China. From here we take the back track to Tientsin, and thence to Japan as rapidly as a U. S. vessel of war—seven knots an hour—can carry us. I must say that neither the country nor the people attract the traveller to pay them a second visit. But I have visited the country under the most favorable circumstances to see and study the people, institutions, etc., and have drawn rather a favorable view of their future from all I have seen. In the first place, they are enduring, patient to the last degree, industrious, and have brought living down to a minimum. By their shrewdness and economy they have monopolized nearly all the carrying trade—coastwise—of the East, they are driving out all other merchants; through India, Malay, Siam, and the islands from the shores of Africa to Japan, they are the mechanics, market-gardeners, stevedores, small traders, servants and everything else that goes to mark material progress. They are not a military power and could not defend themselves against even a small European power. But they have the material for a strong, independent nation and may, before many years roll around, assert their power. Their leading men thoroughly appreciate their weakness, but understand at the same time the history of Turkey, Egypt and other powers that have made rapid strides towards the new civilization on borrowed capital, and with foreign management and control. Their idea seems to be to gradually educate a sufficient number of their own people to fill all places in the development of railroads, manufactories, telegraphs, and everything new to them, but common—if not old—with us. Then, with their own men and capital, to commence a serious advancement. I would not be surprised to hear within the next twenty years, if I should live so long, more complaint of Chinese absorption of the trade and commerce of the world than we hear now of their backward position. But before this change begins to show itself there will be a change of dynasty. The present form of government gives no State power whatever. It may take off the heads of weak offenders or of a few obnoxious persons, but is as weak against outside powers as we would be if "States' Rights," as interpreted by Southern democrats, prevailed. There are so many powers within the government as to prevent the whole from exercising its full strength against a common enemy.

Mrs. Grant's and my love to you and all your family.

Very truly yours,
U. S. GRANT.

TOKIO, JAPAN, *August 10th*, 1879.

MY DEAR GENERAL: The time is now near at hand for my departure for the States. On the 27th of this month we sail on the steamer *City of Tokio*. It is my intention to remain several weeks on the Pacific and visit Oregon and Washington territory. On the way home I shall stop over a few days at Virginia City; a few days at Salt Lake, and from Cheyenne I shall go south to Denver where—or at Colorado Springs—I shall leave Mrs. Grant while I run out to Leadville. Returning from the latter place we will go directly to Galena, the only place where I have a residence. I shall not go east probably before the holidays. I will then accept yours and Mrs. Beale's proffered hospitalities for a few days while there. I shall not want to remain in Washington long while Congress is in session.

I have now been six or seven weeks in Japan. The country and people are exceedingly interesting. The progress that has been made in this country in a few years is more like a romance than a reality. They have school facilities for every child in the empire, male and female, equal to the Northern States of the Union. Their Naval and Military Academies, their colleges and their school of science are equal to the best

* John Russell Young.

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of ours in the course taught and mode of instruction. In all their higher educational institutions the text-books are in English, hence the students must learn the English. Already the mass of their professors are natives, many of them having been educated in the schools where they now teach.

Remember us all to Mrs. Beale and all your family. Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

GALENA, ILL., *May 16th*, 1880.

MY DEAR GEN. BEALE: I was glad to receive your letter of the 27th of Apl. I should have written to you from Mexico, but I knew you had gone to California, did not know your address there, and expected your return to Washington before this.—My last trip was quite as pleasant as any that preceded it. Mexico has made no great strides since we were there as young men. But it is just preparing for rapid development. With a peaceable Presidential election this summer, and quiet inauguration following, Mexico will be able to invite foreign capital to build her roads, develop her sugar, coffee, tobacco and mines, and build up a commerce commensurate with her great natural resources. Now that we have roads going to her very borders they should form connections with a whole net-work in that country. We are now paying two hundred millions a year, in sterling exchange, for tropical and semi-tropical products which Mexico could furnish, and would receive largely in exchange the products of our soil and manufactories.

The campaign east of the mountains has been unprecedented. The democratic papers need not bother their heads for matter to fill up their campaign documents. All they need to do will be to republish what the republican papers have said about the candidates whose nomination they opposed. But I hope the election will come out right.

Buck returned two weeks ago. Jesse we hear nothing from. Ere this I hope he is at your house.

I forgot to mention that I did not go to Honolulu, because I found that it would be impossible to get to the Pacific from Mexico with any comfort with ladies and all the interminable baggage they carry.

With kindest regards of Mrs. Grant and myself, Yours truly,

U. S. GRANT.

GALENA, ILL., *September 3d*, 1880.

MY DEAR GEN. BEALE: Your very kind letter advising against my accepting the position assigned me by the papers with the San Pedro Mining Co. was duly received. I had examined the property and really believe it to be the most valuable piece of mining property now known. I had the offer of the Presidency of the Co. with a good salary, and a part ownership, on favorable terms, with an assurance that the stock would not be put upon the market, nor any of it sold. With these conditions I thought I would accept, but fortunately declined to do so until I should go to New York City in the fall. Soon I saw some of the property was being sold, it apparently having enhanced in value in the estimation of some people as soon as my connection with it was published, and the temptation being too great for some of them to withstand. I at once wrote casting much doubt about my having anything to do with it. Later, learning of at least one person who had purchased on the assurance that I had, or would undoubtedly accept the charge, I wrote, positively declining to have anything to do with it.

Your letter stated that you would go to Wasington in a short time. I address this to you there therefore. We will leave here for the east in less than a month, not to return before next spring. Where we will spend the winter is not yet determined, but probably a good deal of it will be in Washington City. That is where I prefer to make my principal home, but circumstances may compel me to locate elsewhere. There are two subjects I wish particularly to promote, if in my power—the construction of an Inter-Oceanic Canal, and the building of railroads in Mexico to connect with ours—and these subjects may possibly fix my location without reference to my preferences. Mrs. Grant and I will certainly meet you and Mrs. Beale during the fall or winter, either in New York or Washington, or both.

With the best regards of Mrs. Grant and I to you and all your family, I am

Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, N. Y. CITY,
October, 22d, 1880.

MY DEAR GEN. BEALE: Mrs. Grant received a letter from Emily asking her to ac-

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company me when I go to Washington, and be your guest. She will do so, but I cannot say now when we will go. If not so engaged as to detain me here, or elsewhere permanently, we expect to spend the winter from early Jan. in Washington. In that case we will either get a house or make some hotel arrangement. But we will pay you a visit in the meantime. It will probably be shortly after the election. It looks to me now as if the result of the election was assured. This State will certainly go republican, and I rather think all the Northern States will go the same way. I felt as if I could not bear the idea of the democrats getting possession of the Govt. and to show my sympathy with the cause consented to preside at the Warren, Ohio, meeting. It has caused me a world of trouble. Letters and dispatches, and committees are after me day and night to go to this place and that, to some of which I have been compelled, for my own peace of mind, to give my consent. I am glad it will all be over soon. I should not mind so much attending these meetings only that as soon as I make my appearance there is a universal shout for me to say something, and the people will not be quieted without it. Speaking before the public is a terrible trial for me, and being totally without verbal memory I cannot prepare anything in advance to say. But I cut it short and get out the best I can, much to the disgust apparently of the democratic papers, which think that of all the country I am the least entitled to a political opinion. If we had two National parties, neither dangerous to the prosperity and welfare of the country, I would agree with them in saying that it would be much more dignified for me to keep out of the arena of politics. But our sacrifice of blood and treasure has been too great to loose all the good results now to save a little dignity. I sincerely believe that a democratic success now would be almost as disastrous as a war, and that the disaster would be no less to our section or to our party than to the other.

With kind regards of Mrs. Grant and myself to you and all your family,

Very truly yours, U. S. GRANT.

NEW YORK CITY, *November 25th*, '80.

MY DEAR GEN. BEALE: I find now my engagements will keep me here until after the 9th of Dec. I will, therefore, go to Washington on Monday, the 13th. I am busy to-day trying to get up with a correspondence which gets much behind the best I can do.

When you were here I told you that no one I talked to took any interest in the Canal. The railroad men are indifferent, but say that before the canal could be built, if commenced now, the wheat of California will be coming to the Gulf of Mexico, or New Orleans, by rail cheaper than it could be transported via San Francisco to the Pacific end of the canal. Railroads in Mexico are receiving the enthusiastic endorsement of railroad men with capital to build them, and of capitalists generally. They will be built now as fast as human labor can construct them.

With kind regards of Mrs. Grant and I to Mrs. Beale and Miss Emily,

Yours very truly,

U. S. GRANT.

OLD POINT COMFORT, VA.

MY DEAR GENERAL BEALE: I have your letter of Friday asking my endorsement of Gen. Ayres for the Brig. Generalcy to be made vacant by the retirement of Gen. McKenzie. I know Gen. Ayres very favorably, but I must decline from taking part in the contest for that officer. I am very loth to ask anything from this Administration further than can be granted by the different members of the Cabinet, most of whom I regard as personal friends. Then, too, I regard Merritt as coming next in order of services rendered though I am not going to give him—or any one—an indorsement.

We arrived here without any fatigue, though the weather is as bad here as in New York, barring the cold. I do not think we will remain long.

We may go back by way of Washington and stop off for a few days. If we do, however, we will stop at a hotel because of my condition and the number of people who will be calling at my room. We will make you a visit later when I am able to get about. Then too we have a large family now, three of us and two servants. I am writing with a bad hotel pen and a trembling hand.

With kindest regards of Mrs. Grant and

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myself and Miss Sharp* to you, Mrs. Beale and Miss Emily, I am

Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

LONG BRANCH, N. J., *June 26th*, '84.

MY DEAR GENERAL BEALE: Your letter of yesterday just received. It is very good of you to take so much interest in the bill for my retirement. But I cannot suggest any member of Congress for you to see. All the members I know personally, except Rosecrans, are in favor of the bill, and I do not know of but one other, Springer, who opposes it. No doubt there are others who do, but I have not heard of them expressing any particular opposition. I have not felt that the bill would pass this session, if at all. I need it very much and would feel grateful for it, particularly if it should pass the House as it did the Senate. I am not as familiar with the rules of the House as I should be. But my recollection is that a bill cannot be taken from the Speaker's table except by unanimous consent. If I am correctly informed Springer and Rosecrans will not give theirs.

We all hope that Mrs. Beale and Emily are steadily improving in health. It may be that we will run up to Deer Park for a week in August. We have now a large family here. Nellie and family and Fred and family are here. But there is always a spare room for you if you come this way, and for Mrs. Beale and Emily if they are along.

With love from Mrs. Grant to your family,

Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

December 16th, 1884.

MY DEAR GENERAL BEALE: Mrs. Grant and I are very much obliged to you and Mrs. Beale for your kind invitation to visit you; but unless I improve very materially from my present conditional (*sic*) I will not be able to leave home this winter. I am now a great sufferer from my throat. It is nearly impossible for me to swallow enough to sustain life, and what I do swallow is attended with great pain. It pains me even to talk. I have to see the doctor daily, and he does not encourage me to think that I will be well soon. Mrs. Grant and I would go to the Hot Springs in Arkansas; but the doctor does not deem it advisable to do so.

With kindest regards to all your family,

Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

NEW YORK CITY, *January* 6, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR: Through the press and otherwise, I learn that you, with a few other friends of mine, are engaged in raising a subscription for my benefit. I appreciate both the motive and the friendship which has dictated this course on your part, but on mature reflection, I regard it as due to myself and family to decline this proffered generosity.

I regret that I did not make this known earlier.

Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

CYRUS W. FIELD, ESQ.

NEW YORK CITY, *January* 24, 1885.

MY DEAR GENERAL BEALE: Your letter of the 20th was duly received. I am much obliged to Mrs. Beale for her kind expression about my Shiloh article. It will, I have no doubt, be severely criticised. But I have told in it the exact truth as I saw it.

Mrs. Grant says we will accept yours and Mrs. Beale's kind invitation to visit you soon after the 4th of March. But I have no idea that I will be able to go. My throat is giving me much trouble, and I must see the doctor daily. There was about two weeks of last month, and the first of this, when I could not speak, for the pain it gave me. I am now having a similar turn, but not so bad. If I should be in a condition to leave the doctor's care by the 4th of March, or at any time in the spring, I will be glad to go.

Very truly yours,

U. S. GRANT.

* Mrs. Grant's neice.

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"FOR EAST IS EAST, AND WEST IS WEST"

By Mary Gay Humphreys

Illustration by H. C. Wall

"WHAT in the world has gone with that star?"

We were each in an easy chair on the ranch porch. "We" included two cats; one, who had adopted us, named Thomasita, a black cat with white hind legs which gave him the air of stalking about in pajamas; the other, Little Pink, was a scrub yellow kitten who screamed for everything she wanted and got it; and now had the easiest chair of all. It had a cushion. The third four-footed member of our group was Rollie, our faithful guardian, a dog of no degree, who spent his days in chasing coyotes, also his nights, when he was not dreaming of chasing them. We others were merely four women, three ranchers and their visitor.

Five miles up a lovely but lonely canyon we had no mails, except when some chance wayfarers brought them, since cloudbursts had gashed the roads and made them impassable. Consequently, as we lay back at our ease idly wondering where that star had gone, we were witnessing unwittingly the occultation of Mars, which some days later the newspapers informed us was a performance of wide-spread interest. However, our wonder at the disappearance of the star was merely in passing, our conversation being of another sort.

For twenty-five years these women ranchers, coming from a large city, had lived thus remotely. Now that the open range had passed away they had sold off their excess herds and were their own cowboys. Except on great occasions such as branding, when the neighboring ranches sent help, they lived entirely alone. In this almost inconceivable isolation they kept touch with the great world without by means of those magazines and accommodating periodicals which present the progress of the sphere in tabloid form for the benefit of the busy and the remote, and with stories reflecting the manners and morals of the day.

Even with these aids there were wide gaps in their knowledge of the outer civilization, missing links, new coinage of words, inverted meanings, inexplicable changes in customs familiar in their girlhood, still greater changes in the spiritual and ethical outlook of the day. They went to town to vote at the appointed season, but this was all in the day's work; as to that creature, the new woman, of whom they had read so much, they were sorely perplexed. Thus there was an infinitude of talk as we endeavored to bring our two diverse civilizations within one another's comprehension.

For their environment was as inexplicable to me, just out of the whirlpool in which I had so nearly been engulfed, as mine to them. I had come from the seething centre of things, days and nights of bridge and other lady-like dissipations, of breathless runs in motor-cars to keep pace with my kind; this on my part. On the part of my family, the see-saw of the stock-market on which I was tossed now high, now low by forces beyond my control. One day we were rolling in the wealth of the sanguine, the next buried by the woes of the male Cassandras of the household, who saw the country on the verge of perdition. Now, I was gratifying the caprice of the moment, and now, despairing before the heaping up of the monthly bills. When the warm days came a friendly young doctor took me in hand.

"Your nerves are fiddle-strings. Beat it. You for the simple life. Three months at least, better six."

I took it as all medical advice because it fell in with my inclinations. I came to San Christos canyon, where except in emergencies we did nothing but eat, sleep, and talk; and talk like a rivulet overflowed the islets of eating, and even the longer stretches of sleep. This evening it flowed continuously. Salina had begun lightly enough.

"Do nice women smoke cigarettes?"

"Well, yes."

"You don't."

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"Thanks for the implication. I can't. The tobacco always gets in my mouth."

"It seems incredible that women who wear lingerie gowns should smoke like men."

"She's thinking of her latest heroine," Elena suggested.

"What have lingerie gowns to do with it, Salina?" I inquired.

"They seem to me to lack the dramatic instinct," she continued musingly without answering me. "Page in her cowboy dress riding the range with a cigarette in her mouth would look all right."

"Page!" exclaimed Maria. "Don't say that to her. Page would be mightily shocked at the bare suggestion."

"Page? Is that the little girl who breaks broncos? She's awfully fetching in her costume. By the way, Salina, where is your dramatic instinct when you go cowboying in a mother hubbard and a sunbonnet?" I ventured.

"When she wears a peaked Mexican hat she is the image of the old woman riding a broomstick. I'll show you a snap shot I caught one day up the canyon," laughed Elena.

"I've no time to costume myself when I look for a missing calf or chase cattle thieves."

"No, her appearance scares them off," Elena persisted.

"But, Salina, what may a woman do in a lingerie gown?" I returned to our theme.

"Well"—she gave the matter some thought. "Why, for one thing, fan. Don't women fan any more? The stories scarcely ever mention fans," she turned on me. I gave her question some consideration.

"I don't recall fans except as wedding presents, and those are too fine for action. You see, this is an athletic age," I continued, feeling my way. "Women don't mind getting red; they fairly mop their faces with their handkerchiefs."

"In my days we were brought up to use fans. A fan shows off one's rings, and keeps the blood out of the hands, not to mention its conversational possibilities in critical moments. Humph. So women have laid down their fans and taken up cigarettes, rackets, and bats."

"With Salina one swallow always did make a summer," Elena interposed. "On those cigarettes she will construct the entire fabric of your curious society."

"Certainly." She accepted the challenge. "Cuvier only needed a bone. I have faith in what the French call 'indications.' I am like an old-fashioned doctor. I believe in symptoms. Such things are symptoms. Do cocktails go with cigarettes, and of course gambling at bridge?"

"They've been known to. But, Salina, don't profess to be shocked at cocktails," I protested. "I'll wager that you have sipped the sugar at the bottom of toddy glasses many a day when you were in pigtails."

"I am not shocked. I am trying to understand. Certainly I was brought up in a land of toddies; but please don't compare those exchanges of courtesy and reminiscence for which toddy merely gave the opportunity with the modern cocktail."

"I thought she would take the medical tack," whispered Elena.

"Not at all," Maria whispered back. "She is making for the upper ether."

"Cocktails, from the stories I read, are an artificial stimulus to the appetite, and are taken by women as well as men," Salina went on in her Johnsonian manner.

"Certainly. Handed about before dinner," I admitted.

"Tossed down, not drank—not a moment for wit or repartee," she supplemented. "Of course, in a healthy state of society such an artificial stimulus would not be needed. Compared with pipes or cigars and toddies, cocktails and cigarettes are sophistications and indicate a sophisticated social state. Women were never given to pipes and toddies when I was in the world, and woman is the barometer of any stage of civilization."

"Both cigarettes and cocktails are brief," I teasingly pleaded in extenuation.

"Yes, they belong to a hurried, breathless age, the age of get-rich-quick schemes, the success of the short story, and I expect one sees it in the culture of the day," she sighed.

"Culture?" I protested. "That's another pair of shoes. Nowadays one only thinks of culture in connection with bacilli."

"There it is again. Liberties with the very language. This constant perversion."

"What do you mean?" Elena, who was the student and read book reviews, broke in. "I always thought culture was such a de-

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cent word. Out here we lower our voices when we utter it."

"Then don't do it again. Scream it. Toss it to the high heavens."

"What then shall we say?" she and Maria chimed together.

"Forget it," I cried shamelessly, in what was to them an unknown tongue and with insane gesture.

By these tokens I knew that the crystalline air and ranch life that came so much nearer things elemental than I had ever encountered had laid hold on me—aided, I confess, by something of the hysteria of high altitudes.

Salina had left her chair to suggest to a wandering young rooster that it was time for chickens, at least, to be in bed. When she had settled herself I continued:

"Life with you is a return to simple elements. Here there are no programmes. You meet things when you come to them. Each event is the result of a new combination of circumstances and must be dealt with accordingly. If you have any standards to which things may be referred, I haven't encountered them. It means a lot of responsibility for the individual. The individual is not important with us. Here everything must be decided on the spot, and as if it had never happened before. There are no precedents. Half the time since I have been here I haven't known where I am at. That's all right. Never mind the grammar; it's congressional."

"I haven't an idea of what you mean. Illustrate."

"I will. The other day when we had visitors from town you brought in the lady who does the washing and cooked the dinner, and said: 'Ladies, this is our friend, Mrs. McPhail, who is kind enough to look after us,' and we made a place for her. I must say she was very shy about it."

"Yes, I see. She was born a Scotch peasant. What else?" ignoring explanation. "Your guests last week were a well-known cattle rustler——"

"Yes, who scoured the country one entire night to get a nurse for me when I had the pneumonia. Go on."

"A judge, one of Quantrill's men, who sought seclusion in the valley below many years ago."

"Yes. He is now on the school board." She waited expectantly.

"And Uncle Henry Jacobs, important member of a family of bandits, and has rustled your cattle many a time."

"And notwithstanding is a very good neighbor on other occasions, although I wouldn't leave an axe helve unguarded when he is here. What more?"

"Well, I am no more at ease with your polite society. Your suave composure when Mrs. Augusta Angevine told me that poetry came natural to her because her father was a bosom friend of Hiawatha filled me with admiration while I hid behind my napkin."

"I'll take you over the hill to her ranch," Elena hastened to offer, "and she will show you a photograph of Mr. Roosevelt—'Teddy,' she affectionately calls him—hung by the side of the 'Three Maggies,' and she will tell you how she just loves those old men following the star."

We laughed the laugh of the scornful, but Salina did not mean to be side-tracked by such frivolities.

"It does mean responsibility for the individual—more than you realize. If the law, moral or social, does not meet the situation we make the law what it should be If a Slav during a strike needs meat for his children and kills one of my calves—well, that is reasonable. After all, the coyotes are only marketing for their families when they haunt the chicken yard. I am bound to defend my property, but I hold the coyotes morally guiltless. But when Jack Hollister kills one of my steers and hides the skin lest my brand gives him away—well, if I could catch him, I would shoot him as I wouldn't shoot a dog."

"Of course, I can see that it is these opportunities for instant decision that make you so resourceful. That also is the reason you are never bored. It fascinates me. You are always on the eve of some situation that counts, and what it is to be you can never anticipate."

Here Rollie growling ominously made for one of his private passageways under the fence. There is no mistaking Rollie's note. This meant danger. Elena reached in-doors for the six-shooter that always lay on the table by the door. The moon, that had been sauntering in and out the dark, rolling clouds, was now shrouded. Grouped together, peering through the darkness, we saw a man with a rifle running from the

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hill across the mesa. Salina was the first to speak.

"It's Pedro. Something is up."

Rollie had stopped growling and ran by the side of the man, who opened the gate and came toward us. It was a piteous figure, breathless, water streaming from his face, which beneath was gray and wan, his eyes bloodshot and his coat torn by the underbrush. He sank on the lower step, and the strong arms of Maria helped him on to the porch. Little Pink stood up on her cushion and stretched herself. Elena swept her off and Pedro sank down, unable to speak.

Salina picked up the rifle and examined it.

"Pedro has killed somebody," she said unwittingly, paying a tribute to his skill.

"Si," he whispered.

"Who?"

"Juanita's man. They're after me." He straightened himself in his chair, his eyes trying to pierce the darkness, our eyes following his.

"Keep quiet everybody," Salina commanded. "When you can, let me know all about it. You've been drinking, Pedro."

"Si, ma'am," he breathed. "John Bucks too."

"The Dutchman, your sister's man?"

"Si."

Courage seemed to come back to him, surrounded by friends. We were only four women, but we represented to Pedro the dominating Americanas. Elena had left us; we heard her moving stealthily inside.

"Don't make a light, Elena."

"I'm not such an idiot. Where did you put that cold tea?"

"On the pantry window," Maria interposed.

Pedro, half-breed Apache and Mexican, had been on the ranch at intervals since he was a small boy. For three years he had been the cowboy, and had only left when the fencing of the ranges and the reduction of the herds made him no longer necessary. Since then he had worked in a mining camp. But his devotion to the Americanas was like the fealty of a dog.

"Pedro, they told me you had become 'bad hombre.'"

"Si, ma'am," he said humbly.

"Elena, stop making that noise."

"Drat that footstool," we heard Elena muttering in the dark.

Pedro swallowed the lumps in his throat, and sank back in his chair. His exhaustion was the more piteous now that he had found friends and could yield to it.

"John Bucks lick Juana, one, two times. Then I lick John Bucks, and we have blood together. To-day we both drink, mucho, and we make names between us."

Elena interrupted him with her strong, cold tea, and Pedro gulped it down. The tea tightened up his quivering nerves, and he sat up again.

"Then we fight, and John Bucks knock me down and put foot on me. I bite his leg, and he make for knife on table. Then I get gun, but I can't get John Bucks until I make so far." Pedro took up his rifle and brought it to his eye, to indicate that he had to have sufficient distance. "Then I catch John Bucks."

"Perhaps you did not kill him, Pedro," Maria suggested.

"With gun I miss no man. He no move. I saw people run and I hide in hill. When everybody run to John Bucks, I go other way and get street car to Tertio. Then I 'phone to Jose to bring horses to old coal-mine, and I hear that boy cry loud, very loud. He say officers watching horses—officers there already. Then I run to hills and hide until I find horses."

"Who gave you the horses?" Elena asked.

"I took horses," he repeated.

"One already saddled?" doubt in her tone.

"I took horses." Evidently he did not mean to tell.

"What difference does it make where he got horses, Elena?" To Salina that he had horses was the salient fact, not where he got them.

"My horses better." Pedro added. "You let me have short gun. My gun too long, if men get me."

"No, Pedro. One dead man is enough," said Salina.

Elena stepped inside and I heard her take the six-shooter from its place on the table and move away. Pedro heard too.

"You afraid of me, Mrs. Allen?" he asked.

"No, indeed, Pedro. But, do you know, I think you would get off. If you would like to give yourself up to the officers, I will go to town with you," Elena suggested.

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Pedro sank back frightened in his chair and threw up his hands.

"Never. No, I die first. Never they get me alive. Jail too long. Court too long. Never."

"Sit down, Elena, and lower your voice. You wouldn't do it yourself, and what chance has a half-breed," Salina interposed. "There is no time to lose. As I argue, they'll think he'll make for the Americanas to get horses. What direction did the horses go this evening, Maria?"

"Down toward the Point."

"Wherever the horses are the officers will go. I don't think they'll come here, for they know that Pedro's Martini is good for that distance. They will wait for some one to come for the horses. Do you suppose that you could find out if they are there, Elena?" Salina turned to her sisters.

The Point was a quarter of a mile down the canyon where, piercing the arroya, it cut off the view of the house. Between the Point and the house lay the flat vega and above it the lawn-like mesa with its fringe of pinons. These traversed, a short climb to the ridge of the Point and the lower part of the canyon was in view. Immediately beneath was a glen, whose fresh lush grass was a favorite grazing-place for the broncos.

Thus far I had been a silent spectator, too much absorbed in this drama of life and death to do more than look and listen. It seemed to me that I was living as I had never lived before. These were things that counted. The instant rejection of all irrelevance, the close keeping down to the bone of the matter, and the immediate constructive efforts on the part of my friends fascinated me. But with Salina's questioning of Elena had come my turn to do something more than look and listen.

"I'll go with you, Elena."

"You. What are you thinking of?"

"I'm not thinking. It's a bad habit."

"All right. I'm glad of your company. We have no time to lose. Stay back, Rollie, you are not wanted." Disappearing, she came back with a little pistol she slipped in her pocket, and we climbed to the vega to seek the shelter of its trees.

"Look where you step, if you can. Twigs are more fatal than rattlers to-night." I had taken no thought of the snakes, now engaged in sloughing their skins and liable to be about, but even snakes now seemed to be a trifling matter. The clouds parting now and then sending down rifts of light from the moon now high in the heavens, we pushed nearer the deeper darkness of the trees. Above us on the hills we heard the irritable cry of a pack of coyotes crashing through the underbrush, and welcomed the sounds. Stealthily we made our way over the vega, which the Herefords kept smooth as a lawn, to the Point, which rose precipitately until it sharpened and was lost in the arroya. We dared not speak, but touched one another now and then to assure companionship. A gleeful fear, the most enchanting emotion I had ever experienced, possessed me and gave lightness to my feet. The slopes of the ridge we were about to climb in order to overlook the canyon were covered with young growth. Here we gathered our skirts closely about us and crept beneath. We could hear the soft cropping of a bunch of greedy cattle and the stirring of the horses. These helped to efface the sound of our movements which seemed painfully loud.

"Lie down," whispered Elena. "Flat."

Prone on the earth we drew ourselves up and peered over the ridge, where we could see the dusky forms of the broncos, but nothing more. We lay some time gazing into the darkness, when Elena breathed into my ear.

"Watch that deep black blotch on the other side of the rincon. I am sure it is a horse and buggy." We lay some moments watching it resolve into definiteness.

"I am satisfied they are there. Come."

We crept down the slope again and sped quickly along the smooth vega.

"They are watching for some one to come for the horses. They suspect Pedro is here. He must leave as quickly as possible and get over the Divide before light."

We ran light-footed to the house. There Salina and Maria with practised hands in the darkness had secured a flour sack and were filling it. Around them were a can of salmon, the half of a boiled tongue, a loaf of bread, and some potatoes.

"Pedro, have you any matches?" Pedro, with a tray on his lap now being fortified by food, shook his head, and a box of matches was added.

"Salina, there is a buggy around the Point. They are watching the horses. You

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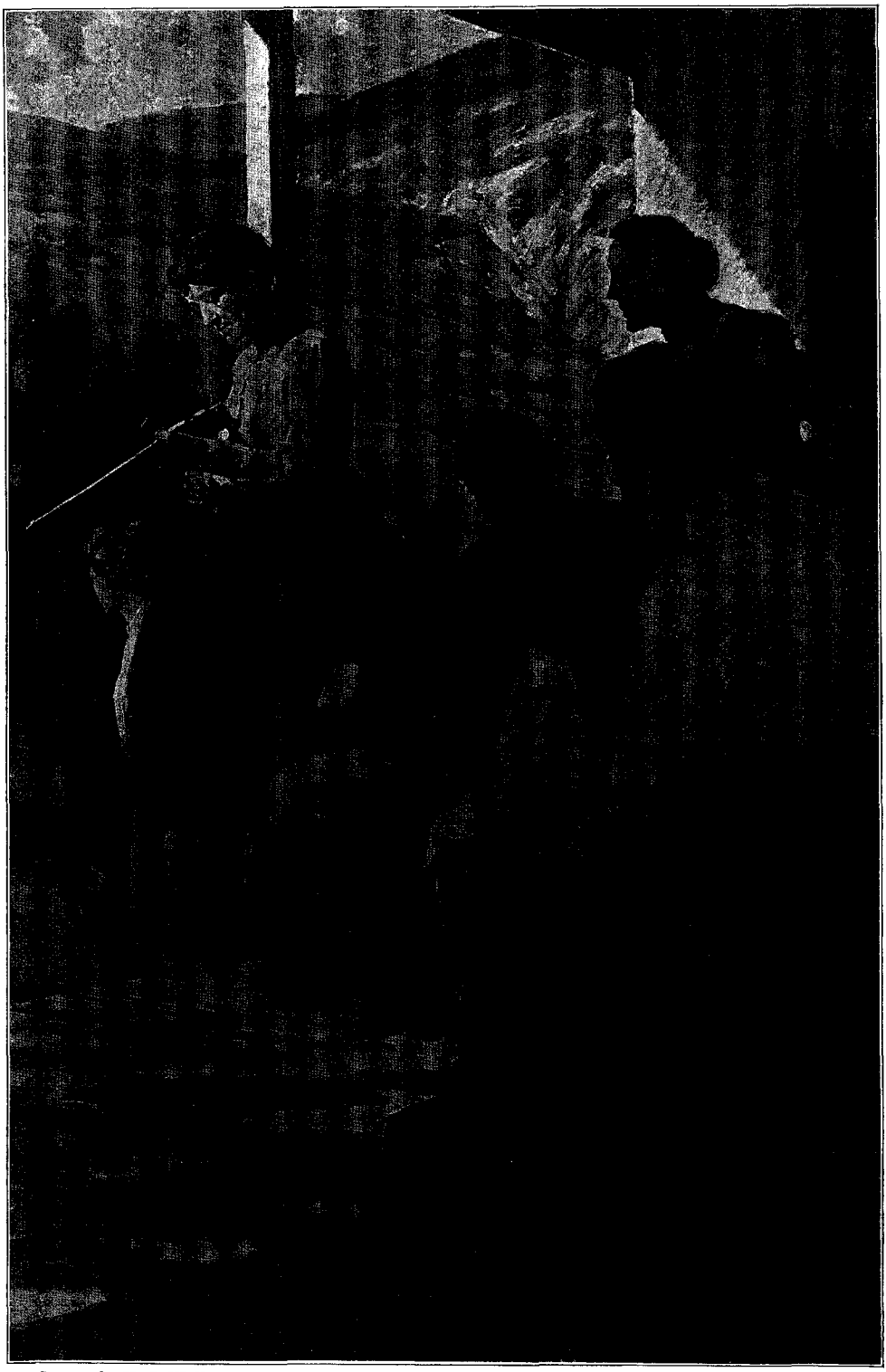

Drawn by H. C. Wall.

Pedro sank down, unable to speak. Salina picked up the rifle and examined it.—Page 483.

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had better get Pedro away as soon as possible." Elena took the little pistol from her pocket as she came up the step. Pedro reached out his hand.

"You will let me have the leetle gun?" he pleaded.

"No more gun-play, Pedro."

"Let me see, Pedro." Salina got up and fingered his cartridge belt. "Thirty-five steel bull-noses. Those ought to see you through. Pedro, get over into New Mexico as soon as you can. A clear twenty-four hours and you are safe."

"Where did you leave the horses, Pedro?" Maria asked.

"Under the toby tree," he answered, meaning a tree under which Toby, a steer, had been struck by lightning, and was one of the ranch landmarks.

"I'll bring them round to the back of the house, while you make ready to start."

"Pedro, have you any money?" Elena began to look for her purse in the darkness. He shook his head.

"I can scratch together a dollar for you. You know we keep no money here."

"Your coat is in rags. Anybody would know you had been in a scrap. Elena, look behind the door and get my old gray sweater. Yes, it is there. I knew it was. There, put that on, Pedro. That's better. Elena, take the flour sack; Lucy, pick up Pink. Somebody will step on her, and she has the voice of a steam whistle. Come, Pedro. Have you your rifle?"

Rollie and Thomasita seemed to realize the gravity of the situation and followed us quietly through the house. Pedro, like an automaton, appeared to have no volition. Under Salina's command he obeyed like a soldier. Behind the garden fence Maria stood with the horses, where we joined her.

"Make for Old Mexico, Pedro," Salina counselled as they gained the horses, "change your name, stop drinking, and behave yourself. When it is safe to write let us hear from you, but don't write until it is safe."

There were no waste words, no formal good-byes. We gathered silently about Pedro while he mounted, and watched him until he disappeared up the canyon among the trees.

"Well, that's all we can do," and Salina turned back to the house. "Elena, run ahead and light the lamp. Is there any of that cold pork left, Maria. I'm as hungry as a hunter."

The little adobe kitchen shone brilliantly, and unmindful of deputies around the Point we resumed our usual loud and cheerful tones. My desire to thresh out the affair from every point of view seemed to meet with little response. Except for briefly expressed hopes concerning Pedro's success in eluding his pursuers if he took this road, or mistook that, the events seemed all in the day's work, and at present of no further moment.

I could not let it drop so easily. Helping murderers to escape had not been all in my day's work. I felt as if I had taken a bottle of quinine and iron, and an equal amount of champagne, and the effect on my constitution had been immediate. As we sat around the table, cheeks in hand, amid the wreck of bread, butter, pickles, and pork, I felt that some strength and effervescence must be expended before I could close my eyes.

The situation seemed made up of a network of considerations that we had not begun to take into account, and should furnish no end of conversation. There was, for example, our relation to the matter, of which no one had seemed to have a thought.

"Of course in the eyes of the law we are accessories after the fact," I said.

"Pooh," was Salina's only comment as she took up her candle and started for bed.

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The youthful Liszt.

FRANZ LISZT

THE REAL AND LEGENDARY

(BORN OCTOBER, 1811)

By James Huneker

FRANZ LISZT said to a disciple of his: "Once Liszt helped Wagner, but who now will help Liszt?" This remark was made in 1874 when Liszt was well advanced in years, and his fame as piano virtuoso and name as composer were well-nigh eclipsed by the growing glory of Wagner, truly a glory he had helped to create. In youth an Orpheus pursued by the musical maenads of Europe, in old age Liszt was a Merlin dealing in white magic, still followed by the Viviens. The story of his career is as romantic as any by Balzac. And the end of it all—after a half century and more of fire and flowers, of proud, brilliant music-making—was positively tragical. A gentle King Lear, following with resignation the conquering chariot of a man, his daughter's husband, who owed him so much—and, despite criticism, acknowledged his debt—thus faithful to the end (he once declared that by Wagner he

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would stand or fall) Franz Liszt died a quarter of a century ago at Bayreuth, not as Liszt the Conqueror, but a world-weary pilgrim, petted and flattered when young, neglected as the star of Wagner arose on the horizon. If only Liszt could have experienced the success of poverty as did Wagner. But the usual malevolent fairy of the fable endowed him with all the gifts but poverty, and that capricious old Pantaloon, the Time-Spirit had his joke in the lonesome latter years.

As regards his place in the musical pantheon this erstwhile comet is now a fixed star, and his feet are set upon the white throne. There is no longer a Liszt Case; his music has fallen into critical perspective; but there is still a Liszt Case, psychologically speaking. Whether he was an archangel of light or, as Jean-Christophe describes him, "The noble priest, the circus-rider, neoclassical and vagabond, a mixture in equal doses of real and false nobility," is a question that may be answered according to one's temperament. That he was the captain of the new German music, a pianist without equal, a conductor of distinction, one who helped to make the orchestra and its leaders what they are to-day; that he was a writer, a reformer of church music, a man of the noblest impulses and ideals, generous, selfless and an artist to his finger tips —these are the commonplaces of history. As a personality he was an apparition; only Paganini had so electrified Europe. A *charmeur*, his love adventures border on the legendary; indeed, are largely legend. As amorous as a guitar, if we are to believe the romancers, the real Liszt was a man of intellect, a deeply religious soul, in middle years contemplative, even ascetic. His youthful extravagances, inseparable from his gypsy-like genius, and without a father to guide him, were remembered in Germany long after he had left the concert platform. His successes, artistic and social—especially the predilection for him of princesses and other noble dames—raised about his ears a nest of pernicious scandal-hornets. Had he not run away with the D'Agoult, the wife of a nobleman! Had he not openly lived with a married princess at Weimar, and under the patronage of the Grand Duke and Duchess and the Grand Duchess Maria Pavlowna, sister of the Czar of all the Russias! Besides, he was a Roman Catholic and that didn't please such orthodox musicians as Mendelssohn and Hiller, not to mention his own fellow-countryman, Joseph Joachim. Germany set the fashion in abusing Liszt. He had enjoyed too much success for one man and as a composer he must be made an example of; the services he rendered in defending the music of the insurgent Wagner was but another black mark against his character. And when Wagner did at last succeed, Liszt's share in the triumph was speedily forgotten. The truth is he paid the penalty for being a cosmopolitan. He was the first cosmopolitan in music. In Germany he was abused as a Magyar, in Hungary for his Teutonic tendencies—he never learned his mother-tongue; in Paris for not being French born—here one recalls the Stendhal case.

But he introduced into the musty academic atmosphere of musical Europe a strong fresh breeze from the Hungarian *puzta;* this wandering piano player of Hungarian-Austrian blood, a genuine cosmopolite, taught music a new charm, the charm of the unexpected, of the improvised. The freedom of Beethoven in his later works and of Chopin in all his music, became the principal factor in the style of Liszt. Music must have the shape of an improvisation. In the Hungarian rhapsodies, the majority of which begin in a mosque and always end in a tavern, are the extremes of his system. His orchestral and vocal works, the two symphonies, the masses and oratorios and symphonic poems, are full of dignity, poetic feeling, religious spirit, and a largeness of accent and manner. Yet the gypsy glance and gypsy voice lurk behind many a pious or pompous bar. Apart from his invention of a new form—or, rather the condensation and revisal of an old one—the symphonic poem—Liszt's greatest contribution to art is the wild, truant, rhapsodic extempore element he infused into modern music; nature in her most reckless, untrammelled moods he interpreted with fidelity. But the drummers in the line of moral gasoline who controlled criticism in Germany refused to see Liszt except as an exPiano virtuoso with the morals of a fly and a perverter of art. Even the piquant triangle in his piano concerto was suspected as possibly suggesting the usual situation of French comedy.

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The Liszt-Wagner question no longer presents any difficulties to the fair-minded. It is a simple one, for men still living know that Wagner, to reach his musical apogee, to reach his public, had to lean heavily on the musical genius and individual inspiration of Liszt. The later Wagner would not have existed—as we now know him—without first traversing the garden of Liszt. This is not a theory but a fact. Beethoven is, as Philip Hale pointed out, the last of the very great composers; there is nothing new since Beethoven, though plenty of persuasive personalities, much delving in mole-runs, many "new paths," leading nowhere, and much self-advertising. With its big drum and cymbals, its mouthing, melting phrases, its startling situations, its scarlet waistcoat, its hair oil and harlots, its treacle and thunder the Romantic movement swept over the map of Europe, irresistible, contemptuous of its adversaries, and boasting a wonderful array of names. Schumann and Chopin, Berlioz and Liszt, Wagner—in a class by himself—are a few that may be cited; not to mention Victor Hugo, Delacroix, Gautier, Heine, Alfred de Musset, Stendhal. But Beethoven still stood, stands to-day, four square to the universe. Wagner construed Beethoven to suit his own grammar. Why, for example, Berlioz should have been puzzled (or pretended to have been) over the first page of the Tristan and Isolde prelude is itself puzzling; the Frenchman was a deeply versed Beethoven student. If he had looked at the first page of the piano sonata in C minor—the Pathetic, so-called—the enigma of the Wagnerian phraseology would have been solved; there, in a few lines, is the kernel of the music-drama. This only proves Wagner's Shakesperian faculty of assimilation and his extraordinary gift in developing an idea; he borrowed his ideas whenever and wherever he saw fit. His indebtedness to Liszt was great, but equally so to Weber, Marschner, and Beethoven; his indebtedness to Berlioz ended with the externals of orchestration. Both Liszt and Wagner learned from Berlioz on this side.

Nevertheless, how useless to compare Liszt to Berlioz or Berlioz to Wagner. As well compare a ruby to an opal, an emerald to a ruby. Each of these three composers has his individual excellences. We call Liszt and Wagner the leaders of the moderns, but their aims and methods were radically different. Wagner asserted the supremacy of the drama over tone, and then, inconsistently, set himself down to write the most emotionally eloquent music that was ever conceived; Liszt always harped on the dramatic, on the poetic, and seldom employed words, believing that the function of instrumental music is to convey in an ideal manner a poetic impression. In this he was the most thorough-going of poetic composers; as much so in the orchestral domain as was Chopin in his piano-forte compositions. Since Wagner's music-plays are no longer a novelty "the long submerged trail of Liszt is making its appearance," as Ernest Newman happily states the case. The music-drama is not precisely in a rosy condition to-day. Opera is the weakest of musical forms, if form it be; the human voice inevitably limits the art, and we are beginning to wonder what all the Wagnerian menagerie, the birds, dragons, dogs, snakes, swans, toads, dwarfs, giants, horses, and monsters generally have to do with music; the music of the future is already the music of the past. The Wagner poems are uncouth, cumbersome machines. We long for a breath of humanity, and it is difficult to find it except in "Tristan and Isolde" or "Die Meistersinger." Alas! for the enduring quality of operatic music. Nothing stales like theatre music. In the not far distant future Wagner will gain, rather than lose, by being played in the concert room; that at least would dodge the ominously barren stretches of the Ring, and the early operas. And the New Zealander is already alive, though young, who will visit Europe to attend the last piano recital; that species of entertainment invented by Liszt, and by him described in a letter to the Princess Belgiojoso as colloquies of music and ennui.

The Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein—one naturally drops into the *Almanach de Gotha* when writing of the friends of Liszt—averred that Liszt had launched his musical spear further into the future than Wagner. She was a lady of firm opinions, who admired Berlioz as much as she loathed Wagner. But could she have foreseen that Richard Strauss, Parsifal-like, had caught the whizzing lance of the Klingsor of Weimar, what would she have said? Ask this riddle of contemporary critics of

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Richard II—who has, at least, thrown off the influence of Liszt and Wagner, although he, too, frequently takes snapshots at the sublime. Otherwise you can no more keep Liszt's name out of the music of to-day than could our good Mr. Dick the head of King Charles from the pages of his memorial.

His musical imagination was so versatile, his impressionability so lively that he translated into tone his voyages, pictures, poems—Dante, Goethe, Heine, Lamartine, "Obermann" (Senancour), even Sainte-Beuve ("Les Consolations"); legends, fountains of the Villa d'Este (Tivoli); not to mention canvases by Raphael, Michelangelo, and the insipid frescoes of Kaulbach. All was grist that came to his musical mill.

Wagner praised the music of Liszt in superlative terms. No need of quotation; the correspondence, a classic, is open to all. Once, in a moment of self-forgetfulness, he proclaimed Liszt as the greatest musician who had ever existed. That the symphonic poem was secretly antipathetic to Wagner is the bald truth. After all his rhapsodic utterances concerning the symphonies and poems of Liszt—from which he borrowed many a sparkling jewel to adorn some corner in his giant frescoes—he said in 1877: "In instrumental music I am a *réactionnaire*, a conservative. I dislike everything that requires verbal explanations beyond the actual sounds." And the most copious of commentators concerning his own music, in which almost every other bar is labelled with a leading motive! To this Liszt wittily answered—in an unpublished letter, 1878—that leading motives are comfortable inventions, for a composer does not have to search for a new melody. But what boots leading motives—as old as the hills and Johann Sebastian Bach—or symphonic poems nowadays! There is no Wagner, there is no Liszt question. After the unbinding of the classic forms the turbulent torrent is become the new danger. Who shall dam its speed! Brahms or Reger? The formal formlessness of the new school has placed Berlioz, Liszt, and Wagner on the shelf, they are almost as remote as are Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven. The symphonic poem is now a monster of appalling lengths, thereby, as Mr. Krehbiel suggests, defeating its chiefest reason for existence—brevity. The foam and fireworks of the impressionistic school, Debussy, Dukas and Ravel, and the rest, are enjoyable; the piano music of Debussy has the iridescence of a spider's web touched by the fire of the setting sun; his orchestra is a jewelled conflagration. But he stems, like the others, the Russians included, from Liszt. Charpentier and his followers are Wagner *à la coule*. Where it will all end no man dare predict. But Mr. Newman is right in the matter of programme music. It has come to stay; modified as it will be in the future. Too much bricks and mortar, the lust of the ear as well as the lust of the eye, glutted by the materialistic machinery of the Wagner music-drama, has driven the lovers of music for music's sake back to Beethoven; or, in extreme cases, to novel forms wherein vigorous affirmations are dreaded as much as an eight-bar melody. For those meticulous temperaments that recoil from a clangorous chord there are the misty tonalities of Debussy or the verse of Paul Verlaine. However, the aquarelles and pastels and landscapes of Debussy or Ravel were invented by *Urvater* Liszt—caricatured by Wagner in the person of Wotan; all the impressionistic school may be traced to him as its fountain-head. Think of the little sceneries scattered through his piano music, particularly in his "Years of Pilgrimage," or of the storm and stress of the Dante sonata.

II

THE year 1811 was the year of the great comet. Its wine is said to have been of a richness; some well-known men were born, beginning with Thackeray and John Bright; Napoleon's son, the unhappy Duc de Reichstadt, first saw the light that year, as did Jules Dupré, Théophile Gautier, and Franz Liszt. There will be no disputes concerning the date of his birth, October 22d, as was the case with Chopin. His parents, according to a terrific family register, were originally noble; but the father of Franz, Adam Liszt, was a manager of the Esterhazy estates in Hungary at the time his only son and child was born. He was very musical, knew Joseph Haydn, and was an admirer of Hummel, his music and playing. The mother's maiden name was Anna Lager (or Laager) a native of lower Austria, with German blood in her veins.

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She was of a happy and extremely vivacious nature, cheerful in her old age, and contented to educate her three grandchildren later in life. The name Liszt would be meal or flour in English; so that Frank Flour might have been his unromantic cognomen; a difference from Liszt Ferencz, with its accompanying battle-cry of *Eljen!* In his son Adam Liszt hoped to realize his own frustrated musical dreams. A prodigy of a prodigious sort, the comet and the talent of Franz were mixed up by the superstitious. A gypsy predicted that the lad would return to his native village rich, honored, and in a glass house (coach). This he did. In Oedenburg, during the summer of 1903, I visited, at an hour or so distant, the town of Eisenstadt and the village of Raiding (or Reiding). In the latter is the house where Liszt was born. The place, which can hardly have changed much since the boyhood of Liszt, is called Dobrjan in Hungarian. I confess I was not impressed and was glad to get back to Oedenburg and civilization. In this latter spot there is a striking statue of the composer.

It is a thrice-told tale that several estimable Hungarian magnates raised a purse for the boy, sent him with his father to Vienna, where he studied the piano with pedagogue Carl Czerny, that indefatigable fabricator of finger studies, and in theory with Salieri. He was kissed by the aged Beethoven on the forehead—Wotan saluting young Siegfried—though Schindler, *ami de* Beethoven, as he dubbed himself, denied this significant historical fact. But Schindler later pitched into Liszt for his Beethoven interpretations, hotly swearing that they were the epitome of unmusical taste. The old order changeth, though not old prejudices. Liszt waxed in size, technique, wisdom. Soon he was given up as hopelessly in advance of his teachers. Wherever he appeared they hailed him as a second Hummel or a second Beethoven. And he improvised. That settled his fate. He would surely become a composer. He went to Paris, was known as *le petit Litz*, and received everywhere. He became the rage; but was refused admittance to the conservatoire. He composed an opera, "Don Sancho," the score of which luckily disappeared. Then an event big with consequences was experienced by the youth—he lost his father in 1827. (His mother survived her husband until 1866.) He gave up concert performances as too precarious and manfully began teaching in Paris. He fell in love with a girl of noble family, Mlle. Saint-Criq, and was quickly informed that a piano teacher was no match for one of her birth and prospects. He took the lesson to heart so seriously that he languished for a year indifferent to everybody and everything. The revolution started his pulse to beating again and he composed a revolutionary symphony. He became a lover of humanity, a socialist, a follower of Saint-Simon, even of the impossible Père Prosper Enfantin. His friend and adviser was Lamenais, whose "Paroles d'un Croyant" had estranged him from Rome. (A wonderful, unhappy man.) Liszt read poetry and philosophy, absorbed all the fashionable frenzied formulas and associated with the Romanticists. He met Chopin, and they became as twin brethren. François Mignet, author of "A History of the French Revolution," said to the Princess Cristina Belgiojoso, of Liszt: "In the brain of this young man reigns great confusion." No wonder. He was playing the piano, composing, teaching, studying the philosophers and mingling with enthusiastic idealists, who burnt their straw before they moulded their bricks. As Francis Hackett wrote of the late Lord Acton, Liszt suffered from an "intellectual log-jam." But the currents of events soon released him.

He met the Countess d'Agoult in the brilliant heyday of his artistic success. She was beautiful, accomplished, though her contemporaries declare she was not of a truthful nature. She was born Marie Sophie de Flavigny at Frankfort-on-Main, in 1805. Her father was the Vicomte de Flavigny who had married the daughter of Simon Moritz Bethmann, a rich banker, who originally came from Amsterdam and were converted Hebrews. She had literary ability, was proud of having seen Goethe, and in 1827 she married Comte Charles d'Agoult. But social sedition was in the air. The misunderstood women—no new thing—became the fashion. George Sand was changing her lovers with every new book she wrote, and Madame, the Countess d'Agoult—to whom Chopin dedicated his first group of Études—began to write, began to yearn for fame and adventures. Liszt appeared. He seems to have been the pur-

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sued. Anyhow, they eloped. In honor he couldn't desert the woman, and they made Geneva their temporary home. She had in her own right 20,000 francs a year income; it cost Liszt exactly 300,000 francs annually to keep up an establishment such as the lady had been accustomed to—he earned this, a tidy amount, for those days, by playing the piano all over Europe. Madame d'Agoult bore him three children: Blandine, Cosima, and Daniel. The first named married Emile Ollivier, Napoleon's war minister—still living at the present writing—in 1857. She died in 1862. Cosima married Hans Von Bülow, her father's favorite pupil in 1857; later she went off with Richard Wagner, married him, to her father's despair—principally because she had renounced her religion in so doing—and to-day is Wagner's widow. Daniel Liszt, his father's hope, died December, 1859, at the age of twenty. Liszt had legitimatized the birth of his children, had educated them, had dowered the girls, and, all three, they proved his direct sorrow.

He quarrelled with Madame d'Agoult and they parted bad friends. Under the pen name of Daniel Stern she attacked Liszt in her souvenirs and novels. He forgave her. They met in Paris once, in the year 1860. He gently told her that the title of her souvenirs should have been "Poses et Mensonges." She wept. Tragic comedians both. They were bored with each other, their union recalling the profound reflection of Flaubert, that Emma Bovary rediscovered in adultery all the platitudes of marriage. Perhaps other ladies had supervened. Like Byron, Liszt was the sentimental hero of the day, a Chateaubriand René of the keyboard. Balzac put him in a book, so did Sand. All the painters and sculptors, Delaroche and Ary Scheffer among the others, made his portrait. Nevertheless, his head was not turned, and when, after an exile of a few years, Thalberg had conquered Paris in his absence, he returned and engaged in an ivory duel, at the end worsting his rival. Thalberg was the first pianist in Europe, every one cried. And the Princess Belgiojoso calmly remarked that Liszt was the only one. After witnessing the Paderewski worship of yesterday nothing related of Liszt should surprise us.

In the meantime, Paganini had set his brain seething. Chopin, Paganini, and Berlioz were the predominating artistic influences in his life; from the first he learned to know the exotic, learned the resources of the instrument, and the value of national folk-song flavor; from the second he gained the inspiration for his transcendental technique; from the third, orchestral color and "new paths" were indicated to his ambitious spirit. He never tired, he always said there would be plenty of time to loaf in eternity. His pictures were everywhere, he became a kind of Flying Hungarian to the sentimental Sentas of those times. He told Judith Gautier that the women loved themselves in him. Modest man! What charm was in his playing an army of auditors have told us. Heine called Thalberg a king, Liszt a prophet, Chopin a poet, Herz an advocate, Kalkbrenner a minstrel, Madame Pleyel a Sibyl and Doehler—a pianist. Scudo wrote that Thalberg's scales were like pearls on velvet, the scales of Liszt the same, but the velvet was hot! Louis Ehlert, no mean observer, said he possessed a quality that neither Tausig nor any virtuoso before or succeeding him ever boasted—the nearest approach, perhaps, was Rubinstein—namely: a spontaneous control of passion that approximated in its power to nature . . . and an incommensurable nature was his. He was one among a dozen artists who made Europe interesting during the past century. Slim, handsome, brown of hair and blue-eyed, with the years he grew none the less picturesque; his mane was white, his eyes became blue-gray, his pleasant baritone voice a brumming bass. There is a portrait in the National Gallery by Lorenzo Lotto, that of Prothonotary Giuliano, which suggests him, and in the Burne-Jones picture, Merlin and Vivien, there is certainly a transcript of his features. A statue by Foyatier, in the Louvre, of Spartacus is really the head of the pianist. As Abbé, Liszt was none the less fascinating; for his admirers he wore his *soutane* with a difference.

Useless to relate the Thousand-and-One Nights of music, triumphs, and intrigues in his life. When the Countess d'Agoult returned to her family a council, presided over by her husband's brother, exonerated the pianist, and his behavior was pronounced to be that of a gentleman! Surely the Comic Muse must have chuckled

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at this. Like Wagner, Franz Liszt was a tragic comedian of prime order. He knew to the full the value of his electric personality. Sincere in art he could play the grand seigneur, the actor, the priest, and diplomat at will. Pose he had to, else abandon the profession of piano virtuoso. He bitterly objected to playing the rôle of a performing poodle, and once publicly insulted a Czar, who dared to talk while the greatest pianist in the world played. He finally grew tired of Paris, of public life. He had been loved by such various types of women as George Sand—re-christened by Baudelaire as the Prudhomme of immorality; delightful epigram!—by Marie Du Plessis, the Lady of the Camellias, and by that astounding adventuress, Lola Montez. How many others only a Leporello catalogue would show.

His third artistic period began in 1847, his sojourn at Weimar. It was the most attractive and fruitful of all. From 1848 to 1861 the musical centre of Germany was this little town immortalized by Goethe. There the world flocked to hear the first performance of Lohengrin and other Wagner operas. A circle consisting of Raff, Von Bülow, Tausig, Cornelius, Litolff, with Berlioz and Rubinstein (in 1854) as an occasional visitor, to mention a tithe of famous names, surrounded Liszt. His elective affinity—to use Goethe's phrase—was the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein, who with her child had deserted the usual brutal and indifferent husband in fashionable romances. Her influence upon Liszt's character has been disputed, but unwarrantably. Together they wrote his chief literary works, the study of Chopin—the princess supplying the upholstered local color, and the book on Hungarian gypsy music, which contains a veiled attack on the Jews, for which Liszt was blamed. The Sayn-Wittgenstein was an intense, narrow nature—she has been called a "slightly vulgar aristocrat"—and one of her peculiarities was seeing in almost every one of artistic or intellectual prominence Hebraic traits or lineaments. Years before the Geyer and the Leipsic Judengasse story came out she unhesitatingly pronounced Richard Wagner of Semitic origin; she also had her doubts about Berlioz, and several others. The Lisztian theory of gypsy music consists, as Dannreuther says, in the merit of a laborious attempt to prove the existence of something like a gypsy epic in terms of music, the fact being that Hungarian gypsies merely play Hungarian popular tunes in a fantastic and exciting manner, but have no music that can properly be called their own. Liszt was a facile writer and did more with his pen for Wagner than Wagner's own turbid writings. But a great writer he was not—many-sided as he was. It was unkind, however, on the part of Wagner to say to a friend that Cosima had more brains than her father. If she has, Bayreuth, since her husband's death, has not proved it. Wagner, when he uttered this, was probably in the ferment of a new passion—having quite recovered from his supposedly eternal love for Mathilde Wesendonck.

Liszt had first met his princess in February, 1847, at Kiew, Russia. She was born Ivanowska, in 1819. She became a favorite at the Weimar court with the reigning sovereigns, and Maria-Pavlowna. A masterful woman, though far from beautiful, she so controlled and ordered Liszt's life that he quite shed his Bohemian skin, composed much and as Kapellmeister produced many novelties of the new school. They lived on a hill in a house called the Altenburg, not a very princely abode, and there Liszt accomplished the major portion of his works for orchestra, his masses and piano concertos. There too Richard Wagner, a revolutionist, wanted by the Dresden police, came in 1849—from May 19th to 24th—disguised, carrying a forged passport, poor, miserable. Liszt secured him lodgings and gave him a banquet at the Altenburg, attended by Tausig, Von Bülow, Gille, Draeseke, Gottschalk and others, nineteen in all. Wagner behaved badly, insulted his host and the guests. He was left in solitude until Liszt insisted on his apologizing for his rude manners—which he did with a bad grace. John F. Runciman has said that Liszt ought to have done even more for Wagner than he did—or words to that effect; just so, and there is no doubt that the noble man has put the world in his debt by piloting the music dramatist into safe harbor; but, while ingratitude is no crime according to the new code of immoralism, there seems a limit to amiability, and in Liszt's case his amiability amounted to weakness. He

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could never say "No" to Wagner (nor to a pretty woman). He understood and forgave the Mime nature in Wagner for the sake of his Siegfried side. There was no Mime in Liszt, nothing small nor hateful, although he could at times play the benevolent, ironic Mephisto. And in his art he mirrored this quality to perfection—the Mephistopheles of his Faust symphony.

Intrigues pursued him in his capacity as court musical director. The Princess Maria Pavlowna died June, 1859; the following October Princess Marie, daughter of Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein, married the Prince Hohenlohe, and Liszt, after an opera by Peter Cornelius was hissed resigned his post. He remembered Goethe and his resignation—caused by a trained dog at the same theatre. But he didn't leave Weimar until August 17, 1861, joining the Princess at Rome. The scandal of the attempted marriage there with the princess again riveted the eyes of the world upon Liszt. His very warts became notorious. Some say that Cardinal Antonelli, instigated by Polish relatives of the princess, upset the affair when the pair were literally on the eve of approaching the altar; some believe that the wily Liszt had set in motion the machinery; but the truth is that, at the advice of the cardinal Prince Hohenlohe, his closest friend, the marriage scheme was dropped. When the husband of the princess died there was no further talk of matrimony. Instead, Liszt took minor orders, concentrated his attention on church music, and henceforth spent his year between Rome, Weimar, and Budapest. To Weimar he had returned (1869) at the cordial invitation of the archduke, who allotted to his use a little house in the park, the *Hofgärtnerei*. There every summer he received pupils from all parts of the world, gratuitously advising them, helping them from his now impoverished purse, and, incidentally, being admired by a new generation of musical enthusiasts, particularly those of the feminine gender. There were lots of scandals, and the worthy burghers of the town shook their heads at the goings-on of the *Lisztianer*. The old man fell under many influences, some of them sinister. He seldom saw Richard or Cosima Wagner, though he had attended the opening of Bayreuth in 1876. On that occasion Wagner publicly paid a magnificent tribute to the genius and noble friendship of Liszt. It atoned for a wilderness of previous neglect and ingratitude.

With Wagner's death in 1883 his hold on things began to weaken. He taught, he travelled, he never failed to pay the princess an annual visit at Rome. She had immured herself behind curtained windows, and to the light of waxen tapers led the life of a mystic, also smoked the blackest of cigars. She became a theologian in petticoats and wrote numerous and inutile books about pin-points in matters ecclesiastical. No doubt she still loved Liszt, for she set a spy on him at Weimar and thus kept herself informed as to how much cognac he consumed daily, how many pretty girls had asked for a lock of his silvery hair, also the name of the latest aspirant to his affections.

What a brilliant coterie of budding artists surrounded him. D'Albert, Friedheim, Joseffy, Rosenthal, Reisenauer, Grieg, Edward MacDowell, Stavenhagen, Sofie Menter, Toni Raab, Siloti, Pachmann, Saint-Saëns, Rubinstein—the latter not as pupil—and other distinguished names in the annals of piano playing. Liszt's health broke down, yet he persisted in visiting London during the summer of 1886, where he was received like a demigod by Queen Victoria, and the musical world; he had been earlier in Paris, where a mass of his was sung with success. His money affairs were in a tangle; once in receipt of an income that enabled him to throw money away to any whining humbug, he complained at the last that he had no home of his own, no income—he had not been too shrewd in his dealings with music publishers—and little ready cash for travelling expenses. The princess needed her own rents, and Liszt was hardly a charity pensioner. During the Altenburg years, the *Glanzzeit* at Weimar, her income had sufficed for both, as Liszt was earning no money from concert tours. But at the end despite his devoted disciples, he was the very picture of a deserted, desolate old hero. And he had given away fortunes, and played fortunes at benefit concerts into the coffers of cities overtaken by fire or flood or in need of musical monuments to Beethoven or Hummel. Surely, this is the seamy side of success. "*Wer aber wird nun Liszt helfen?*" This half-humorous,

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half-pathetic cry of his had its tragic significance.

Liszt last touched the key-board July 19th, 1886, at Colpach, Luxemburg, in the castle of Munkaczy, the Hungarian painter. Feeble as he must have been, there was a supernatural aureole about his music that caused his hearers to weep. (Fancy the piano-forte inciting to tears!) He played his favorite Liebestraum, the Chant Polonais from the "Glanes de Woronice" (the name of the Polish estate of the Princess Sayn-Wittgenstein), and the sixteenth of his Soirées de Vienne. He went on to Bayreuth, in company with a persistent young Parisian lady—the paramount passion not quite extinguished—attended a performance of "Tristán and Isolde," through which he slept from absolute exhaustion; though he did not fail to acknowledge in company with Cosima Wagner the applause at the close. He went at once to bed never to leave it alive. He died of lung trouble on the night of July 31st or the early hour of August 1, 1886, and his last word is said to have been "Tristan." He was buried in haste—that he might not interfere with the current Wagner festival—and, no doubt, was mourned at leisure. His princess survived him a year; this sounds more romantic than it is. A new terror was added to death by his ugly tomb, designed by his grandson, Siegfried Wagner; also a composer, as well as an amateur architect.

THE MIRROR-SELF

By Edith M. Thomas

In Childhood's world, of a rainy day,
When nothing, outside, the child could do,
There still remained one weirdest play,
Which I played till I shivered through and through!

Two pieces of mirror, and I between—
There was the Self that smiled as I smiled;
Beyond, a second—a third—was seen,
And last, oh, last, was an Elfin Child!

Each face in the mirror (mirrored, too)
Gazed at its image—and all at me;
But each reflection less like me grew—
And I shut my eyes, that I might not see!

. . . . . .

Those broken shards they were cast away,
Dropped, with so many a childish game.
Yet, still, at the mirror-charm I play—
With no glass at all, it is just the same;

For Thought, now, serves me mirror-wise;
And, whenever within I list to gaze,
There, frankly looking me in the eyes,
Is the wonted Self, of my current days!

But, back of that wonted Self of mine
(Just as it happened so long ago),
Are the Other Selves; and, last in the line,
Is the Mocking One I do not know.

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CLEVELAND'S ADMINISTRATIONS

By James Ford Rhodes

I

I PURPOSE writing two articles on Cleveland, and in my treatment of his two administrations I shall not confine myself to the chronological order, but shall develop each principal topic by itself. Entirely logical as this method would seem in the consideration of any other President, it needs perhaps a word of apology in the case of Cleveland, whose two terms, unlike those of any other re-elected President, were not continuous. The first Democrat to occupy the White House since 1861, he served his first term from 1885 to 1889. In 1888 he was defeated by Harrison, but, four years later, he in turn was the victor and served his second term from 1893 to 1897. In his "Presidential Problems," published seven years after he had laid down the responsibilities of office, he considered, as presumably his most important work, four subjects: his contest in 1886 with the Republican Senate over the suspensions of officials; his action during the Chicago strike of 1894; his preservation of the gold standard, and his conduct of the Venezuelan boundary controversy. These last three fall within his second administration, which is, undoubtedly, the more important of the two. For my part, though of his mind in respect to three of these subjects, I regard two others as surpassing in importance his quarrel with the Senate about the offices, viz., his action for the reform of the civil service and for the reduction of the tariff.

To begin, then, with civil service reform: No account of this momentous struggle is adequate without reference to what Ostrogorski calls its Magna Charta, the act of January 16, 1883. This was drawn up by Dorman B. Eaton, an early and intelligent servant of the cause, and introduced into Congress by Senator George H. Pendleton, who zealously urged its enactment. It required open competitive examinations as a requisite for admission into certain classes of the public service, made a classification of a number of offices mandatory, and empowered the President to continue the classification, that is, to extend the operation of the law to additional places in the civil service. It forbade political assessments on office-holders, and established a non-partisan Civil Service Commission, whose duty was to make rules for carrying the act into effect and in general to look to its enforcement. President Arthur appointed Eaton as head of the commission and correctly enforced the law, so that when Cleveland came to the White House there were 15,573 persons in the classified service.

It now seems curious that the question was ever raised whether or not Cleveland was advancing the cause of civil service reform, but a consideration of his attitude under two aspects may enable us to understand the varying opinion before it settled down to a final judgment. Did he enforce steadfastly the Pendleton law? Was he actuated by the spirit of the reform in dealing out the offices beyond the classified service? To the first question there is only one answer. President Cleveland gave a faithful and honest enforcement of the law. But the other matter demands some discussion.

As head of the municipal government of Buffalo, Cleveland had been known as the "veto mayor"; as governor of New York, he had shown himself, by precept and example, a good civil service reformer. The Mugwumps, former Republicans who had bolted the nomination of Blaine and who had proved themselves an important factor in his first election, were warm advocates of the reform and entertained high hopes of the new President. The different civil service reform associations throughout the country and the National Civil Service Reform League included in their membership many Mugwumps, from whose influence largely their deliberations derived a highly critical tone. These bodies not only

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watched closely the enforcement of the Pendleton act but made their lofty ideal of the duty of a reform President to apply rigorously to his disposition of offices that did not fall under the operation of this law. When Cleveland was inaugurated there were about five thousand presidential offices, whose incumbents were appointed by the President and confirmed by the Senate, and there were also, in round numbers, forty-nine thousand fourth-class post-offices to which appointments were made by the Postmaster-General, who, of course, is under the authority of the President. While some of the Democratic leaders had warmly advocated civil service reform, the rank and file of the party believed that "to the victors belong the spoils" was good Democratic doctrine, and, after the inauguration ceremonies were over, they expected the turning out of Republicans to begin and the faithful and long-suffering, who had waited twenty-four years for their share of the good things of the government, to be rewarded. Though aware that Cleveland was a so-called civil service reformer, they failed to realize either the meaning of the doctrine or the sincerity of its champion; for, as one of their Senators (Eustis) expressed it, they felt that the civil service reform for which they had voted at the presidential election meant the turning out of office of Republicans and putting honest Democrats in their places.

Before his inauguration, however, Cleveland had gone on record. In his Christmas Day (1884) reply to a letter of the National Civil Service Reform League, which he had invited, he said that he should enforce the Pendleton law "in good faith and without evasion," and he outlined his proposed course with regard to offices which, though not within the letter of the law, were at the same time unrelated to the political policy of an administration. Reference was here made to district attorneys, collectors and surveyors of customs, and other specified civil officers who, by an act passed in 1820, had a four years' tenure of office; a later statute (1836) placed under this rule the first-, second-, and third-class postmasters of the present classification. These Cleveland said he should not remove until the expiration of their terms unless they had failed to be "decent public servants" and had proved "offensive partisans." In his inaugural address he repeated, in more general terms, this outline of his administrative policy. George William Curtis, the president of the National League, at their annual meeting (August, 1885) made a plea for the repeal of the four-year tenure law, in which he undoubtedly represented an opinion largely held among reformers; and while this law may at the present time be proving obstructive of the effort to extend the merit system to the class of offices that it covers, yet, in the change of party control from Republican to Democratic in 1885, it was a help to Cleveland in his effort for good administration. At that time, according to both theory and practice of Democrat, Whig, and Republican since Andrew Jackson, practically every office, except the 15,573 in the classified service, belonged, by the decision of the people in the preceding November, to the Democratic party. Cleveland's construction of the four-year tenure law gave him time to inquire, to investigate, and to reflect before he made a large number of new appointments, and this opportunity for leisurely proceeding was of immense advantage, as is evident when we consider Lincoln's, Pierce's, and Taylor's trials on their accession to office.

When the Democratic politicians and party workers, who had waited twenty-four years for an inning, came to understand the construction which Cleveland put upon his own words, they were grievously disappointed, and disappointment was soon followed by rage. Within two months from his inauguration he had lost popularity and standing in his party. The President, said the chairman of the Democratic National Committee, has not, so far as I know, a friend among Democrats except perhaps some one whom he has appointed to office. Nor were men of the Democratic rank and file who had no desire for place, especially pleased. They would have liked him to put in force "the good old Democratic doctrine" of Andrew Jackson; but now, having exuberantly rejoiced over their victory in November, they were puzzled that no effort was made to gather its fruits. Senator Vance, of North Carolina, was indignant at the indifference and even disrespect with which he was treated by the President with regard to the patronage of his own State, but he saw the humorous side of the situa-

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tion well enough to be reminded of one of his own legal cases which concerned a small estate left by an old man to his two sons. The settlement was repeatedly put off by the court, to the disgust of the heirs, until at last the elder son broke out: "Durned if I ain't almost sorry the old man died."

"In the first year and a half of my administration," said Cleveland to a *New York World* reporter, "the same battle was fought day after day." A study of the conditions enables us to realize this and to sympathize with the President. At first the reformers were pretty well satisfied. The reappointment of Henry G. Pearson, the efficient Republican postmaster of New York City, and the reinstatement of Silas W. Burt, another Republican, in the naval office, were considered excellent moves as showing high regard for the merit system; and such selections were evidence of resistance to an enormous amount of pressure from political friends and supporters. The appointments of a Democratic business man* for collector of the port of New York and of a Democrat, who had declared for reform, as surveyor, and the advancement to the appraisership of a deputy and expert, were also proof of the President's sincerity. When Eaton tendered his resignation as Civil Service Commissioner (July 28, 1885) he gave testimony of the faithful enforcement of the Pendleton law and of the rules made in accordance therewith. But as time went on and removals of Republicans and appointments of Democrats, outside of the classified service, were made, especially in the Post-Office, Treasury, and Interior Departments, the reformers became lukewarm in approval of their President. Stating that during the first six months of Cleveland's administration 524 out of 2,300 presidential post-offices had received new postmasters and 6,309 changes among 49,000 fourth-class postmasters had been made, the *Civil Service Record* said with truth, "This is something of a sweep though far from a clean sweep." Working on the theory that as fast as vacancies occurred or could be made, Democrats should replace Republicans, it was natural and easy for a zealous Democratic Secretary or Postmaster-General to regard a Republican office-holder as an unworthy official and offensive partisan, and, helped by Democratic Senators and Congressmen, to wield with considerable effect the political axe. There was much available administrative talent in the United States, which was by no means confined to the Republican party, and competent Democrats might have been had for the lucrative positions, had Senators and Representatives based their recommendations on merit instead of on personal fealty and party work. They followed, instead, the custom which had been in force since Andrew Jackson's time, with the result that many bad appointments were made. The Indianapolis post-office under the management of the new Democratic postmaster was an example of offensive partisanship. Senator Gorman, of Maryland, was one of the evil geniuses of the Cleveland administration; his influence was potent, and his recommendations were generally bad. The Federal service in Baltimore was filled with spoilsmen and ward-heelers, and it is charged that even criminals found places, so that Maryland became the worst blot on the President's record as a civil service reformer.

Cleveland complained bitterly of having been deceived by "lying and treacherous representations." For instance, after his appointment of a certain territorial judge, wherein he had been influenced largely by a petition in the man's favor, he was surprised to receive a letter from one of the signers, a politician, saying that the community and especially those who had put their names to the petition had received advice of the appointment with "astonishment and regret, if not pain." I signed the petition, he went on to say, "thinking it would never be considered, and not for one moment believing the appointment was possible." For the man was utterly unfit for the place.

The enthusiastic approval of the civil service reformers during the first few months of the administration was succeeded by criticism which Cleveland felt keenly. As early as September, 1885, he showed his irritation in a letter to Eaton, in which he spoke of "the supercilious self-righteousness" of certain civil service reformers who "discredit every effort not in exact accord with their attenuated ideas, decry with carping criticism the labor of those actually

* The collector turned out to be a poor selection; he was unbusinesslike in his administration.

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in the field of reform, and, ignoring the conditions which bound and qualify every struggle for a radical improvement in the affairs of government, demand complete and immediate perfection." In his annual message of December, 1886, he returned to the subject again and spoke of "the misguided zeal of impracticable friends." This brought forth an emphatic letter from Carl Schurz, who had been a warm supporter of Cleveland and was now a sympathetic coadjutor of Curtis. "Until recently," he wrote, "the worst things laid to your charge were construed as mere errors of judgment. . . . But . . . this confiding belief has been seriously shaken. Your attempt to please both reformers and spoilsmen has failed. I warned you more than once that your principal danger was to sit down between two chairs. I am afraid you are virtually there now." This letter and the persistence of the two men in their opposite views caused a break in the intimate relations between Cleveland and Schurz, which had existed since the year of his candidacy for President. The President's exasperation was so great that he forbade a prominent custom-house official to attend the annual meeting of the National Civil Service Reform League, in 1887. He afterward apologized for this order, confessing that, when he sent it, he was greatly irritated.

Doubtless reformers should hold steadfast to their highest ideals—an obligation which probably justifies the criticism by Curtis and Schurz, who were broad-minded men; Schurz, moreover, had a rather good comprehension of Western sentiment, now so important a political force. Nevertheless, Cleveland had both a better knowledge and saner view of the conditions. He felt that for enduring results he must educate the people to a belief in the practicability of the reform. Like Lincoln, although in a much less degree, he understood the plain people. Living for a number of years as a young man at a hotel in Buffalo, a favorite resort for drovers and farmers, he learned from them the same lessons that Lincoln got from the loungers in the country taverns of Illinois. The history of the progress of civil service reform shows that Cleveland was right in his belief that in 1885 the doctrine was so unfamiliar to the public mind that its application must be gradual, cautious, and moderate. If the whole constituency had been that which Curtis and Schurz represented, the educated and cultivated men of the country, he might well have pursued a different course. It must also be borne in mind that Cleveland was a sturdy Democrat, and felt that the education of his own party, difficult as it was under the circumstances, was necessary to sustain him in the work of reform.

James Russell Lowell, who, as he himself said, "*did* divine Lincoln earlier than most men of the Brahmin caste," had now a just appreciation of Cleveland. He was our minister to England at the time of Cleveland's election and was willing to stay on, but the President naturally desired to give his place to a Democrat. On his return home he went to Washington (August, 1885) and paid his respects to Cleveland, drawing forth a hearty laugh by saying, "I come to you like St. Denis, with the head you have cut off under my arm." "Don't you think," Lowell asked at a dinner to Dorman B. Eaton (December, 1885), "it would be better and make for the progress of civil service reform if equality—I mean numerical equality—could be introduced into the public service before President Cleveland's term expires? I am very strongly of that opinion. I certainly never objected to my own removal. It was certainly necessary." At the two hundred and fiftieth anniversary of the foundation of Harvard College (November, 1886) Lowell, looking directly at Cleveland, ended his oration: "'Justum ac tenacem propositi virum,' who knows how to withstand the 'civium ardor prava jubentium.' He has left the helm of State to be with us here and so long as it is intrusted to his hands we are sure that, should the storm come, he will say with Seneca's pilot, 'O, Neptune, you may save me if you will; you may sink me if you will; but whatever happen, I shall keep my rudder true.'" The audience knew that "civium ardor prava jubentium" meant in this case "politicians yelling for spoils," and gave orator and President their hearty applause. It may be that Lowell had in mind the emotion Cleveland betrayed at the time of this felicitous reference when he wrote in a private letter, "To me Cleveland's personality is very *simpatico*. He is a truly American type of the best kind—a type very dear to me, I confess."

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Let us now sum up the progress of civil service reform under Cleveland's first administration. The Pendleton law was much strengthened and may be said to have been firmly established. While the sections of the law regarding political assessments might be easily evaded, the assessment of office-holders in Washington had wholly ceased and the practice had elsewhere largely disappeared. Through extensions as well as in the ordinary course of national growth, Cleveland left 27,380 places in the classified service against the 15,573 which he found there when he took his seat. His work in the unclassified service shows that in becoming a reformer he had not ceased to be a Democrat. In the presidential post-offices he had made practically a "clean sweep"; and, taking no account of appointments due to decease or "vacancy," he had made changes in nearly one-half of the other presidential offices. Moreover, almost all of the fourth-class post-offices had been filled by Democrats. There were likewise inconsistencies in his displacements; mistakes were made, and, in some cases, injustice was done. Yet it is true, as Curtis said in his frankly critical annual address of 1887, "Under this administration much has been gained for reform." And Charles F. Adams wrote judiciously (July, 1892): "Upon the issue of a reformed civil service, Cleveland showed himself as much in advance of both parties as it was wise or prudent for the recognized leader of one of those parties to be."

Cleveland entered upon his second term under favorable conditions for civil service reform. Though Harrison, in respect to the unclassified service, had not been as sound as his predecessor, he had, in the classified service, given strength to the movement and had made an important contribution to its progress in the appointment of Theodore Roosevelt as member of the Civil Service Commission. Cleveland was now thoroughly independent. His third nomination had been emphatically demanded by the people and his election was a triumph. His party owed him more than he owed his party. He was the most popular man in the country and seemed to stand in the position of a great leader, needing only to urge a policy to have it adopted, yet the reformers were not so well satisfied with the first year of his second administration as they had been with the same period of the first. This was partly due to his not giving the same attention to appointments that he had given four years previously. He was now occupied with weightier matters and left the disposition of the offices mainly to his subordinates. Josiah Quincy, who had been regarded as favorable to civil service reform and had received the appointment of Assistant Secretary of State, was a diligent wielder of the political axe. Indeed, Schurz, who had become president of the National Civil Service Reform League on the death of Curtis, said in his annual address of 1894: "No spoilsman in that office had ever turned over the consular service from one party to the other with greater thoroughness and despatch." Quincy defended himself by saying that he had turned out bad and put in good men and Cleveland stood by his subordinate with Grant-like fidelity and tenacity. The Treasury, Interior, and Post-Office Departments were unable to withstand the eager importunities of office-seekers and were censured at length by the reformers. The Postmaster-General had their confidence, but his assistant so swung the axe among the fourth-class postmasters that, during the first year, he exceeded by 1,143 Harrison's record of changes for the same period, which were made by a master of the politician's art (the number under Harrison was over 24,000; on percentages the Democratic showing is better, 34 to the Republican 37; the difference is owing to growth). During the first year of the new administration Cleveland changed 1,720 presidential post-offices to Harrison's 1,698 although, because of the increase in the number of offices, his percentage was 53 to Harrison's 65. Yet this large number of displacements is evidence that Cleveland was employing the patronage to advance his financial and tariff policies. During the first nine months of his administration, the reformers were so sharp and persistent in their censure, that we must deem charitable even the remark of the *Springfield Republican*: "President Cleveland's civil service record to date is a maze of theatrical contradictions" (December 2, 1893). Exasperated at the fault-finding, the President could not refrain from retort, and, in his first annual message, spoke of

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"the querulous impracticability of many self-constituted guardians" of civil service reform.

I am not concerned with striking a balance between the reformers' criticisms and the President's defence. Despite Quincy's old-fashioned and ruthless decapitations and the partisan activity of the Treasury, Interior, and Post-Office Departments, Cleveland, in both public and private utterances, remained faithful to the principle of civil service reform. It must be remembered that twelve years previously all these removals and new appointments would have been considered a matter of course and that the quickened public conscience was largely due to the civil service reform associations, to the representative body, the National League, and to Grover Cleveland. The National League was fortunate in its first two presidents, Curtis and Schurz, who, to their other strong qualities, joined a power of literary expression, so that they had the ear of the whole public as well as of the believers in reform.

It is fortunate for Cleveland that the decision does not rest on the written word, for his ponderous and labored sentences in contrast with Curtis's and Schurz's telling statements would surely lose him the case. When good and true men fall out, the lover of righteousness may well be puzzled, but the historian has an advantage over statesman and reformer in his knowledge of the end. The backslidings due to "offensive partisanship" bulk small in comparison with the impetus Cleveland gave to good administration by his work for the classified service. He retained Theodore Roosevelt as member of the Civil Service Commission; the two worked together in harmony, and the President was keenly sensible of his loss when Roosevelt thought a higher duty called him to New York. During 1894 Cleveland added 5,468 places to the classified service, and next year made several extensions and revisions of the rules, all in the line of an enlargement of the merit system. He issued an order which required the filling of vacancies of a certain grade in the consular service by persons of proved capacity and fitness. During his last year he made a general revision of the rules which added to the classified service 32,095 new places. On his second accession to office he had found 42,928 places under the civil service rules; he left 86,932, of which only 1,513 were due to growth. Truly did he say in his last annual message: "A most radical and sweeping extension was made by executive order dated the 6th day of May, 1896, and, if fourth-class postmasters are not included in the statement, it may be said that practically all positions contemplated by the civil service law are now classified." Schurz was almost ready to say *nunc dimittis*.

In conclusion, it may be safely affirmed that Cleveland did more for the cause of civil service reform than any President except Roosevelt, whose work both as commissioner and as President mark him as the chief promoter of this phase of good government; but Cleveland's task in his first administration was the more difficult.

Cleveland was not as successful in his effort to reform the tariff as in his work toward the reform of the civil service. The one might be accomplished by executive action; for the other he had to depend upon Congress and he was not entirely happy in his influence on legislative action. As soon as he was established in his office, he found himself confronted by the fact of a formidable surplus lying in the treasury. The excess of revenue over expenditure for the year ending June 30, 1885, was sixty-three millions and for the next year ninety-four millions. In his first two annual messages he stated the condition and urged a reduction in the revenue from customs, but Congress did not heed his recommendations. More money than was needed for the administration of the government continued to be collected and the hoard in the treasury grew. In the summer of 1887, Cleveland was so perturbed by the threatening financial evils, due to the constantly accumulating surplus, that he determined on the unprecedented course of devoting the whole of his annual message to the one subject. On December 6, 1887, confronted by another excess of revenue over expenditures, this time of one hundred and three millions, he presented his views to Congress in one of his most notable State papers, the most remarkable message Senators and Representatives had heard since the days of Lincoln. During the three years ending June 30, 1887, one hundred and thirty-eight millions had been contributed to the

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sinking fund by the calling in of outstanding three per cent bonds, these being payable at the option of the Government; in addition to the sinking fund requirements, nearly eighty millions of the surplus had been applied in the same manner. Since June 30, 1887, nearly nineteen millions, which retired all of the three per cent bonds, had also gone into the sinking fund. In the current fiscal year about twenty-eight millions had been used in the purchase of four and four and a half per cent bonds not yet due. Still the excess of revenue would, it was estimated, reach one hundred and thirteen millions and the surplus in the treasury on June 30, 1888, one hundred and forty millions. "Financial disturbance" was threatened; "schemes of public plunder" were invited. After dismissing some suggested measures for disposing of the surplus, Cleveland argued that the people ought to have relief by a reduction of taxation, but that the internal revenue taxes, being confined to tobacco and spirituous and malt liquors not "strictly speaking necessaries," should not be touched. The relief should come therefore from a reduction of the tariff. Care should be taken not to injure in any way the working-man and not to sacrifice any proper interest of the manufacturer. It is not a question of "protection and free trade," he said; "it is a *condition* which confronts us, not a theory."

The message with its direct and pertinent argument was certain to appeal to the plain people, yet the singling out of wool from among the raw materials for "a removal or reduction" of duty, though from the free-traders' stand-point strictly logical, was a political mistake. This is much to be regretted, as Cleveland's courage, in defining plainly an issue and standing forth as a leader of his party, is entitled to the large measure of commendation which it received at the time. But his intelligence did not equal his courage. As he himself had said in a previous message, "our farmers and agriculturists number nearly one-half of our population"; to carry a measure of tariff reform, they must be his chief reliance and the Western farmers already favored it. Yet his recommendation of free wool made of every farmer who owned a sheep a protectionist. The experience of political life and his study during the four years of his retirement proved illuminating, for, in his denunciation of the tariff bill framed by the Democratic Senate of 1894, he termed it an "inconsistent absurdity" that "the wool of the farmer be put on the free list and the protection of tariff taxation be placed around the iron ore and coal of corporations and capitalists." But it does not appear that in 1887 he took counsel with any one on the policy of such a message as he finally wrote. A conference of Independents in New York, among whom were George William Curtis, Carl Schurz, and E. L. Godkin, all three tariff reformers, sent him word that they thought it inexpedient to urge a reduction of the tariff until after the presidential campaign of 1888, as such a recommendation would imperil his own re-election and would be more politic at the beginning than at the end of a presidential term.

The House, with its Democratic majority of thirteen, passed a bill on the lines of the President's message, but the Senate, with its Republican majority of two, substituted for it a bill enforcing the policy of high protection. Neither became a law during Cleveland's administration. The contest was transferred from Congress to the country where the issue was clearly made between Cleveland and his policy and the Republican platform adopted by the convention which had nominated Harrison. McKinley reported the platform and read in his most eloquent tones: "We are uncompromisingly in favor of the American system of protection. . . . We condemn the proposition of the Democratic party to place wool on the free list." The national revenue should be reduced "by repealing the taxes upon tobacco" and "the tax upon spirits used in the arts and for mechanical purposes," and, should these reductions not be sufficient, "we favor the entire repeal of internal taxes rather than the surrender of any part of our protective system." Cleveland said in his letter accepting a unanimous renomination that our opponents offer to the people "free tobacco and free whiskey" while we propose to relieve them from "the undue and unnecessary burden of tariff taxation now resting upon them." Few students of history and economics will hesitate to assert that Cleveland's was the better economic and business policy, the one tending to the greatest good

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of the greatest number. But the country thought otherwise and elected Harrison. New York, which Cleveland had carried in 1884, was again the pivotal State; but now he lost it by thirteen thousand and Indiana as well by twenty-three hundred. It is generally conceded that the message of December, 1887, caused his defeat and it is not unlikely that the advocacy of free wool was the predominant factor. New York farmers owned one and a half million of sheep and produced annually six million seven hundred thousand pounds of wool. Indiana had over a million sheep producing five million pounds. The Oregon State election in June, an indication of November, gave a largely increased Republican majority; and this was a clear protest against the Democratic policy of free wool, the clip in that State being ten million pounds.

The Republican Congress under Harrison undertook the reduction of the surplus while giving adequate protection to American manufactures. McKinley in the House and Aldrich in the Senate were the leaders, and their efforts resulted in the McKinley bill, which was justly characterized as "protection run mad." The Republican legislators did not offer free whiskey, at which their platform had hinted, but they reduced the tax on tobacco and further, sacrificing a revenue of fifty-four millions, made raw sugar free. As free sugar would, however, ruin the sugar planters of Louisiana, a step backward in fiscal legislation was taken by giving a bounty of two cents per pound on all sugar produced in the United States. Lavish pensions legislation completed the obliteration of the surplus, so that on Cleveland's second accession to office, it was only two and a half millions, and the following year (ending June 30, 1894) there was a deficit of seventy millions, to which the panic of 1893 contributed in some measure. Fate had decreed that Cleveland should be tried by a varied experience; that he should grapple with a surplus during his first and with a deficit during his second administration, for neither of which was he responsible. Indeed it is obvious that had he been re-elected in 1888, there would have been no deficit in 1894. From the continual stormy scenes of his second administration I shall for the moment isolate his action concerning the tariff. This method will possess the advantage of brevity, even though failing to present a comprehensive view of the diverse conditions surrounding his efforts to carry out any single policy.

The country repudiated the McKinley bill in the congressional elections of 1890 by an emphatic Democratic landslide; the Democrats chose 235 members of the House to the Republicans' 88 and the Populists' 9. As the Senate remained Republican, no reduction of the tariff could be effected, but the election of 1892 resulted in a Democratic Senate as well as President and House, so that, for the first time since the vote of 1856, the Democrats had full control of the executive and legislative departments of the government. As the verdict of 1888 had moderately favored protection, so the elections of 1890 and 1892 had been unmistakable indications that the country demanded urgently a substantial downward revision of the tariff. The President and the House of Representatives were eager to carry out the will of the country and the House, under the leadership of William L. Wilson and with Cleveland's sympathetic co-operation, passed by a vote of 204 to 140 a bill (February 1, 1894) which, though notably defective in certain details, supplied, on the whole, an honest and consistent programme for reduction of the tariff, and deserved a fair trial. It had the striking and readily comprehensible merit of placing iron ore, coal, and lumber on the free list, the more doubtful advantage of free wool; it retained free sugar, the great boon of the McKinley act to the people (although now questionable as a revenue measure), but it repealed the sugar bounties.

The action of the Senate shows how strongly intrenched was the system of protection. While a majority of the Democratic Senators were willing to agree to the Wilson bill, a number of them were secretly opposed to it and two were open and determined in their opposition. These two, Gorman of Maryland and Brice of Ohio, were as good protectionists as McKinley and so convinced that the bill meant ruin to many manufacturing industries that they preferred no legislation whatever to any that did not safeguard certain interests. Gorman was a good parliamentary leader and, having both avowed and silent support

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in his party, he dictated the policy of the Democratic Senate and eventually that of Congress. "I can afford to oppose this bill and beat the President," he said to Andrew Carnegie, "but I cannot afford to oppose and be beaten by him." The open confidence of Carnegie and other Republican manufacturers in Gorman and Brice, ought to have aroused the suspicion and partisanship of the Democrats and Populists who were devoted to tariff reform, and incited them to resent dictation by two of their number and to demand that their majority of seven be employed to register the will of their party as presented in their platform, as declared at the polls, personified in their President, and as formulated by the House. That this was not the result was due to circumstances well illustrated by the remark of the London fish dealer: "I am in favor of free trade in everything but herring." The Senators from Maryland, West Virginia, and Alabama were against any bill placing coal and iron ore on the free list, and they were upheld by well-known Democratic magnates at the North who were largely interested in the production of these minerals. The Senators from Louisiana insisted that her sugar planters should not be sacrificed, and Senator Murphy of New York, who lived at Troy, demanded that the industry of his town be protected, and obtained a duty on linen collars and cuffs almost as high as that in the McKinley bill (McKinley bill thirty cents per dozen and forty per cent ad valorem; Wilson bill thirty-five per cent ad valorem; Senate bill thirty cents per dozen and thirty per cent ad valorem.) Gorman worked on these different local interests astutely and with marked success.

Thus far he framed his bill according to Republican precedents, but there was worse behind. The words of the President and of Wilson, and a mass of facts supporting their guarded utterances, indicate that the sugar schedule, which was rendered unduly favorable to the Sugar Trust, was secured by that corporation's method of indirect bribery and corruption.

The Senate made six hundred and thirty-four amendments to the House bill and then passed it by 39 to 34 (July 3, 1894). It went as usual to a conference and the decided disagreement between the House and the Senate was aggravated by a quarrel between the President and the Senate, which came to a head from Wilson's reading in the House a letter from Cleveland, in which he denounced the Senate bill as a disregard of Democratic pledges and an abandonment of principles to the extent of "party perfidy and party dishonor." The letter was not tactful but honest; bad politics, yet, if we take its measure not at the moment but in the long run, good statesmanship. It gave rise to an angry discussion in the Senate in which Gorman had the sympathy of most of his brother Democratic Senators and it seems to have strengthened his leadership. Had Cleveland understood Congress and possessed the art of facile negotiation that belonged to his successor, McKinley, he could undoubtedly have brought the contest between himself and Gorman to a drawn battle and so secured a better bill. He might, it is true, have been more flexible and serene, yet his bold grapple with the opponents in his own party is an inspiration now to those who wish to apply sound economic doctrine to the conduct of our national affairs.

The Committee of Conference wrangled for eleven days but failed to come to an agreement. A second conference was had. Gorman stood firm on the ground that it must be the Senate bill or nothing, and in the end compelled the House to surrender. This chapter of tariff reform ended ignobly. The bill that was passed was like the old Republican article, differing only in degree, except that wool and lumber were placed on the free list. Truly did Cleveland write in a public letter, "the livery of Democratic tariff reform has been stolen and worn in the service of Republican protection." Gorman was the father of the law posing as the conservative protector of American industries against what was regarded as the revolutionary designs of the President and the House. Yet if the history and traditions of the party and the platform of 1892, on which the Democrats came into possession of the government, are the test, the faithful Democrat is Cleveland, not Gorman.

The President pursued a dignified course. He could not sign a bill which he had denounced. If he vetoed it, the McKinley bill, which he deemed the worse of the two, remained on the statute book. He therefore allowed it to become a law without his signature (August 27, 1894).

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

DOUBTLESS, as was suggested in the August magazine, many phases of our pursuit of culture are folly, and it is true that in countless instances our search for beauty is confounded with the pleasures of the chase. Pages have been written about the skip-hop-and-jump of our progress through past centuries and across continents, and there is always more to tell. I once saw a tourist party of our fellow countrymen hurried through the Louvre, with an impatient cry on the part of the conductor: "Now, ladies, and gentlemen, you haven't time to stop to look at anything! Just walk on as fast as you can! This gallery is an eighth of a mile long!" It was only last summer that a motor-car was driven rapidly to the portal of Wells Cathedral; the American at the wheel jumped out, crying: "Now you do the inside, and we'll do the outside, and it won't take us more than fifteen minutes!" I am willing to admit, lest I seem to fail to understand that point of view with which I thoroughly disagree, that even funnier than our haste is the bewildering thoroughness of our search. "Through bush, through briar," we go at full tilt, some queer survival of the Puritan conscience leading us on in Puck fashion, and with a Puck-like plan, to treat with the same superficial conscientiousness art and architecture, history, music, all visible and invisible phases of human achievement. A friend of mine tells of an American lady who once rushed up to her in the Vatican, asking breathlessly: "Can you tell me—have I seen the Pantheon?" The response: "Madam, you must know that better than I," brought a second swift question: "Has it a hole in it?" The admission that it has a hole in it elicited a quick sigh of gratitude. Then, said the tourist, with the relieved air of one who has one dash the less to make,—then she had seen it. Perhaps the future will reveal to our inventive minds, a method of absorbing the value of the old masters by flying over them in aeroplanes, outdoing the motor-car in the matter of "making time" in the quest of the ideal, yet surely no phase of absurdity should shatter our faith in the validity of the quest. Search under all the grotesque manifestations of our passion for "going to all," and going to see all, and you cannot fail to feel the pathos of it, the blind, dumb, wistful sense that there is something in the world besides machinery, and modern improvements, and the thin and tinkling phases of our civilization. Subtract the vanity that leads many, the joy of being seen; eliminate the restlessness, the American desire for perpetual motion; discount the passion for doing as the others do, one of the most potent passions of our lives—disregard all this, and you have at the heart of this folk-wandering, something deeper, a sense of dissatisfaction with that which we have achieved, a profound striving of the instinct for perfection.

The Folly of Staying at Home.

How else, stranded between sea and sea, with no older and subtler civilization near to send us a deeper challenge, are we to acquire a sense of values? That we have worn out an intolerable deal of good shoe leather without fully acquiring it, I am ready to admit. I can still recall a vigorous western lady who loudly declaimed upon the deck of a returning steamer, that she had seen in her three months' journey, "all the big galleries in Europe," as she phrased it, Berlin, Dresden, Paris, London, and she had not seen any pictures that could for a moment compare with those at the art exhibition at Boulder, Colorado, the year before. Doubtless she was right, and for her the trail is long before she will find out wherein the difference consists, yet I thought that, in the loudness and the positiveness of her assertion lay some dim misgiving of real beauty, and a fear that all was not as she said in the world of art. We are still young, and have much to learn; it is fitting that we should trudge diligently to that dame-school where Europe sits and patiently teaches us the alphabet of the arts. It is at the shrines of dead genius, before the great pictures and the great cathedrals that we learn the failure of our own success, and in such sense of failure lies our only hope.

As for the assertion that it is folly to search out the places associated with the great, there are innumerable ways in which the sight of the

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eyes does mean "vision," and, standing where you can see the actual stream and meadow that the poet saw, you enter in wholly new fashion into his work. Meanings which escape you on the written page are made delicately clear by grass and tree and flower. For reasons that can never be fully explained, a glimpse of the ancient church and of the slow river at Stratford, the walk across the fields to Ann Hathaway's cottage bring deeper knowledge than can be gained from studying the German commentators. The stile, the foot-path way, have not vanished; lark and swallow help you understand, as do pleasant faces that make you feel that you are looking with Shakespeare's eyes at the moment when he first saw Bottom or Autolycus. At every step you draw nearer the poet of Hamlet's deepest questioning, the young poet of *Midsummer Night's Dream*, the older poet of the *Winter's Tale*, lover of primroses, violets, and daffodils. It needs neither mouse nor daisy to make the fields about Ayr betray Burns, and the passion and the pain of his love songs find out undiscovered depths within you as you watch the country lovers strolling arm in arm through the summer dusk. Still

> "Come rigs, and barley rigs,
> An' corn rigs are bonnie";

and

> "Green grow the rashes, O;
> Green grow the rashes."

What unexpected, humorous revelations your wayward steps in a foreign town may bring! London never wears a greater charm than when it is lending you Lamb's "sweet security of streets!" "O her lamps of a night! her rich goldsmiths, print-shops, toy-shops, mercers, hardware men, pastry cooks, St. Paul's Church-yard, the Strand, Exeter Change, Charing Cross. These are thy gods, O London!" The British profiles on a single British 'bus have shown me in the flesh Mr. Micawber, Uriah Heep, Sairey Gamp, and Mr. Carker. Did glass and stone ever take on such human resemblance as Thackeray's house in Young Street, London? It is a visible interpretation of him. Its very shape and contour; those two wise upper windows, so like the kindly eyes that must often have looked out of them; the graciousness of the front door; the hospitality of the whole face, bidding one welcome to the cosy nooks, mental or others, to be found within, made it, for the moment, identical with its vanished occupant. I never before saw a house look as if enjoying at length some kindly joke. Was it fancy, or did the upper windows wink slightly, while a suggestion of a smile rippled over the façade? Such an experienced little house it is, with such a look of pluck and endurance, I really half expected it to speak, saying something brave and kind and funny. Never before had I realized the spiritual possibilities of brick and mortar; never since have I doubted that houses are inhabited by the souls of those who have lived visibly there.

"Dull would he be of soul who could pass by" a sight so touching as Grasmere without comprehending more fully the way in which the poet-spirit reached out and found spirit working through the beauty of nature. Who would stay at home, idly dreaming, when he might go to see, if but once, those pale green slopes that touch the clouds, the moss-grown stone fences crumbling back into the hills among the grazing sheep, the shining fern, and know the enchantment of that loveliest valley, forever set to the music of swift rippling streams and bird songs, as well as to the "still, sad music of humanity"?

NOT arrogance, but humility may lead you to wish to walk in the very footsteps of the great, lift your eyes to their hills, touch reverently the trunks of the trees under which they have rested. Crossing the threshold of the birthplace of genius may have deep symbolic value, giving hint or promise of crossing the threshold of the soul. There are places in which one glance will do for you what no amount of imagination musing over lives and letters will do. Go to Haworth, clinging with its gray-black stones to the green Yorkshire hill-side and climb the steep and narrow street past the Black Bull, whose name spells deeper tragedy than any biographer has yet recorded of Branwell Brontë. Enter the church-yard, where the shadows of the tall trees fall upon the flat tombstones. Where else, except upon the desolate, sunlit moor, will you meet the soul of Emily Brontë?

The Footsteps of the Great.

> "I'll walk where my own nature would be leading;
> It vexes me to choose another guide:
> Where the gray flocks in ferny glens are feeding,
> Where the wild wind blows on the mountain side."

A step, and lo! you understand as you had not dreamed of doing. The very air is interpreter, and out among the heath and harebells of which she loved to write, the soft wind

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breathing through the grass, the bees humming dreamily about, larks singing high in the blue sky, you discover something of the depth and the breadth of that nature. Surely it is well to be privileged to see the horizon line which taught Emily Brontë:

"There is not room for death,
Nor atom that his might could render void—!"

Homeliest, most uncompromising of birthplaces, open and bare to the sky, in level country where there is no obvious leafy picturesqueness, is Thomas Carlyle's Ecclefechan. In this hard little foreign-looking village, with house walls of stone or of plaster close to the street, no grace of tree or flower between them and the cobble-stone pavement, "encircled by the mystery of existence; under the deep heavenly firmament; waited on by the four golden seasons, did the child sit and learn." Where can you find another spot which the look of things betrays more fully the beginning of a life-struggle—soul against the material world? Where else can you learn so well Carlyle's message of the unreality of visible things, the wonder of the unseen? The little trudging legs adown the village street to-day suggest the beginning of his life-long pilgrimage, and, far across the level green, blue Skiddaw to the south lends the look of ethereal distance that is nearest heaven.

Sometimes the mere sight of a place betrays more than an individual, reveals a nation, faith, forgotten, or half known, or potent still. The Druid stones at Carmac, set in soft grass, or at Salisbury upon the downs, start your thoughts wandering farther than you can follow them. If modern Greece is disillusioning, and it may be to people who lack imagination to see in dust and stone—and think, what stone, Pentelic marble!—the glory of past days, who could stand at ancient Delphi and fail to comprehend the worship of Apollo, the sun-god? As, in earliest morning, the light through the cleft steals from peak to gray peak, touches the mountain side, and flows, a flood of glory through the deep gorge to the wide olive plain and Itea, far by the sea, visibly to his temple walks the god. The shrine clings to the steep mountain side, where wonderful Delphi still stands on the lower slopes of Mount Parnassus, whose peak is hidden, though perhaps the circling eagles about the grim heights see; and standing here one wonders how any people could have failed to worship the splendor thus revealed each day at dawn. Even so, to a wanderer in another land, may the softer slopes about Assisi, the nibbling sheep, the barefooted poor, reveal St. Francis, and a deeper faith.

Happy are we if hands and feet can serve us in this quest, through which we are drawn by vague misgiving and sense of lack to the dim and hoary corners of antiquity. When one may go to listen to the "beauty born of murmuring sound," why should one stay stupidly at home and try to make it up? Why think that one can invent out of one's inner consciousness that to whose making a nation's faith, the endeavor of a race, has gone? Can you sit on your own door step and erect the Taj Mahal? Or raise the cunning walls of St. Sophia? Does not the charge of arrogance and conceit better fit this case than the other? If eye and ear and finger-tip may minister to the soul; if certain humble sense impressions may help the vision of that "inward eye which is the bliss" of the true disciple of beauty, were it not strange to ignore them? What is art but the creation for eye and ear of inner thought and feeling, the ministrant whereby the senses may become handmaidens of the spirit? Even so may the visible and tangible loveliness of places betray the "very sky and sea line" of a poet's nature; "nor soul helps sense," in this way, more than "sense helps soul."

As to "Survivals"

A BRITISH friend sent me several months ago the report, in the *London Times*, of Lord Rosebery's speech in Edinburgh against the proposed abolition of the House of Lords. It is germane to the criticism which I am about to make that no American reader can have knowledge of such an address from his own compatriotic newspapers. He must know it from the page-long report in the *London Times*, or he will not know it at all. And such a speech is so very well worth knowing. The chiefest emotion it excited in my own mind was one of patriotic envy. "Is there any public man in the United States," I said to myself, "who could have made that speech to save his life?" The scholarship, the candor, the wit, the courtesy, almost above all what Boswell, speaking of Topham Beauclerk's way of telling a story, calls "a lively elegant manner, and that air of 'the world' which has I know not what impressive effect, as if there were something more than is expressed, or than perhaps we can perfectly understand." These are the qualities of British parliamentary eloquence, no doubt, and

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have been, and will apparently continue to be, beyond the reach even of the athletes of American parliamentary eloquence. I comforted myself, in reading a speech otherwise so wounding to my patriotic self-love, with thinking that the American public speakers who could have come nearest to it—I need not name them—would have been the first to allow that they could not have equalled it. Very likely they would have attributed their admitted inferiority to the inferiority of their audiences, whether in the Senate or on the "hustings," to the audiences of the noble lord, whether his immediate auditory in the hall at Edinburgh, or the greater secondary audience in the apprehension of which every British orator goes in fear, of the readers of the *London Times*.

But, of course, this deprecation, so far from attenuating the criticism, at once sharpens and enlarges it. Even if an American orator could make as "great" a speech, the deprecation would import he could not get an equal hearing. Manifestly, this impeachment of the auditory, immediate or secondary, is a more serious national impeachment than would be the mere confession that we had not, at present, any orators of Lord Rosebery's rank; because it is a confession that we cannot furnish an equally intelligent audience. Doubtless there is no newspaper in the United States which would report an American speech as important as that of Lord Rosebery at Edinburgh, with a fulness equal to that of the *London Times*. We cannot afford the space, would be the explanation. But when you consider the ephemera and the trivialities to which the newspapers of wide circulation would postpone the full presentation of a "great argument," involving large present and future issues of national destiny, the explanation is an aggravation. Meanwhile, it is consolatory to the believer in democracy to reflect, the doleful vaticinations of the British Conservative Cassandras have been sufficiently refuted by the fact that such a speech as this should have been fully reported in a "leading organ" in 1911, and disseminated throughout the English-reading world to fulfil its proper mission with intelligent, candid and conscientious readers of the English language. While the Reform Bill of 1832 was under discussion, its opponents were predicting that its passage would be the end of statesmanship. Still more doleful were the vaticinations of the Cassandras of 1866, upon the what, to American readers, seemed very moderate extension then proposed to the very moderate reform of 1832. Upon ears not even yet stricken with surdity fell the eloquent deprecations of Robert Lowe: "Democracy you can have at any time. Night and day the gate stands open which leads to that bare and arid plain where every ant-hill is a mountain, and every thistle is a forest tree." And yet, forty-five years later, comes evidence that, to the enlarged British constituencies, the ant-hill and the mountain, the thistle and the forest tree, are very much where they were.

It is true, there is some evidence to the contrary. Mr. Asquith himself must have grinned, though perhaps ruefully if not grudgingly, at the epigram which appeared in a London paper most Britannically without title or explicit comment:

> I hold the office held by Pitt;
> Where Peel and Gladstone sat, I sit;
> You pay me fifteen pounds a day;
> And yet I say the things I say.

But, upon the whole, one would be rash to assert that the public life of England reflects less accurately the national movement than the public life of America, which is theoretically so much more "advanced." From the point of view of a merely theoretical political evolution, Lord Rosebery, in his capacity of hereditary legislator, is an anomaly and a "survival," and the average American senator, the average American M. C., whatever else he may be, is at least the accurate representative of "the Spirit of the Age." This theoretical conclusion will hardly survive the shock of the facts. For, almost at the same moment when Lord Rosebery was approving himself at Edinburgh the most enlightened of the moderns, there were emerging, into such light as is afforded by the comparatively illegible reports of the debates in Congress, strange pleiosaurs and pterodactyls, survivals of an antediluvian world, heaved up out of due time from "the dead and most untouched deep water of the sea."

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THE FIELD OF ART

THE PRINT—ITS CHARM AND ITS QUEST

AMID the multitude of exhibitions of paintings which are offered us every season, the apparently increasing interest in prints does not make itself felt with any striking force, but it is yet evidenced unobtrusively. The elements of color and tone and comparative completeness of effect give the painting a hold on the public, an appeal to larger circles, which the print cannot readily attain. Its size and nature, and the fact that it must be studied at close range, make it a thing to be enjoyed in a small exhibition gallery, in the quiet of a print room or of a private collector's study.

The Nativity.
From the wood-engraving by Dürer.

Like any work of art, the print demands the thought and sympathy of the beholder, in order to insure full appreciation. There must be as thorough a conception as possible of the artist's viewpoint and intention. Two general principles which govern all good art are in force here as well: the artist must respect the limits of his medium, and he must tell something worth saying. In other words, the expression of individuality should manifest itself within the limitation set by the tools used.

The field of the print may seem restricted at first sight, but even the slightest survey of four centuries of achievement discloses an enormous variety of artistic individuality, of subject, of style, and of technical methods. The last plays an important part in the charm of the print. As in painting we have oil and water color and pastel each with its distinct characteristics and potentialities, so in black-and-white prints (not to speak of color work for the present) etching, line engraving on copper, mezzotint, aquatinting and other like methods, wood-engraving and lithography, each presents quite different effects and possibilities. The limits that each medium imposes on those who use it yet leave great freedom within their bounds. Witness such obvious contrasts as Whistler's Thames series and his later Venetian scenes in etching (or, say, Meryon's visions of Paris and Bracquemond's glorification of "The Old Cock," if comparison of different personalities be preferred), Sargent's unctuous blacks, the bravura of Isabey, and the silver-point delicacy of Legros in lithography, the severe restraint of Mantegna, and the brilliant *tours de force* of Drevet in line engraving; the Teutonic vigor of Dürer (who worked with a full understanding of the possibilities of facsimile cutting on the block), the sensitive decorativeness of the Japanese or the remarkable American translations of paintings into the language of the burin in wood-engraving. Each medium, then, has its own distinct character and attraction.

The taste for prints may be more or less a specialized one, but how broad a specialty it is,

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Landscape with a flock of sheep.
From the etching by Rembrandt.

and what a wide range of varied delights it offers! Many collectors are attracted by, and procure, mainly work in a particular medium, and in that again by preference the productions of a particular group of artists. One may be devoted especially to line engraving, with its formality in statement and distinction of utterance, which fitted it so well for the reproduction of works of art in the period of its greatest development. In his portfolios we may find the earlier work, by Raimondi, translating Raphael with adaptability, reserve and beauty of line, or by Dürer (delineating with loving care the German interior in which he places St. Jerome), or the stately portraits by Nanteuil, Edelinck, Masson, the Drevets, or other French engravers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Perhaps the reproductions, by Raphael Morghen and other Italian burinists, of canvases by their compatriots, or even the minutely delicate plates by later Englishmen after Turner. Another is particularly attracted by the painter-etching, with its often summary statement of essential fact, its spontaneity, its direct expression of the artist's self. Among the various media used in the production of prints, etching holds a high place. It has offered so much to the artist and has become, above all others, a vehicle for the direct conveyance of his impressions.

For that reason the field of painter-etching is particularly broad and inclusive. It offers an astonishing array of individualities, differing in their message, in their manner of expression, in the variety of effect which they draw from the combination of copper-plate, etching-ground, etching needle, and acid. The manliness and mastery of Rembrandt, the deft and delicate sureness of Whistler with his touch of feminine intuitiveness, Meryon's sombre yet living interpretation of the spirit of old Paris, Hayden's incisive and sympathetic presentation of English landscape, the straightforward views of Dutch life given by Ostade, the landscapes of Claude, the portrait etchings of Van Dyck, are so many outlooks on strong individualities seen at close range. And the minor men, from the seventeenth century to the present day, offer a wealth of material.

Lithography has a strong attraction for some. Not so incisive as the etching, it yet offers a ready response to the artist's touch; a suppleness, a pliancy, that adapts it equally well to the pearly grays of the early masters of the stone, the joyous lightness of a Whistler, the vigorous yet free crayonnage of Gavarni the little giant Menzel's masterly handling of brush and scraper.

A similar range of effects may be exhibited in wood-engraving, a reproductive art ever close to the people from the early block-books to its extensive use for book illustration in the nineteenth century. To-day it, too, serves as a painter art, a means of original production, a vehicle for the direct expression of an artist's own ideas.

There is also the eclectic collector, who procures the good thing of any time or country, who possesses lithographs by Whistler, plates from Turner's mezzotinted "Liber Studiorum," etchings by Hayden, Morghen's "Last Supper" after Da Vinci, and examples of the seventeenth century French portraitists.

Æsthetic enjoyment of prints and the appreciation of technique are closely con-

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nected, and the subject interest likewise plays an important part in the charm of the print. To the delight in the sympathetic craftsmanship of the British mezzotinters who, in the second half of the eighteenth century, were perpetuating and reproducing the record of stateliness, dignity, and beauty, which their compatriots painted, there is added the interest in the very life of the day which is thus pictured. The mezzotinters of this period, especially in the widely popular plates after Morland, gave form also to British scenes of country life, just as Bartolozzi and other stipple engravers of his day expressed the sentimentality and taste for allegory as shown in the designs of Angelica Kaufmann. Similarly the eighteenth century French prints form a pictorial comment on national characteristics shown in the light-hearted, charming frivolity of Fragonard and Boucher, and the veiled voluptuousness of Greuze's idyls of home life and youthful innocence. The French color-print of that period, again, has its distinct special note of charm. The quest of the collector may be directed toward the subject without regard to medium or school or period of art. Such tendency to specialization has many outlets: Portraits of some individual (Washington, Napoleon, Franklin), a period of history (the American Revolution), some phase of human activity

Mrs. Robinson.
From a mezzotint by J. R. Smith, after the painting by G. Romney.

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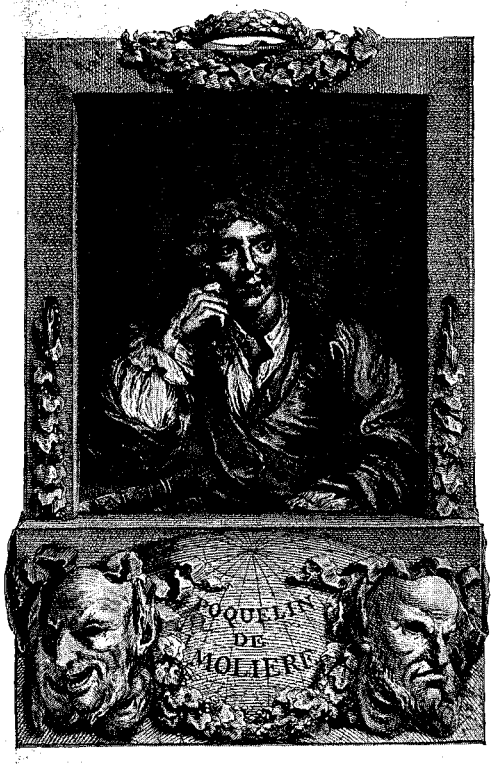
(ballooning, transportation), some aspect of social life (costume), views of particular places, sporting prints.

All of this is of necessity the barest indication of the varied pleasures that the study of prints holds out. The collector's opportunities are many and they are adapted to pocket-books of various sizes. It is the unusually big price that gets the most publicity, but we cannot all, nor need we, think of acquiring the most expensive prints. They are not the only ones worth having. Rembrandt, Whistler, Meryon are great figures in the annals of etching, but they are not the only artists who etched. We do not read Shakespeare or Goethe or the Bible or even a "hundred best books" exclusively. The graphic arts are living arts, practiced to-day by men whose work is worthy of notice. There is certainly a wide diversity in prices and a large field to choose from. The lover of art who cannot afford paintings has a wide and inexpensive field in which to cultivate, gratify and show his artistic tastes.



Molière.
From an engraving on copper by Ficquet, after the painting by Coypel.

We cannot all hunt big game. To Hayden's advice to collectors of very moderate means—namely, that they hunt in old numbers of English magazines for wood-engravings after the noted British illustrators of the sixties—there may be added the hint that examination of American magazines of the seventies and eighties will disclose much work by the wood-engravers whose productions caused such éclat in those days, and that back numbers of art publications such as Hamerton's *Portfolio*, *L'Art*, *Zeitschrift für Bildende Kunst* will yield many an interesting etching. Discrimination is necessary, of course.

Tastes vary, and it is well that each one of us should exercise his own freely, provided he does it thoughtfully. The collector who can afford to gratify his desire for the unique early state, for the series of trial proofs of a particular print, gives himself pleasure and certainly adds to the documentary material for the history of the individual artist's development. The one of less ample means will direct his attention toward such "states" (usually the early finished ones) of a given print as represent the artist's final intention. Rarity and merit may or may not be coincident. The early state does not always show the print at its best.

The average collector of moderate means will wisely seek the good impression whether it be the early or rare state or not, and rest content to let the curiosity go to those that want it.

And if he furthermore keeps his head in print shop and auction room, and makes haste slowly, he will be in a fair way to prove the truth of the statement that even to-day a collection can be formed on a comparatively small outlay. And the best, most satisfactory selection will always be based on the collector's mental response to the individuality and intention of the artist. The whole secret then is to see with understanding eyes and an unprejudiced mind. Possession is, after all, a secondary matter. The rich source of pleasure is the loving study of the print, the entrance into the world of beauty and human interest which it offers, the acquaintance with the mind and heart that lie back of its production and make it a human document.

FRANK WEITENKAMPF.

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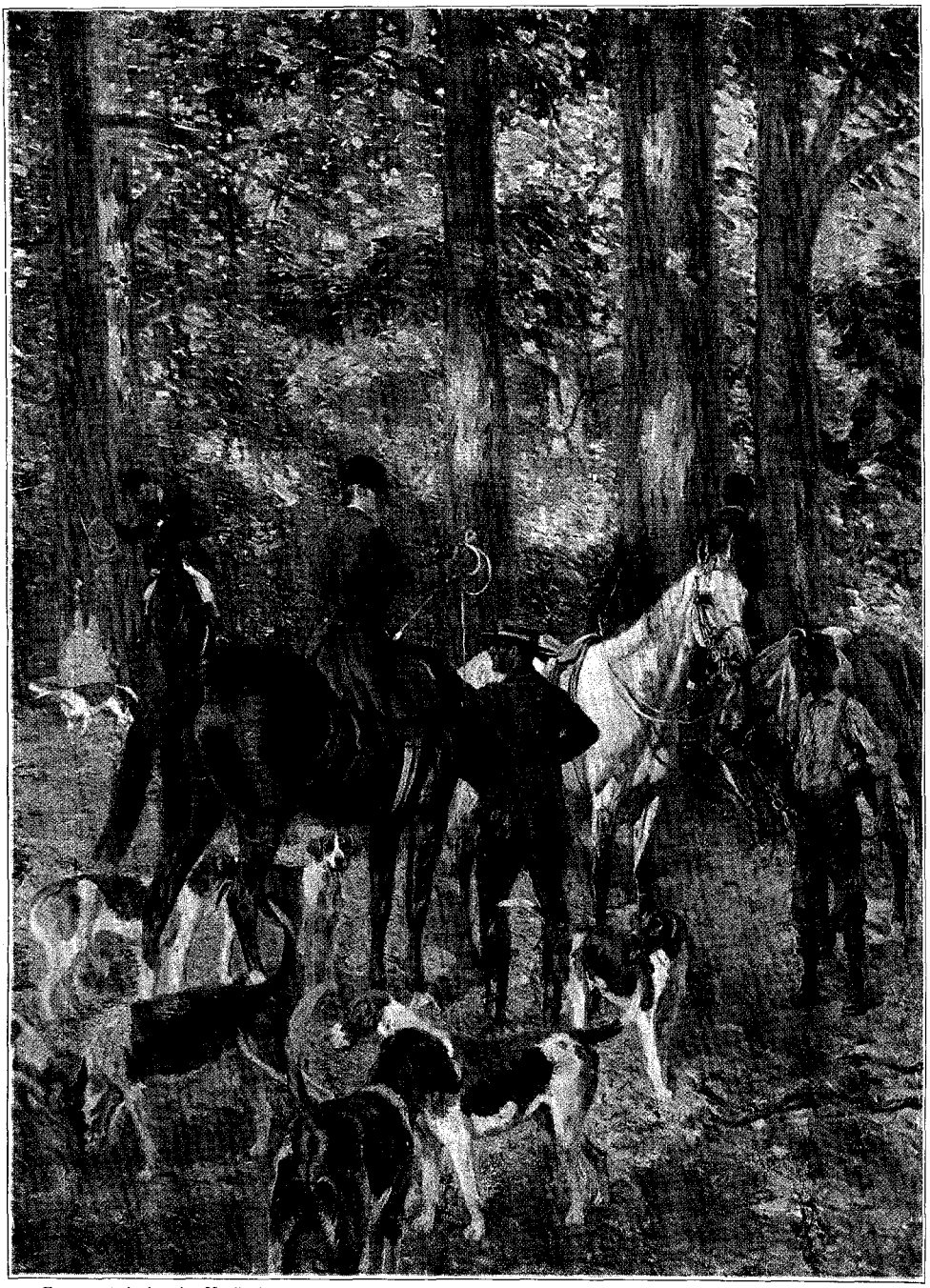

From a painting by H. R. Poore.

A MEET OF THE CASTLE HILL HOUNDS.

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